FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1896.

VOL. XLVI.—No. 17 No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page viii.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN STEAM YACHTS.

THE attempt to exclude from American waters all yachts built abroad, which met with such a conspicuous failure in the attempt of Collector J. Sloat Fassett to seize Mr. Vanderbilt's yacht Conqueror, and in the withdrawal of the bill championed by Senator Frye and Commissioner of Navigation Bates, has just been revived by Congressman Payne, of New York, in a new bill introduced in Congress, nominally intended to secure certain privileges and courtesies to foreign yachtsmen, but actually designed to prevent the use of foreign-built yachts by American citizens.

That such a bill would in the end result in any benefit to American designers and builders is a matter of serious doubt, and, as applied to steam yachting, it would work decided detriment to the sport for a long time to come.

The yachtsman who contemplates the investment of several hundred thousand dollars in a steam yacht has only to look into the matter superficially to make sure of some very important facts. On the one hand, by going abroad he can secure in a comparatively short time a steam yacht of the highest possible class, designed, for instance, by Mr. Watson, whose long list of successful boats—Maria, May, Rona, Sapphire, and others larger and finer—is a most satisfactory guarantee of the performance of a new vessel. The yacht will be built in a yard where such work is a specialty and by workmen familiar with all its details; and a thorough carrying out of all guarantees as to time of delivery and quality of work may be confidently looked for.

If, on the other hand, the order be placed at home with the recognized builders of steam yachts, there is no guarantee as to who will design the vessel, when she will be completed, or that she will be other than a flat failure when nominally ready for delivery. If anyone is inclined to dispute this there is ample evidence of its truth in two of the largest and most expensive of the recently built American yachts, one a failure in appearance, speed, accommodation and all the qualities that a steam yacht should have; the other even a worse example and only accepted by her owner after a long litigation.

The passage of this bill will make a square issue for American yachtsmen to consider: either to have no steam yacht or to pay an excessive price for one that is practically useless.

There are reasons which need not be quoted now for the unfortunate condition of steam yacht building in America to-day, a condition closely identical with that of the building of sailing yachts in 1880. That these latter conditions were so altered as to lead in a few years to the design and construction of such American yachts as Puritan, Mayflower, Volunteer, Gloriana, Defender and Niagara, is due almost entirely to the introduction into America of a few English yachts—Madge, Maggie, Stranger and Clara—and the visits of Genesta, Galatea and Thistle.

The same thing was shown on a much smaller scale last year. The introduction of one little English boat, through the payment of a good round sum to the treasury of the United States by way of penalty, has brought work to the value of thousands of dollars to American builders this year, and will be the means of setting afloat probably 200 boats of home design and construction.

The mere presence of such British yachts as Sapphire, Zara and Hermione last year, and the contrast they made with the homely tubs of home construction, has already done good. It is only through the competition of such yachts as those now building by Messrs. Higgins, Goelet and Drexel that American yachtsmen can be aroused to the fact that such craft cannot be designed by some unknown foreign draftsman in a big American shipyard, or built by men familiar only with coasting steamers and mercantile work.

There need be no fear that under existing conditions the evolution of the American steam yacht will not come quite as surely as it has in the case of the American sailing yacht, and all efforts to hasten it by the prohibition of open and legitimate competition can but retard it in the end

PUBLIC FISH FOR PUBLIC WATERS.

ONE common trait of human nature is to try to get something for nothing, and many people who take good care to give an honest equivalent for what they may acquire in their dealings with individuals show themselves not a bit squeamish about getting from the public what they can without paying for it. They would scorn to steal a ham from a neighbor's smoke house, but will make away with the State's venison on the hoof and experience never a qualm. They would not purloin so much as a smoked herring from the grocery store, but if they can bamboozle fish commissioners into granting them a half million trout fry for their private waters they have no thought of having accomplished anything but the most worthy and honorable acquisition. That is to say that, as the men who get fry from the public hatcheries for their private waters are many of them individuals who are engaged in business and are filling positions of trust and responsibility, we must assume that as the world goes they are honest and honorable.

In the past the methods of fish commissioners have been somewhat slipshod and irregular as to the disposition of fish fry produced at the expense of the taxpayers. It has been the practice in some States to turn over large numbers of the fry provided at public expense to individuals, by whom the fish have been devoted purely to individual profit; but one by one State legislatures are enacting laws intending to remedy this gross abuse and perversion of public funds. These statutes, as in Massachusetts, provide that all waters stocked with State fish shall be open to the public. Last year a bill was introduced into the New York Legislature by Mr. Rogers, the enactment of which would have been to throw open to the public all waters which had been stocked with trout or other fish from the State hatcheries. This would have included club preserves, streams on farms which had been posted by the proprietors, and certain trout ponds maintained as adjuncts of country seats. There is one such pond within a few minutes' ride of New York city, where trout have been deposited year after year, and where the fishing by this time must be so excellent that the effect of the Rogers bill, if it had become a law, would have been to precipitate a perfect army of fishermen from the metropolis, and there would have been neither trout nor lawn left. Such a penalty imposed upon the owners of private waters which have been stocked with public fish would have been more severe than the offense deserved. The bill was defeated. It was introduced again this year in the same form, but exempting from its provisions any rights now existing of persons owning land or holding leases of private grounds, waters or parks prior to the passage of the act. The measure has become a law, and thus while it will put a stop to the misappropriation of public funds, it will bring no hardships upon those who have profited by the generosity or the mistakes of fishery officials in the past. The precise wording of the new law is "that all waters heretofore stocked by the State or which hereafter may be stocked by the State from any of the hatcheries, hatching stations, or by fish furnished at the expense of the State shall be and remain open to the public to fish therein the same as though the private park law had never existed."

The next step for New York and Massachusetts and Minnesota and every other State in the Union is to enact a law providing that all private waters stocked with fish from the United States hatcheries "shall be and remain open to the public to fish therein." Such a law would put an end to the diversion of Government funds by Senators to raise fish for their constituents.

ON THE KELP BEDS.

STRETCHED along the shores of the West coast, sometimes a mile or two from land, or again fringing the rocky bluffs and islets, lie great beds of the giant kelp. Anchored by tiny threads to the rocks or sand of the sea bottom, the stems, small at first, but slowly growing to great cables, reach the surface and lie spread out in thick, clustered masses which cover the water. These cables, three or four inches in diameter, terminate in globular swellings as large as an orange, and from the end of each of these grow ten or a dozen fleshy leaves six or eight feet long, which float upon the water's surface.

Rising and falling with the long, slow swells of the restless Pacific, the great mass responds to each movement of the water, and swings to and fro with the changing tide. It is never quiet; but, except at the borders, storm or calm make little difference in its motions, yet when the breezes blow the kelp bed has a voice of its own. It is a voice that speaks only in melancholy cadences, for the passing airs, as they catch the upturned edges of the broad streamers which are the plant's leaves, turn them over one after another with a slow, slapping noise which is indescribably weird and mournful. Heard under a gray sky, on a dull sea, with the vast expanse of an empty ocean before one, and the black, threatening rocks of the coast behind, the sound is depressing—ominous.

Yet on the kelp bed there is life and often bustle, for it is the resting place and the home of many curious creatures of the sea. Shells and crustaceans and fishes spend their lives among these restless stems, and birds of many sorts rest upon them and find subsistence there. Hurrying flocks of shore birds, on their migration flights north and south, pass over them on swift beating wings and whirl and twist and turn, and then perhaps alight in a close mass and at once spread out and scatter over the kelp to pursue the tiny creatures on which they feed. At midday the gulls flock hitherward to rest, and turning their white breasts toward the sun doze in the warm light until their feeding time has come again, when one by one they stretch their snowy pinions and winnow their way out over the broad ocean. Here too the great blue heron may stop for food and move with deliberate and cautious tread, and in attitude most ungraceful, until his keen eye has detected an unlucky fish, and he slowly draws back his long neck and with unerring thrust secures the victim. The great clumsy brown pelicans' slow flight often brings them here, and they stand in long lines on the kelp bed with necks drawn in and closed eyes, while about its borders, or in the occasional spots of open water, ducks and sea pigeons and guillemots and auks, with now and then a loon, dabble and dive in undisturbed contentment.

The abundance and the variety of the life which inhabits these great beds, their changing aspects under differing conditions of sea and sky, and their permanence, are the things which make them most interesting to civilized man. To the savage the plant is useful, for from its slender stems, knotted together, the Indian of the Northwest coast makes the long deep-sea fishing lines with which he drags up from the depths the giant halibut, and in aboriginal hands the kelp has other uses.

The traveler by canoe who encounters one of these kelp beds will do well to circumnavigate it, if he can, rather than to force his way through it. When pushed the stems yield a little and then swing back, and to work a canoe through them is a difficult and laborious task. Yet in the lee of such a bed his frail bark may float safely in the wildest storm, secure from any danger from the waves, and to its stems the voyager, weary of paddling against wind and current, may tie his vessel, feeling sure that his anchor will not yield, but that he may sleep here secure and await the turn of the tide.

SNAP SHOTS.

It is with extreme regret that we learn of the death of Judge D. D. Banta at his home in Bloomington, Ind., on Tuesday of last week. Judge Banta was numbered among our oldest contributors, and our columns have frequently been graced with admirable sketches of camp life and exploration from his pen. Judge Banta was Dean of the Law School of Indiana University. He was a man of fine presence, of high culture, learning and a spirit which made him popular with young people. It is said of him that his students loved him; and that is to say all.

The FOREST AND STREAM is now domiciled in a handsome suite of offices in the New York Life Building, No. 346 Broadway, corner of Leonard street, two blocks north of the former location. The present entrance is on Leonard street. The offices are on the eighth floor, rooms 809 to 813.

The Western office of Forest and Stream Publishing Co. has this week been removed to 1206–1207 Boyce Building, Dearborn street, Chicago, where new and handsomer quarters have been fitted up.

Kill your fish when caught. That is just as much a rigid rule of good sportsmanship as any other obligation of the craft. It is a rule never to be forgotten nor neglected.

The Senate Committee on Territories has again at this session reported adversely upon the proposition to admit railroads to the National Park.

The Sportsman Tourist.

ABOUT BLACK FLIES AND THINGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Up at our fishing camp we are not much troubled by flies, and so long as we stay there we use no lotions or other protections against them. When we go out fishing we defend ourselves as the case demands. If we are going down the Black River between the middle of June and the middle of July we do well to take all the protective devices we can lay our hands on. But about the camp, as I said before, we do not need them.

Three or four years ago, when I was overseeing some work in the rear of the camp, where there were lots of trees and bushes, I got badly bitten, so badly, in fact, as to bring on quite a fever, so that one day I was obliged to take to my bunk for several hours. But all the rest of the summer I seemed to have less trouble from flies than usual, although ordinarily I took less pains to protect myself against them. And even since that I think I have less trouble than most of my companions on fishing trips, and although I get some bites, I doubt whether I get my fair share.

I thought that perhaps I had got partially inoculated against them, not enough to last always, but enough for one summer. Perhaps if I had let 200 or 300 more of the creatures have a go at me and lived through it, I might have been completely inoculated for the rest of my days.

Now, my dear FOREST AND STREAM, I suggest that you get somebody to develop this plan of inoculation and set up an establishment where folks who want to go fishing can go and get inoculated against black flies for a week or ten days, or as long as they can afford. Those who can go fishing for a fortnight should pay ten times as much as the poor fellows who can get only a week off, and those terribly rich chaps who can afford to go to Maine or Lake St. John or even to the Adirondacks for a month or six weeks at a time should pay a thousand times as much.

But as I have no money to make out of the scheme, I am not going to bother myself about details. You have experts and specialists in New York to arrange all those, and if what I have heard about New York is true, there are people there who would contract to supply all the black fly virus that could be wanted at reasonable prices, if well paid in advance.

I have some more work to do up at the same place as before and just at the height of fly time, so I reckon I shall know more about inoculation when I get through than I do now. I once met a distinguished English officer up at Roberval who ought to be well posted on the subject. If anybody wants information, he might give some. If inoculation is any good, he ought to be well secure for life.

While waiting for this establishment to get started we shall have to depend on the fly poisons and preventives that are on the market, of which there are many that are good, but all more or less inconvenient, and for one reason or another unpleasant. For my part I think any strong, pungent odor will keep the flies away, and the main difficulty is to find something clean and nice that will prevent too rapid evaporation. Perspiration, of course, carries off the whole mixture in a short time.

Mosquitoes I don't mind much in the daytime, and for the nights our beds are all well netted. If I get a bite the effect lasts only a few minutes. In a quarter of an hour there is no sign of it.

I cannot endure those muslin nets that cover the whole head and face. They are too hot. And besides they leave no place for my pipe, and where should I be without that? Not that I think tobacco smoke keeps off flies. It is not acrid enough. One might think the common Canadian tobacco would keep away anything that had senses, but for all its smell it is very mild. A black fly in good fighting trim would only howl at it, and even a mosquito, when really out for blood, would simply roar with laughter. A smoke that does not make your own eyes tingle has small terror for flies.

So I just stitch netting to the brim of my straw hat, fitting it close to my face in front, so as to leave eyes, nose and mouth free, but loose behind, to protect my bald spot and my neck. Not many of the beasts get inside it, and a plentiful application of weak ammonia when I get to camp cools off the bites beautifully. An old pair of stockings, with the toes cut off to let fingers through and a hole at the heel for the thumb, protects hands and wrists perfectly.

But anyway, flies or no flies, I intend to go fishing as soon as the ice is out of our pet lake. It looks now as if that wouldn't be before about the middle of August; but as the latest I ever knew was May 22, I have hopes. Last year it was April 30. Meanwhile the boats and canoes are being overhauled, the fly-book replenished and the rods revarnished. I remember the girl who said it was "better to be ready and not be asked than to be asked and not be ready." So about the snow and ice, I feel as the old chap did down in Maine, who admitted that the snowbanks were still rather heavy, but reckoned "the Fourth of July 'll give 'em a sweat."

So I still feel fairly sure of trout for the Queen's Birthday, and if Her Most Gracious Majesty would come to this country and go up to Lake Clair I would give her a taste of one such as never tickled her royal palate before. And that reminds me. Last year I told one of my guides that I should expect some guests on the Queen's Birthday, and he answered, "*La fête de la Reine, c'est le 4 Juilliet, n'est ce pas?*" (The Queen's Birthday, that is the Fourth of July, isn't it?)

I hope this summer to get a few more of those landlocked salmon, the result of my planting in 1892. Last year I got two, one of 1lb. and one of 1½lbs., enough to show that they were living and breathing. The lake where I took them was not where I should expect to find them, it being quite small. There is plenty of food in it, however, so much that the 2lb. trout will not always bother themselves to rise for a fly.

I am glad to see that my friends of the Triton Club propose to put some ouananiche from Lake St. John into some of their waters. To transport the fish alive from Lake St. John ought not to be difficult for the Tritons, but I think that the Provincial Government ought, in fairness to lessees and for its own eventual advantage, to establish a hatchery for trout and ouananiche somewhere up in that region. There is no immediate necessity for it, but by the time one could be well under way it will be desirable to replenish some lakes and stock others. The Government should furnish lessees with facilities for keeping up their supplies.

Why don't somebody contrive a landing net of fine wire, in which the hooks wouldn't get caught so aggravatingly as they sometimes do in twine? Small wire would be pliable enough and would not offer so much resistance in rapid water as twine. I have often wished I had one down on the Black River. Just under the dam the hole where the big trout hide is about 2yds. square, and all the rest is a torrent. If you strike a two-pounder in there and he gets hold of that swift water you have nothing to do but to run with him to a little bit of an eddy about a couple of hundred yards down stream. If he gets out of that he is a goner, and so are your flies, for the next holding ground is a quarter of a mile away, and you have to go through woods to get to it.

There is good fishing in the Black River when the water is right. G. DE MONTAUBAN.

QUEBEC, April 10.

FOREST AND STREAM CONTRIBUTORS.

Antler.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have the pleasure of sending you a photograph of Mr. E. L. Stratton, your correspondent under the name of Antler. Mr. Stratton was born in Massachusetts over eighty-four years ago

At his tender age of one year his parents moved to Cattaraugas county, New York, where his youth and early manhood were spent.

An ardent hunter from his earliest youth, he has had many adventures and hairbreadth escapes while waging war on the bear and other "varmints" of that then sparsely settled country.

In 1874, being in very poor health, Mr. Stratton moved to the mountains of East Tennessee, locating at Grand

ANTLER.

View, a small town on the eastern edge of Walden's Ridge and overlooking the Tennessee Valley.

Here in a sheltered spot and near a good spring that does not fail him in the driest season, he built his log cabin and here you will find him to-day. The pure, bracing mountain air of this mild climate proved to be exactly the thing for his failing lungs, and after a residence here of twenty-two years he is still very much alive.

For one who is looking for an all-the-year-round climate there is none better in America than these mountain heights of East Tennessee; neither too far North or South, where the winters are mild and open, and usually no snowfall.

In summer the thermometer rarely registers above 90° and the nights are always so cool that a man feels the need of a warm blanket, and can sleep his eight hours every night.

The water is pure and soft, and malaria and mosquitoes are things unknown.

Such my friend has found here, and he affirms that he "will not go back on the bridge that has carried him safely over."

Though past the age for active participation in his lifelong pastime of deer hunting, he dearly loves to stir up the back-log in his capacious fireplace, and seated in a splint-bottomed chair before its genial blaze recount his many adventures of long ago, in which (I suspect) his trusty rifle rarely barked in vain.

Mr. Stratton is a great admirer of the writings of the immortal Nessmuk, and was a regular correspondent of his for years previous to his death, and never tires of discussing that woodsman.

Though long past the allotted three score and ten, our friend is as light of heart as a boy, and for a man of his years remarkably active, and in his tramps around the mountains might tire out many a younger man.

May he live to enjoy many more peaceful years in his mountain home. CAMERAMBLER.

GRAND VIEW, Tenn.

The Adirondack Land Grab Bill.

ALBANY, N. Y., April 17.—This resolution was adopted by the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission at a meeting held April 8:

Resolved: That the Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forests disapprove Senate Bill No. 964, 1895, entitled "An act for the improvement of the Hudson River and the driving of logs and of the hydraulic powers thereon, and to check freshets therein, and for the better supply of water for the Champlain Canal," and do not believe the passage of this bill is to the best interests of the Forest Preserve and Adirondack Park; and that a copy of this resolution be sent to the chairman of the Committee on Commerce and Navigation in the Senate and Assembly.

ESCENAS DE LA BELLA FLORIDA.

IT is undoubtedly true that the scenes and incidents of life which the memory loves most of all to cherish are those tinged with a kind of romantic sadness. The simple songs and ballads of a nation, those that portray love of country and the gentler emotions, are all inspired by serious, sometimes even melancholy, sentiment; by no means despondent, but strong, noble and sedate, for all noble sentiment is sedate. To these emotions more than all other is due the fact that he who loves the manly sports of forest and field so certainly imbibes and cherishes sentiments closely akin to poetry. He has roved the mountain and seen its floods; he has trod the plain, now tenantless of the vast herds of game that once ranged its mighty expanse. He has seen the superb forests year by year yield to the sordid greed for gain; the beautiful streams depleted not only of their own element, but of the creatures that make their current their homes. He has had his noble horse, his faithful dog. He has had gallant comrades and formed friendships the like of which are formed nowhere else. Some of these he may have yet, with whom he happily meets each year, though for only a short season, then bids them adieu. Joyous days have passed, never to return again.

Instead of philosophizing I intended to write about Florida, and a retrospect of my vacations there brings up a thousand recollections much like these sentiments which have just escaped me.

My home is high up in the Southwest Mountains of old Virginia, where in the winter time there is ever a war between the altitude and the latitude, with often furious results of climate. A few winters ago, as a result of trying to meet the demands of my profession, I was exiled to hunt the sun. Who nowadays in this busy nation of ours, as a result of his own folly, has not met a similar fate? With gloomy forebodings I received my sentence, but whither should I wander?

Happy indeed is the man thus unfortunate who loves to hunt—loves the forest and stream!

Instinctively I gathered my sporting outfit and found myself one morning in the city of Jacksonville, Fla. Never will I forget that day. It was damp, cold and dark—the dense fog from the St. John's rolled in and wrapped the town in a reeking pall. The inmates of the beautiful hotel moved noiselessly over the cushioned carpets; sat muffled in silent, unhappy groups. There were no fires—no heat.

As aimlessly as I had left home I boarded a craft for the upper St. John's. It was only just dark, but it was night. The waters of that weird old river were black—blacker than the night above. I slept, for all else seemed to have deserted me.

How our little craft appeared wending its way I do not know. Sometimes just room to pass the banks; now gliding into a great lake; now overhung by the mossy live oak, the dense walls of the hummocks on each side; then the boundless prairies. Were they afire, and did they burn out this horrible gloom and darkness?

The dead tall pine, covered with a blaze to its top, brilliant candles of that spooky forest. The storms of waterfowl, the splash of the ugly saurian. None of this did I see, nor did I hear, but next morning I saw a Florida sun and felt a Florida climate.

Still I wandered from the St. John's to the Indian River until good fortune led me to the lodge of Capt. Sharpe, so cozily ensconced in the hummock on the banks of that beautiful river. There I met some gentlemen whose company was destined to afford me among the happiest moments of my life. Some of them strong men of affairs when moving in this busy world, all ardent sportsmen, enthusiastic and brave in the field and forest.

This region was a revelation to me, all strange and new. I still listlessly basked about, and in the little club room I would imbibe enthusiasm from the recitations of my new acquaintances.

Being no novice in field sports—save as to this strange land—the morning came in an incredibly short time when I should seek the noble game.

Mounted on the sturdy little pony, equipped for a deer hunt, I was then truly in Florida. My friends, have you seen this beautiful land where I then stood?

To the east of me, from whose shores I gazed in rapture, was the Indian River. It must be the most beautiful stream of water on earth—or is it a strem? It is saline, fed by inlets from the Atlantic, the muffled roar of whose billows I then could hear. Having neither source nor confluence, lying north and south, straight between the dense walls of forests from end to end; shallow, clear, its bed sheeted with sand as white as snow. While filled with life above and beneath its surface, still it is affected neither by time nor tide. It is the embodiment of perfect repose.

Then the day—and all good winter days are alike in Florida, yet like no other days elsewhere, for they are simply perfect. You have no bald and glaring azure sky to rave over; but have you not seen those paintings of pure fancy suspended somewhere between heaven and earth, and whether meant for human or angel image is unsolvable from the crépon drapery of wings and robe and flowing hair about the figure, and still the sky beyond? Just so inscrutable is the Florida sky. Not far away, never glaring, never lowering; here a cloud like a snowbank; now another, a long, white, narrow web, from the Atlantic to the gulf, corrugated, draped, fringed and tasseled, it hangs till night; then look west when the sun sets, my friends, and hide away the crude pigments of human art in despair!

Beyond the shore hummocks west of me is the pine woods, through which we must go to hunt; and this reminds me that we must rave no more until I tell you about the hunt, for "this that I am gaun to tell" is true, and I select my first one, because it so impressed me and varies but little from many others I have had. There were three of us, Balton on his pony and Beal on his mule. We were armed with light double-barrel shot guns, necessitated as you will see by the mode of hunting. The dog that was to find the deer was Mr. Beal's old Lady, a full-blooded hound sent him from Kansas, but certainly as ungainly looking a specimen of the canine race as you ever saw. Her tail was cut to "scarce a stump," and her ears showed the marks of many reckless encounters with cats and coons. Her match for sagacity, cunning and hunting instinct I never saw. Recently, just after Lady had performed one of her wonderful feats in finding deer, Beal had her under a string and was affectionately patting her, when he said with evident feeling: "Poor old Lady,

she is getting old. I meet people sometimes who ask me where my great deer dog is, and when I show them they say, 'That ugly old thing?' and it makes me both sorry and ashamed."

We rode toward the St. John's River, six or seven miles, to where we approached near the prairie.

You know the country between the Indian and St. John's rivers is ordinarily open, flat pine land, the undergrowth mainly of saw palmetto in beds, ranging in height from the waist to the head, sometimes higher. There are sloughs jutting in covered with grasses, ponds usually circular, and both sloughs and ponds are in many places boggy. I had never seen or been in such a country, and every time my pony would get into these places I thought maybe I would land through to China. I would get hurt every turn I made; the thorns and briers would stick me; the Mexican bayonet would prod me; the palmetto would saw my hands. Noon came without finding a track in this, to me, aimless hunt, and finding a place elevated above the standing water, we lunched and fed our horses. Soon after starting old Lady struck a track and began following it noiselessly. Then my comrades became quiet and serious, following her silently, their guns ready for use. Around and around this relentless old hound followed the course of these feeding deer, now stopping to scent this sprig of grass, or this bush; now holding her nose strongly to the ground, ever cautious, but eager; now trotting, wading and swimming the grassy sloughs and ponds—we always close at her heels. Presently Beal stopped her by signal and said, "Gentlemen, our horses are making so much fuss in the water we had better dismount, and I'll put a string on Lady." I had not at that time gone to Florida to wade water, although I have long since taken to it, so I asked to be allowed to stay on my pony and keep in the rear, to see how this strange deer hunt would end. My comrades dismounted and tied their horses, and Beal put a cord about 10ft. long on Lady, and held one end of it. Silently they went along, and as silently my little pony, who knew more than I about that kind of hunting, followed, stepping as lightly as a cat. Directly they turned back toward me, for you know the mystic tricks of deer before lying down. As they did so I stopped, as it happened, by the side of a palmetto bed, more elevated than the surrounding land, of an area of not more than an eighth of an acre. As Beal approached me holding Lady by the string, I forgot myself and said: "If you hunt deer in water like this why don't you have a fish gig?" "Hush," said he in a suppressed voice, "the deer are right in there," and he hadn't more than spoken when Lady raised her head and ears, gave a yell, and out right in front of me, not ten steps, jumped a large doe. While I could not believe my eyes, I involuntarily put my gun to my shoulder and shot, and as suddenly the deer dropped. I could see that it was shot about the side and neck. It kept floundering about and I raised my gun to shoot again, but Beal told me not to do it, that he would go and cut its throat. Being entangled in the brush with the string on Lady, before he reached the deer it had struggled behind a clump of cabbage palms, rose and ran off, so that I could not shoot it.

Another deer then "ripped" from same cover some distance in front and out of gunshot; still another on the side next my friend Balton, who wounded it badly, and search was made for more than an hour to find it; but Lady had seen and scented the blood of the one I wounded and refused to follow the other, when finally we turned to search for the one I had shot. She followed this one readily, trailing it to a slough difficult to travel, and it being late, we had to abandon the trail and start for home, for when dark comes in Florida, night comes. There is no twilight, but snap out the light of a candle in a dungeon and almost so suddenly does the blackness come in that weird land. From that day have I treasured with miserly care the beautiful surprises and sights I beheld. Riding along where the timber yields to the prairie, the latter spreads out away to the west—to the St. John's and on the other side. The sun literally disappears in the grass. The little cattle were in groups, lowing like bugles, to whose call the sly and eager calves were slipping from the coverts. Yonder in the prairie arose the circular wall of low palmetto, around a pond; still further a solitary cabbage palm. Just in the timber line is a little hummock, oblong, dense in growth from the standing water and fertile soil. No forester or gardener could supply this art of artless nature, nor its profuse variety. Dark, dense and green were mixed the silken foliage of the low pine, twined in the serpentine arms of the laurel; the umbrageous spread of the live oak, clad in its somber robe of hanging moss; the artistic fan of the short palmetto, standing out, quivering, always quivering; the red bud, luminous as fire in the dark; and, as if for show, alone above them all arose the stately palm, proud aristocrat of the forest, content with moderate stature when standing without a rival, but tower it will above them all when pressed! There too was the magnolia, queen of the jungle, superb in her green, glistening robe, her mossy footstool bedecked with verbenas. The sense of loneliness never possesses you.

The mode of deer hunting in Florida, with which I am acquainted, is unique. In the mountains, you know, the deer stalker must be cunning and noiseless, with wind and weather in his favor, or he will never approach his game. If the hunt is with hounds it is a chase and the capturing is done on "stands." In Florida hunting is done with a slow dog and on horseback, the game being shot as it rises from its cover, and if missed (as you will more often do than hit) the chase is ended. It takes a steady horse, a cool head and a quick eye to bring down the deer. Its habits are to hide, generally in thick scrub palmetto, and to lie close to elude its pursuer. I have seen the dog locate their lair and make more than one noisy bound at them before they would rise, but when they do they rise flying. First, may be, a long high leap to locate the surroundings, then a spreading crouch below the brush, this way and that, curving, twisting; then when they reach the open, a high kangaroo jump, your shot striking above them, below or behind, anywhere but in the vital place.

Last winter Balton, Beal and myself hunted a day next to the St. John's. We trailed a young doe round and round, and as usual, before lying down it went into a large pond. Time and again old Lady would go into the pond, find the trail, follow it to the brink and fail to find the deer's bed. It had taken a long leap out of the water into the brush on to the brink. Finally she struck the right place and put it up and Balton killed it. We had passed and the dog had gone half a dozen times within 10ft. of it. Winter before last we three were trailing an old doe and her yearling and Lady was unusually eager, occasionally giving tongue, when we saw the old doe get up a long distance off and begin to sneak out of the palmetto, head and tail down. We shot several times at her, but missed, when Beal, who had galloped off to catch his dog, told me to ride in where the deer had gotten up, that the yearling was still in there. Having great confidence in his knowledge as a hunter, I rode in and found the bed of the one we shot at, but rode all over the ground, I thought, without getting the other up, when I turned my horse's head toward my comrades and spoke to them loudly, when up right behind me "ripped" this little deer, affording me a difficult shot, but I knocked it down dead.

Again, Mr. Capert and myself were hunting a young and inexperienced dog and had trailed two deer long and patiently. I was following the dog along the edge of a slough in the water and Capert rode out into the low palmetto, when within 20yds. of him up jumped a deer, which, after giving a bound or two, stood until he shot it in the head; then within 10ft. of him another got up, and this one he killed too.

There cannot be more intensely exciting sport than hunting deer in this manner. You seldom know where they will rise, or how; whether before or behind you, or where. You are sometimes in a slow walk, sometimes in a trot—oftener in a gallop, here, there, anywhere; and five escape where one is bagged. They are never followed unless crippled, and are seldom badly enough crippled to die, and escape. It takes a hardy and zealous hunter to endure these chases. You must be every inch a horseman. You will be in water, in brush, then in a bog, unless you know the grasses and shrubs that warn you of these treacherous spots. You stand a chance of riding on an alligator; then you and your horse will have a "rucus," and unless your girth is strong you may measure lengths with the 'gator. These elements of daredevilry, however, only give greater zest to the chase. Did you ever camp out in Florida? If not you have never been in an ideal camp. No snows to tramp in; no chilling sleets to freeze your courage; no mud to soil the clean carpet of palmetto fans within your tent. The most beautiful camp-fires that ever glowed are those made of Florida's resinous pine. You sleep the sleep of the just and eat the hearty meal of the hunter.

None the less pleasant were our short sojourns at the hospitable lodge of our warm-hearted and chivalrous host, where the fair and accomplished ladies composing the families and friends of my comrades made their home for a season. There, with comfort and pleasure, we would doff the hunter's garb for the habiliments of polite life. "The hairbreadth 'scapes by field and flood" gave us sentiment for the song and wit and smiles that awaited us. Lounging about the piazza, the full Southern moon would thrust its rays from the other shore of that placid river, and the pardonable "gush" of some fair one would bring out the bronzed hunters. The silhouette of the dark hummock on the other side stood out like a mountain, and the rolling clouds from the Atlantic, with their moonlit whiteness, loomed up like peaks of snow. Slowly the pale light would cross the river, so distinct that the moving craft, both great and small, could be seen crossing the track from shore to shore.

Why, is not this curious and narrow strip of land, this peninsula of Florida, the climax of gentle beauty and sentiment anyway? Created, they tell us, by the toil of the silent mites of the briny deep, it is by nature a land of repose, destined to be the asylum of the restless and worn toiler of this nation. From the Atlantic come the trade winds, as buoyant to the inland sojourner as to the sailor. On the west, somewhere about that great gulf, is the source of that mysterious stream of life which finds its way over this globe, where the rays of the sun themselves have no power. You sniff the ozone right from the fountain head of this mystic river. Could it have been that this was the spring, fabled to preserve eternal youth, which inspired the quest of Ponce de Leon when he discovered his "island of Florida"? This quixotic navigator did not find the spring, but he did discover a land of eternal youth and beauty.

SAMUEL CECIL GRAHAM.

VIRGINIA.

TELLTALE TRACKS.

AND it didn't snow the day after, but the day before, the first of the month, when March came in like a lion, with a gale from the north before which the firs on the hilltops swayed and writhed, tossing their long arms wildly; a dead or insecurely rooted monarch here and there, whose top was among the clouds, crashed to earth with reports like those of big pieces of artillery; the crests of wintry looking waves in the Sound, driving in fleets before the blast, broke into foam and spume that went flying; and whirling, scurrying, eddying masses of snowflakes—do you hear what I'm saying? Eddying flakes, dry snow, which is as rare here as would be eddying raindrops, chased each other in open order, careening across the open water, swooping down from the hill crests, searching out every nook and cranny in the deep gorges, and sifting lightly through the broad arms of firs stretched out to detain them, or coming in solid battalions, a dense wall of surging whiteness, massed for the charge that blotted out the farther shores already blurred, obscured the roaring waves that leaped to swallow the stragglers, crossed the hither beach at a bound, and came driving onward in magnificent array, shrouding noiselessly the intervening landscape, and passing by in a wild tumult of jostling flakes that, spent and breathless, found a resting place in the hollows and along the rapidly whitening hillsides.

It was the day after, when it didn't snow, as I said, though the wind was still in good lung power, that I wandered abroad gunless in an inch or so of dry snow to amuse myself studying the vagaries of the four-footed tribes as they had zigzagged along the hillsides and among the thickets bordering the winding stream that babbled loudly of the cold winds and belated snows which chilled the hitherto rapidly opening buds or lengthening leaves of certain bushes that bent over the limpid current or greened the transparent depths of some placid pool. I wanted, too, to locate the houses of certain coons, whose tracks I had occasionally seen in the fringing sand or mud along the stream, if perchance they had ventured abroad in the chilly night, and to see if the meandering mink had left evidences of his foraging for trout.

The coons had left no tracks. They had been content with the warm hollow in the heart of some gigantic cedar, where, after sniffing the temperature from the lofty opening when the moon rose, they might cover their noses with their banded tails, and, forgetting the call of hunger, snore away the long night while the owl hooted in the complaining wind. When the weather moderates though, you may hear in the thickening dusk their tremolo whistle answering others across the valley as they emerge from their safe retreat and set out in a warm drizzle along the creek and marsh in search of shell and other fish, frogs, mice and other dainties wherewith to satisfy their omnivorous appetites. But you needn't expect to set a trap on some discovered runway in the woods, or at the foot of their home tree, and have them tumble into it the very first night. Some young and confident and wise-in-his-own-estimation coon may indeed do it, but the chances are that they won't. They'll go clear around that trap, although covered up with half an hour's cunning and care, or what passes for such among smart men, and blaze out another trail, and when you get tired of going to that unsprung trap you can move it somewhere else and likely repeat the operation. Or if you set the trap just where they descend from the tree and conceal it never so cunningly, they'll either dodge it when they come down or come down the other side. It don't matter to them. Or you may bait a crevice between the roots of a tree with some tempting morsel of fish or carcass of wild duck, setting the trap nicely concealed just outside, and they'll avoid that place as you would the plague; but remove the trap some day, leaving the bait, and the next morning or very soon thereafter it is conspicuous by its absence. Sly old coons! Their powers of scent and sight, like those of other wild animals, are as far beyond the ken of man as can well be imagined.

But though the coons had left no telltale tracks, the minks had been abroad, and I shortly came across a track leading from the creek straight back across the little wooded, brushy valley toward the hillside. Where he came from, up or down stream, I cared not; where he was going interested me more. And, come to think of it, there is considerable Americanism in that idea. Americans are more apt to say, "Where is he? Where is he going?" than "Where did he come from?" which is the burden of inquiry among the aristocratic cultivators of family trees in other lands, who may indeed make reply, "Well started is halfway there;" but I'm on a mink trail now, and we'll let the other trail go.

He started off kind of moderate, but he's going on the full jump, 3ft. at a clip. Must be on urgent business. His is no slovenly jump like that of Br'er Rabbit, but neat and clean, the hindfeet alighting in the tracks of the fore. Alongside a long prostrate fir he goes a ways, then creeping under, bothers me under cover of an old rotten treetop. But going around this, I find his track again, slower now, dodging here and there, and finally going up the side hill through a tangle of brush and down timber. What does he want up there? He's following his nose under promise of something good for the inner mink probably, but after a few yards makes up his mind that this is the wrong hill; so he turns and, reaching the flat again, after some seeming aimless wandering, abandons his track at the upward roots of a big tree, and I join him in the abandon. But I'll remember that spot. There's been snow enough for the purposes of myself and that mink. Now let's go back to the creek again. See the bird tracks, how fine and dainty they are where the feathered beauties have hopped about, garnering seeds, I suppose, though my gross eyes see naught to produce seeds or any other kind of food in this thicket of vine-maple and alder. If I could only drop the salt of Latin nomenclature on the tails of these birds, everybody would at once catch on to the identity of the birds, if not to the birds themselves; but I didn't bring along my Latin to-day, so we'll just call them black caps and blue jays, and let it go at that. Quite a number of the thrush and sparrow families, as well as robins and bluebirds, have already arrived, and—hello! here's an exclamation point of another sort right here, where a grouse has alighted this morning when he flew down from his breakfast and ramble. See his mincing little short steps. Wonder where he went. Let's follow him just for fun and see. Aha! here's another track. He wasn't going to ramble around here alone. Wonder if they have paired so early. Perhaps, for there has been a spell of very pleasant, warm weather lately, which may have hurried housekeeping along. Well, two's company, three isn't; so I'll have to be slow and careful if I see them and—wh-r-r-r, gracious! that came pretty near startling me. Where's the other? Can't see her anywhere. She's probably this minute, as rigid as death, watching me and ready to burst away. B-r-r-r! There she goes up the hill to join her lord, and I might have seen her any moment if I had looked in the right place. It's curious we never can or do though, or at least very seldom. This sudden explosion and goneness when a grouse goes somewhere reminds me of a day in '64 when we had got the Johnnies on the run off east of Atlanta, and from an eminence we could see evidences of them in a piece of woods about a mile away. A 10-lb. Parrott gun was run up on to the hill, and I sat on my horse and watched those shells in transit. Did you ever do it? Well, opportunity may present itself during the next war, if you are patient. Of course, we didn't watch each shell very long, neither do we watch a grouse any length of time in a thicket; but there was just glimpse enough to make affidavit to, as though you had caught the line of a bee a few yards away bound for home late in the afternoon. There is this difference, though, between the grouse explosion and that of the gun: you generally know when the cannon is to be fired; not so with the grouse. Otherwise the comparison is tolerably apt, for the discharge of the cannon is generally followed by the explosion of the shell, which sometimes makes trouble and often doesn't. Same in the case of the grouse.

But let us make and follow tracks again. There may have been a wildcat abroad last night. His vanishing track was visible some mornings since after a warm wet snow, which melted all too soon for definite conclusions. The nimble and saucy red squirrel has been widely abroad, as usual, and here has gnawed his fir cone into bits and added them to the already large pile on this log, or there has sat with the spray of cedar buds and extracted the tiny tender heart with which to vary his standby of fir seeds, or yonder has dug holes in the ground for some other delicacy. He is a chunky, inquisi-

tive, impertinent, ubiquitous little scamp, with much the same chit-r-r-r as his Eastern congener, but with in addition a funny little squeal of inquiry, or alarm, or anger, or all three; and the suddenness with which he disappears at short notice, or rather no notice, is a perpetual source of wonder and amusement to me, and I never lose opportunity for enjoyable entertainment in permitting him to approach quite close as I sit or stand motionless, and then suddenly jumping see him just simply vanish. He never lacks a place to disappear instanter, and the completeness with which he does it beats any lightning transformation that ever was and is just "too funny for anything." He just scatters. See him as he mounts the log on one end of which you sit. "Heyo!" he says, "what's this? Never saw that thing before." And then he begins to squeal and approach cautiously. He isn't coming too fast. Every time he utters his little short squeal he jumps jerkily forward or straight up and down, and every time he jumps he jerks his tail. Little by little he approaches, with his hindlegs stretched backward to the fullest extent, a sort of drag on his front legs, lest they carry him too far into danger. Every now and then panic seizes him, and he whirls a few feet rearward with redoubled squeals and begins over again. Oh, how curious he is. He'd give his last fir cone to know what that monstrosity is up there, and he is just about scared to death over it at the same time, and he is mad all over at himself and the monster into the bargain. How bright his eyes are, and the tips of his ears almost touch each other, which adds to the intensity of the *qui vive*, while the whole of his little frame quivers with excitement. Now, when he is within 6 or 8ft., make a sudden motion, and where is he? Vacancy has swallowed him, and before you have fairly determined which side of the log he vanished at, up pops his head, and he spits out that squeal again, intensified by rage and baffled curiosity. He is a very funny fellow. At times he is the wariest of squirrels, and at others I have walked very slowly and cautiously within full view of him as he sat on a log eating to within 8ft. of him, and watched him for minutes with great pleasure. True, before I had got so close he had backed off once or twice, but he returned and resumed his meal. It is interesting to watch him cutting off cones from the trees and dropping them to the ground. He does not eat his meals in the trees, but cuts quantities at a time, and descending eats them at his leisure, taking them to some favorite stump or log, where piles of hulls show what an appetite he has. When he gets fairly engaged in cutting cones, the energy and attention to business he shows, and rapidity with which he gets around the top of the tree, fairly raining down cones, is very entertaining.

It is not to be wondered at that he cuts quantities at a time. He shows excellent judgment, for it is a good ways to the top of one of these firs, and he can't afford to make the trip more than once or twice a month. He is not quite as long bodied as his Eastern cousin, his tail is not as long, and his coat is darker; but in his mental and moral make-up he is very closely related. There goes one now across the creek on that log jam, just flying, and —oho! here's another mink track coming out of this same jam and meandering along the stream side, sometimes in the snow and again in the edge of the water. He's taking it leisurely here, pottering along in and out, crawling under logs and brush, and here and there giving me the slip by wading in the water. Now I wonder what's started him, for he is on the keen jump, going across stream on this log with big leaps, but never a slip. I'd not like to risk it at such a pace. But there's no hurry. The track won't run away, and I'll— Wait a minute. (That's just what I will.) What's tuning up here along the creek so early in the season? The song of the brook partly drowns the other, and I can't just locate it for a moment, but now— Well, if I ever! I never did. There on a stick of drift that has lodged in midstream, where the rapids are running swiftly and noisily, just washing the upper side of the stick, stands a water ousel with his toes in the water trying to outsing the stream in the most delightful duet that ever entranced the woodland; but he can't succeed; more's the pity, and some of the lower, sweeter notes are lost to my ear. Oh, the little darling! Did anything ever equal that entertainment amid such surroundings? Many times have I seen him on different streams, always stopping to watch and admire him, for there's no bird that so winsomely appeals to me as this bonny, soncy sprite of air and water. But though I have often heard his chirpy greeting, never before have I known that he possessed the power of song, or listened to his delicious melodies. It is a revelation that is as sweet and enjoyable as is possible to imagine. Gun? What? Can't hunt without a gun? Why, a gun would be as much out of place here as a battery of artillery in the presence of the angelic choir.

Sing away, sweet birdie! May no murderous hawk or owl with deadly claw and beak ever spy you out. May no prowling ornithologist with wicked gun ever take the trail that intersects yours, but may you live always to charm the nymphs and sprites of woods and waters, and all people who delight in contemplation of such a blithesome creation that is "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

But I wonder where our mink has gone. We'll go and see. Softly across this barkless slippery cedar log now, for we are not as sure-footed as the mink, and a souse into that chilly water wouldn't be relished. But hold on a minute. See that trout in the deep pool below you; isn't he a beauty? A foot long, if an inch. And there's another and another, smaller, to be sure, but just as pretty. Rainbows they are, playing slowly about, with here and there young salmon of 8 or 10in. keeping them company. They'll keep though until April, unless some darting mink fastens on them with his sharp teeth. Let us hope to have his pelt stretching before he does it. To that end let us follow his track again. Here he jumps off the log and pokes about some stranded drift; then wanders up the shore and disappears in a dense tangle of treetop, vine-maple, briers and devil's walking-stick, which is too much for us; so we'll circum-walk it, only to find the track mounting a log that slants downward, hanging over a pool about 6in. above it. Minkie has clearly taken water here, near which is a big upturned root in the edge of the stream, and, though we search each border up and down, his track is nowhere to be found. So we are at the end of our string once more. But there are two mink in the stream at all events, and may get into a trap one of these days.

Quite a detour fails to unmask any cat tracks. He has evidently gone to other foraging grounds for his rabbit, and as he is a great roamer it's of small use to search for him. I don't think we'll go homeward the way we came —too brushy. The trail's just outside on the old logging road, where twenty years and more ago there was a dense wilderness here, and loggers denuded the forests of the huger trees without notification to Uncle Sam. The land wasn't surveyed, and he was too far off anyway. Branch skidways run all about to accessible points, the logs rotted wholly or rotting in their beds, and the roads almost or quite obliterated by rank growth of maple, fir, cedar or alder—for growth is rapid in this damp climate —and a few years suffice to blot out evidences of man's devastation, save where the huge stumps stand, almost indestructible, the holes in which, for the chopping boards, still remain; and one can still see in fancy the stalwart woodsman 6 or 8ft. from the ground, one on each side the tree, wielding the axe or huge crosscut saw from their perches as securely and effectively as though they were, with their Eastern brother "fallers," on terra firma.

See this dainty little track here crossing the trail? It emerges from beneath one end of a rotten log, and disappears beneath part of the same log on the other side, and is made by the deermouse or kangaroo mouse, the latter name being most appropriate. He is a beautiful little fellow, with very long hindlegs and short fore, like his namesake, and can jump surprisingly for such a wee beast. There is a rabbit or hare track leading off into the thicket, the big furry feet making as large a track or larger than a fox's: but he is welcome to his tracks—we don't want them, and don't begrudge the cat any satisfaction he can get out of the other puss; for the latter is very poor provender for "we all," and the disproportion between size and length of legs is laughable. He is a very poor substitute for the fat little cottontail of the East, but I don't know that it's his fault, for his rations are restricted. He can't line his ribs with sal-lal brush and such trash.

But what is that note that comes "winding o'er the lea," as it were? What sound is it that swells and dies away upon the ambient air? Why doth it cause the inner man to leap in response, and the weary feet to quicken with new strength?

> It is the horn, the joyous horn, the winding horn of tin,
> Which gude wife puts unto her lips, to call the hungry in,

or something like that. Hurry up or we'll be late.

WASHINGTON, March. O. O. S.

Since writing the above I have secured the lovely nest of an ousel, which I accidentally spied on the almost perpendicular face of a rock wall alongside a 30ft. fall of water, where the flying drops and spray almost curtained the mossy home of the little darling, which it was then engaged in building, or I should not have taken it. It was about as large as a half peck measure, and so placed that the entrance was overhung by a hood to shield it, and is a thing of beauty and a curiosity, I assure you, built entirely of moss excepting the nest lining.

Natural History.

HOW BUZZARDS SAIL AND PUZZLE US.

O. H. HAMPTON'S query about the sailing flight of birds doubtless will bring to you a barrel of letters from scientists telling all about it in scientific language, but I venture to try my hand at it in plain, matter-of-fact English, and hope that it will be clear, though unscientific.

To begin with an object lesson: I've forgotten if O. H. H. lives in Chicago or California, but will ask him to climb up a fourteen-story block or shin up a big tree, whichever is most convenient, taking with him a big umbrella and the baby, or in default of the latter, the family cat. Let him tie the two together and drop them overboard, and if the umbrella is strong he will be agreeably surprised by the safe arrival on earth of the whole outfit, if the parachute is spread open when launched, and the baby is tied to the handle and not to the point. The curved pinion of the umbrella will so deaden the descent that it will gravitate earthward but slowly, compared to more compact things.

Next, let him take a kite, a good big one, and send it skyward some breezy day. That kite weighs something. Gravitation works against it all the time. Yet it goes upward and even against the wind within certain string limits!

Next, take a buzzard—theoretically, that is. For sanitary reasons personal handling is not advised. He is half a mile up. The wind you may be dead sure is blowing, for it always is blowing at some altitude, whatever it may be doing nearer to or further from the earth.

Buzzy's wings are spread and curved, umbrella-like. It doesn't annihilate his gravity, but it does reduce his downward speed. The wind approaches. He lifts his neck, and, as though hung on gimbals, tilts his body slightly. What is left of his weight acts like the tension of the kite string. The wind, striking his upturned expanse, sweeps under him. The weight pulls down. The wind pushes up. The bird moves onward fast or slow, according to the strength of the wind or his own wishes. If weight and wind are balanced just right buzzy stays stationary. If wind is the stronger, the bird as he moves forward also ascends. In his lifetime of practice he knows perfectly how to adjust his weight and angle to the wind so as to do what he wishes with it. For example, compare the perfectly involuntary balancing of a bicyclist on his wheel, which seems so unstable a thing, yet is so reliably upright under trained guidance. It is all a matter of balance. Buzzy rides "hands off," tilted forward or backward according to the need of the moment, flattening his wings in a gust, curving them hollow in a lull.

Seems to me O. H. H. lives in Florida or some such place, where big trees and houses are not. Well, let him take a cypress shingle, weight one edge of it slightly, bore a hole in it near the middle, reeve a string—a fishline—through it and heave it into the water. Then let him walk along the bank pulling at the string, and observe.

The weight of the buzzard is represented by his pulling on the cord. Let him walk up stream, or against the tide. The rush of the water represents the wind. If the angle of string and shingle are right he will see it has a tendency to shoot outward and away from him as he goes on. In other words, he has transferred the buzzard's problem from the perpendicular to the horizontal. If he pulls harder than the water (gravitation represented), shingle comes in. If tide pulls harder (wind represented), shingle goes out. If the pulling force was not fastened to the bank, shingle would keep on going out indefintiely till it struck the other shore. O. H. H., isn't this clear as Mississippi mud? J. P. T.

ABOUT SERPENT NATURE.

SHASTA MOUNTAINS, California.—According to time-honored records, it is early in the season to offer stories about snakes. Truths about snakes, however, when they may be additions to natural history, should be always in season. I admit being so ordinarily human that I have always been adverse to almost all snakes I have neglected few opportunities of bruising the heads of such serpents as have come under my immediate notice. Instinctively I hate snakes, and (in the tone of Shylock) "Hates any man the thing he would kill?" * * * "Wouldst have a serpent sting thee twice?"

Not to rely entirely upon the inclination of "instinct" (for I believe that even our instincts may be, to a great extent, formed by education and circumstances), I have, I fear, confirmed my hatred of snakes by a fair share of observation and reason. I hate the appearance of snakes, I loathe their habits, and they are the only things in a natural wilderness that I have dreaded and feared. In the scheme of nature they may perform functions of which I am ignorant; I know some of them catch mice, gophers and other rodents; a lover of nature may learn to consider some snakes beautiful; they were endowed with life by the Creator.

But may not the gophers, mice and rodents upon which they prey be more important to the natural good of the world than the snakes? Is there any creature that man may not learn to admire, to love and protect? We cannot exist a day without interfering with some natural condition. If we have a salad for dinner we may consume whole colonies of creatures that would otherwise have fulfilled some part in the great natural plan.

But let me get a little closer to these snakes. From the great boas in South American or African jungles, ay, from the very serpent in the Garden of Eden who played such an important part in our earliest annals, to the musical rattler of our prairies and mountains, and the venomous moccasin, asp or adder, even to the little garden or garter snake, can anything more to their credit be said than I have written? They have had time enough since the serpent's interview with Eve to have manifested their best traits. No, they have always been serpents. They seek the most harmless and defenseless creatures for their prey. With loathsome stealth they still slide through grass and foliage, underneath flowers and fruits, noiseless grovelers, notorious for deceit and cunning, knowing no fairness, mercy or pity.

They drop from their screens upon defenseless creatures, taken by surprise, and strangle or crush them in their slimy coils; endowed with poison, they lie in the pleasantest places and under the fairest flowers, venomous and deadly, waiting for a chance to sting or strike. Cowards they are, always ready to flee or hide, and only seeking harmless or unwary victims. The most insignificant and harmless of the serpent tribe is but a robber of the nests of small birds, the murderer of fledgelings or lizards. If he is supposed to benefit man by destroying gophers or mice, or frogs and fish, he does even this in the most loathsome and cowardly manner; penning his victims in a hole in the ground or taking the young in their nests, he swallows them alive.

I do not wish to destroy anything needlessly, and will not take the life of any creature merely to see it die. Indeed I have not found it in my heart to kill all snakes. If I kill one that is not venomous I do so conscientiously—and not for merely selfish reasons. If I kill a mole or a gopher for destruction in my garden, I do it reluctantly, and usually find some use for the little carcass by feeding it to the cat or the poultry. But there are sins of omission as well as commission. If I find a snake swallowing a nest of fledgeling birds am I humane to pass by unconcerned? RANSACKER.

Migration of Humming Birds.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I would like to ask if any of the FOREST AND STREAM readers know anything about the migratory habits of the humming birds. I do not remember having seen in a list of birds killed by flying against exposed lights the humming bird's name, which leads me to believe that they do not fly at night. Do they fly in large or small flocks, alone or in pairs? RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

[Nothing very definite or detailed is known, we fancy, about the migration of the hummers. They go and they come. We are under the impression that migration takes place for the most part during the daytime, because the little fellows consume so much time in passing from our southern border to the latitude of New York. It is nearly six weeks from the time they enter the United States until they reach their northern homes. Again in the far West we have seen regular flights of various species of hummers passing up the cañons and along the mountain sides, which were evidently composed of migrating bands and not merely groups in search of food. It is stated (but we do not know with how much truth) that in the Mississippi Valley the hummers appear in localities with the opening of the buckeye flowers. At Sing Sing and in southern Connecticut people look for them when the cherry blooms are in their prime.]

Stinging Snake.

JENNINGS, Calcasieu Parish, La., April 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose you the extreme tip of tail of the so-called stinging snake, concerning the existence of which there was some controversy a year or two since in the columns of your paper.

I killed the reptile from which this member was taken while out with a hunting party of residents to-day on the prairie near this place. The specimen was about 5ft. long, of black color on the upper portion of body, with red cross-bars underneath extending about halfway up the sides. When attacked the snake lashed out savagely with its tail, thrashing that member forward toward the head—a peculiar action or movement I have never before observed in any of the family here or elsewhere.

In killing it the head was so mutilated by shot that I

could not distinguish accurately if it presented the broad, triangular characteristics of the rattlesnake and water moccasin, both of which species I have also encountered here. The head, however, so far as I could judge, seemed to have the shape usually ascribed to venomous kinds. The majority of the natives and old settlers here say the chief danger of this species lies in its tail, and I hear various accounts of injuries inflicted by this sting upon animals as well as human beings, but can trace no fatal results therefrom.

I understand that this snake is invariably found in the open country. It evidently grows to a large size, as one was brought into town a year ago that measured between 11 and 12ft. in length.

If possible I shall obtain a perfect specimen, or its skin at least, to bring with me on my return to the North.

I had a good opportunity to notice to-day this fellow's maneuvers, and it certainly appeared to me that the tail was used as a weapon. LEONARD G. SANFORD.

[From the description we imagine that this may have been a specimen of *Farancia abacura*, one of the Colubrine (non-venomous) snakes. A specimen would determine the snake's systematic position.]

Bird Notes.

SHELDON, Vt., April 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I saw the following birds here for the first time this season:

March 30, song sparrow; March 31, robin; April 11, chipping sparrow; April 14, pigeon woodpecker (high hole). No bluebirds as yet.

On April 11 I saw a robin curiously marked. Its larger wing coverts were white, so when its wings were closed it made on its back a perfect white "V." Several of its middle tail feathers were also white. STANSTEAD.

SEARSBURG, N. Y., April 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I found a song sparrow's nest yesterday, the earliest I have ever found in this latitude; also saw a woodcock to-day, he is at least two weeks ahead of time. Partridge are drumming; they promise to be plentiful with us this fall. HECTOR.

INDIAN ROCK, Me., April 16.—I saw a crow blackbird yesterday, also one fish hawk, the first that I have seen this season. Saw a pair of gulls to-day and heard a partridge drum; I think he must have found a stump or a log some distance from the ground, as the snow is nearly 3ft. deep in the woods. C. T. RICHARDSON.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., April 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am unable to find bluebirds in this locality. A.

Weights of Moose.

I HAVE killed between thirty and thirty-five moose in my twenty years of lumbering, but never killed one that would weigh 700lbs. I once killed a bull whose head measured from end of nose to butt of ear 5ft. His horns had fallen off and he was in poor condition, he did not weigh 700lbs. So the old State of Maine, so far as its Moose goes, is away far ahead of New Brunswick, provided the hunters give 16oz. to the pound. J. MOWAT.

CAMPBELLTON, New Brunswick.

Game Bag and Gun.

A WET DEER HUNT IN ARKANSAS.

FIVE of us were on a camp hunt in the White River bottoms of Woodruff county, Arkansas, in the latter part of November, 1895. Two of us were Northern men and three were Arkansawyers, and we had with us four dogs of nondescript variety. Four of us had journeyed to our camping place on foot, a distance of some thirty miles, while the fifth with a team of ponies and a rickety wagon conveyed our tent and other things. The country roundabout was as wild as it ever was, and tracks in the soft earth indicated that various kinds of animals were here at home.

These bottoms are subject to overflow in times of heavy rain, which condition renders them valueless from an agricultural standpoint, though they are covered with much valuable timber. Having selected a camping site we pitched our tent—a 7ft. by 9ft. affair intended for two—on the afternoon of a certain Friday, and having tethered the ponies to convenient saplings and cut them some armfuls of small cane upon which to browse, we dispersed into the woods to look for game, returning at dusk, each having seen sign, but no game bagged. About dark that night it began to rain quite hard. Saturday morning when we awoke we found the dogs inside the tent and the rain coming down in torrents. Here we were, five men, four dogs, seven guns and a camping outfit cooped up in a 7×9 tent. All day Saturday and all Saturday night the rain continued to fall without intermission. Once during the day a couple of us donned oil-cloth suits and essayed to go hunting anyhow, but it was of no use, we could not hunt in so much rain.

Sunday morning found the situation unimproved. The rain still fell as abundantly as ever, and although our tent was pitched on the top of a slight ridge, the ground had become so saturated that water was beginning to find its way under the edges of the tent, and the ground inside on which we had our beds, consisting of a layer of small cane on which we spread our blankets, was getting muddy. In coming to this place we had been obliged to ford a good-sized creek, with the water then nearly up to the bed of our wagon, and in view of the situation in camp and the danger that the water in the creek would become too deep to be forded, a motion was made that we move out beyond the reach of high water. But thoughts of breaking camp and tramping out of the woods in such a storm loomed up forebodingly in the minds of a majority of the campers, and the motion was lost. We therefore spent another day with the dogs under our canvas shelter.

We had hoped that Monday morning would bring a cessation of the downpour, but in this we were disappointed, for the rain continued unabated. By this time the ground inside of our tent had become thoroughly wet and likewise the most of our bedding. Again a motion was made to move out and this time there was no dissenting voice.

It was about 6:30 A. M. William, the grand master of our cuisine, had gotten a few dry sticks together and in spite of the rain had started a fire just outside the door of the tent, preparatory to getting some breakfast. Andrew asked how long before breakfast would be ready. William said an hour. So Andrew and I took our rifles and went out into the woods, thinking that a little stroll might relieve us from the ennui of our recent imprisonment in the tent, and give us an appetite for corn bread and pork.

Soon we separated and after going about one-fourth of a mile I found an open glade some 200yds. across between two heavy canebrakes, and thought that here would be a good place to watch for a deer, especially as I could see freshly made tracks in the mud.

I accordingly leaned up against a small tree and kept a sharp lookout.

Presently I saw a medium-sized buck coming toward me from the canebrake on my left. I stood motionless and he continued making directly toward me. I had my rifle, a 44 40-200 Winchester model of 1892, under my oil-cloth coat to protect it from the rain, and when the deer had gotten within about 100yds of me I began very slowly to get out the weapon. The deer saw my very first move, and stopping instantly, looked at me with all the intentness he could muster.

Slowly, inch by inch, I raised my rifle and when the sights filled upon the white patch covering his throat I fired, and down he went with his neck broken just below the head. The bullet also severed one of the jugular arteries and I had no use for my knife, as the blood gushed forth from the bullet wound in a stream the size of my finger. Taking off my belt, I looped it around his horns and dragged him to camp, where I arrived in time for breakfast.

Breakfast over, we broke camp and piling the deer and our luggage into the wagon, started for civilization. All through the woods the water was from a few inches to a few feet deep in every depression, and for a quarter of a mile at a stretch in places the road was under water.

Luckily that creek had not risen so much but that we managed to get through it with the wagon. All day we plodded through the mud and water in a blinding rain, all hands walking, to enable the ponies to proceed at all, until finally our troubles ended and we again found ourselves dry and warm.

The deer head has been mounted and whenever I look at it I am reminded of that wet hunt in Arkansas.

AUTOKER.

TOLEDO, Ohio.

THE RIFLE AND THE CARIBOU.

SEVERAL correspondents of FOREST AND STREAM have referred to a letter in which I spoke of the Sharps .45-120-500 cartridge as a fatal dose for moose, and the Winchester single-shot as a good conduit for it. With many of the kindly criticisms I agree entirely. The rifle described is not the ideal hunting rifle. That weapon does not exist; but, fortunately for mortal comfort, every man's own gun is the next thing to it.

Four hundred yards is too great a distance at which to shoot at any game, as the well-informed H. B. S. truly says; and in all I had to say I had mostly in mind distances under 300yds. I repeat that a good shot, with a proper rifle, under favorable circumstances, can kill a moose at 300yds. with one bullet.

And I wish to remark that when returning to camp you suddenly become aware of a big caribou standing gray and solemn against the sky, on the crest of a ridge too far away for comfortable shooting, you are pretty likely to try a shot, if you can get no nearer. Here is the situation: The caribou has seen you. He has run a few steps and stopped, for reasons known to himself. He stands looking back. There is not a bush between you and him. Half a dozen times as you have come down that hill each morning you have unconsciously counted the steps, and you know there are 321 of them. In the calm stillness of approaching evening the old fellow, motionless against the golden western heaven, looks as big as a horse. His great white collar, plainly visible at that distance, makes his head, in the center of the white circle turned toward you, look like a black bullseye. Now, Mr. Clay, with your .44-40, and Mr. H. B. S., my impression is you are going to give him one for luck, anyway. You of the .44-40 toss your leaden messenger heavenward in a graceful rainbow curve. The gentle breeze, imperceptible to you where you kneel, wafts the missile softly to one side, and as it sings by Br'er Caribou he starts like one rudely awakened from a dream. By the time you run to the top of the hill he is a vanishing speck, looking like a rabbit on a trot far down the purple valley.

But you, H. B. S., who know the accuracy of a 500gr. bullet with a paper patch, take my rifle sighted for 100yds., while the caribou stands trying to make out what we are. Put up the fine needle point of the Lyman combination fore sight. Sit down and rest your elbows on your knees. Raise the rifle till the fore sight appears to point a foot above the caribou's back. Now steady. Turn loose the 120grs. of powder. If you are lucky you may cut the poor caribou nearly in two, and he will be beyond all knowledge of this life before you can get to him.

Oh, yes, 50yds. are better. Who that has done it can forget the sight of the big buck peacefully lying down on the side hill where you, serpent-like monster, have crawled upon him till you can see the damp hairs where he has given his side a lick with his tongue. That is still-hunting. And the redeeming feature about your murder is that you kill the unfortunate animal without his ever knowing what happened to him.

Yes, I know my rifles are "cannon." But in some years of shooting I do not know of one deer or moose or caribou that I ever left to die a slow and miserable death.

This very evening I have suffered while reading the story of a big elk that was wounded by a .40cal. Winchester bullet, and only killed after twenty-four hours of painful, pitiful toil to escape from its pursuers. The man who told the story concluded with this remark, which condenses the whole controversy into a brass shell: "We now looked to see which ball had struck him the evening before. We found that one had entered the neck and lodged in the vertebra near the shoulder. We cut it out and it proved to be from my Winchester. F.'s rifle was a heavy Sharps, and would have stopped the elk with the first shot, if he had hit it."

If I die by shooting, hit me with a 1in. Gatling bullet, please. FREDERIC IRLAND.

DUCK SHOOTING ON A MISSISSIPPI OVERFLOW.

WILDFOWL shooting in the timber. What glorious memories are recalled by those magic words to the sportsman who has been permitted to enjoy the fascinating sport.

Sometimes the shooting is done in the pleasant autumn months, when the purple haze of October covers the woods and fields with a filmy veil. Again it is in wild, blustering March, when the winds howl unceasingly through the treetops and the storm-king reigns supreme. But the wildfowl shooter cares little for the roar of winds or storms, for he is warmly clad and sheltered by the woods and underbrush.

The only drawback to this kind of shooting along the Mississippi is that it cannot be indulged in every season, for the reason that a spring or fall overflow is necessary to supply the water, and of late years this is not a semi-annual or even annual occurrence. It is when one of these overflows on the Mississippi occurs during the autumn months (alas, only too rare) that the duck hunter is thoroughly happy. Then the wildfowl are migrating southward, plump and fat. The wide stretch of water affords ample room to rest their weary pinions, while the submerged willow swales and pin oak ridges furnish the delicious acorns and succulent roots that they love so well.

Most of the timber shooting is at mallards, where they linger in countless numbers, loath to leave until a cold storm drives them further on toward their southern home. Many times I have seen the overflowed timber lands filled with these handsome birds, each eagerly intent upon securing its quota of acorns.

A stretch of river twenty-five miles above and below Savanna, Ill., comprises some of the best wildfowl shooting grounds on the Mississippi. A few years ago one of these welcome overflows occurred in the fall. Acres of ducks, mostly mallards, hung around until late in November, dreaming idly on the bosom of the Mississippi, or devouring acorns in the timber. It was during this season that sauntering down street one windy morning I met a shooting companion, George T. We both stopped and looked inquiringly at the sky.

"This wind will drive the ducks out of the river," commented George.

"Your diagnosis agrees with mine exactly," I replied.

"And they say," continued George, "that the mallards are so thick in the timber west of Spring Lake that there is danger of their digging the trees up by the roots."

"You be ready in twenty minutes and we will go down and give them something else to think of," said I, hurrying away to don my corduroys.

We were soon in a boat gliding down the river bound for the timbered ponds between Spring Lake and the river about four miles below Savanna. When near our destination we turned aside into a deep, narrow channel, and started out through the timber, eyes and ears alert for ducks. Far ahead we could hear them quacking and calling to each other, little dreaming that their feast was soon to be disturbed. A short distance in the timber and without warning a pair of fine mallards arose, protesting at our intrusion. George was alert and at the double report of his gun they both subsided and we picked them up as we went by. Far out in the woods the flapping and quacking of ducks, frightened at the report of the gun, was borne to our ears.

"Hurry up and let's get in that pond west of Spring Lake and get out our decoys," said George.

Just as we rounded a point to start out through the timber, a mallard sprang up from the edge of the trees not 25 ft. away. In its haste and fright the duck flew against some small branches and it was ludicrous to watch its tactics in trying to extricate itself and get away. My companion was as much astonished as the fowl and his first barrel was fired ere the gun was to his shoulder, missing it clean. The second barrel followed the first almost instantly, but the duck went on. Seeing that we were about to lose a fine bird through George's carelessness, I dropped the oars and seizing my gun turned on my hips, and killed the duck with a lucky snap shot. George looked foolish. "Don't say a word, I have been there myself," I said. Before he could reply a pair came over us and my companion made as pretty a double as one could wish to see. Picking up our ducks, we rowed through the timber to an open place that in low water was a shallow pond.

Throwing out a dozen decoys, we pushed our boat under the trees, and filling our pipes sat down to wait for our intended victims. There was so great an extent of feeding grounds that of course we could not expect to get a shot at a hundredth part of the ducks that were flying and alighting in different parts of the timber.

We sat smoking for about five minutes, when five mallards came over high up, and seeing our decoys bowed their wings and with that peculiar pendulum-like swing of the body dropped straight to the water. When about 10ft. from the decoys their wings went up like a reverse lever to check their momentum, and just then two guns cracked and two greenheads lay among the decoys; for some reason our second barrels missed, probably we undershot, a common fault with climbing ducks.

"I call that pretty poor shooting," remarked George.

"Yes, if we can't do better than that, we will hunt around and find some rocks to throw."

A vociferous quacking out in the timber and George got out his duck call and sent a seductive answer to the lonely female mallard, and as she dropped into the decoys a load of 6s ended her troubles then and there.

"Let's take turns making doubles when a pair comes in," I suggested.

"All right, go ahead, and I will see how you do it," replied George.

We had not long to wait; a low musical hiss greeted our ears as a pair of greenheaded drakes dropped over the timber. I caught the sheen of a chestnut breast as I pressed the trigger and drew on the other one just as he got to the top of the trees. He struck the water a second after his partner, and never made a kick.

Shortly after we made the star shot of the day. A bunch of a dozen swung in and we emptied four barrels at them, and never got a feather.

"Well, I'll be blowed, we must have forgotten to put shot in the shells," said George in disgust, watching the rapidly vanishing fowls.

"We certainly forgot to put shot in the ducks," I answered sadly.

"Keep quiet, here comes my double." As they flut-

tered above the decoys, side by side, George killed them both stone dead with the first barrel.

"You shoot the ducks and I'll get out the lunch," I said.

Pickles, bread and butter, pie and ham were arranged on the seat, and I had gotten as far as "Come to din—" when a sharp report greeted my ears, and looking up I saw a mallard drake high up; throw his head on his back and double up like a jack knife. As he struck the water I said: "That was a beautiful shot, now come to lunch."

No one but a sportsman can appreciate how delicious everything tastes out in the woods. As George remarked, "If we had hit the big flock half as hard as we did the lunch we would have a blamed sight more ducks."

Just as we came to a delicious section of raisin pie, a low, sharp hiss greeted our ears, and a big, fat mallard drake dropped with a splash among the decoys, 20yds. away. As he sat gracefully erect like a soldier on guard his neck looked to be 1ft. long. A moment he eyed the surroundings, all the time uttering the peculiar hiss that no instrument or tongue can successfully imitate, then he caught sight of us sitting motionless in the boat. His neck seemed to stretch up 1ft., and then with a mighty bound he sprang 10ft. into the air. I covered him instantly, and as the charge from my gun struck the drake with terrific force it seemed to hurl him forward 1ft. and the next instant he collapsed, with every bone in his body broken, while a drift of feathers floated away over the water.

We got good shooting until about the middle of the afternoon, when the wind went down and the ducks settled in the Mississippi.

However, we had ducks enough—about thirty, mostly mallards—and were content to leave them alone until another time. FRANK E. KELLOGG.

GENESEE ASSOCIATION.

THE Genesee Valley Fish and Game Protective and Propagators' Association held its annual meeting in Rochester, N. Y., April 14, with President Harry J. Woodworth in the chair. The treasurer reported as follows:

Balance in treasury last year	$100 36
Dues, receipts, etc.	134 05
Total	$234 41
Disbursements	201 03
Balance in treasury	$33 38

The report of the executive committee gave this review of the work of the year:

"Since our annual meeting events have occurred in which we are directly interested. Early in 1895 the present State Fish and Game Commission succeeded the old one, and for a period while they were getting established in office the protective force was disorganized. This was unfortunate, for it left our waters during the time of spring spawning unprotected. Still we do not think much harm was done, thanks to the much improved public sentiment, which is no doubt due to the work of this Association—and this is the strong argument of such organizations. The present State Commission, of which one of our associates is a member, has had many difficulties to contend with, but has overcome them and is now in a position to do, and we believe will do good work in the future. It is their settled policy, while not abating in their work of propagating, to give increased attention to the protective branch of the work—reasoning that better results can be had by combining natural with artificial propagation—protect the seed planted and the parents while in the act of propagating their species.

"Rochester is surrounded by waters that are unexcelled for their breeding capacities, and if undisturbed during the breeding season in the spring months, and then kept free from illegal netting, our people will have the very best of angling—affording opportunity for supplying our tables with fish fresh and sweet together with the recreation. Notwithstanding the lack of protection the past year, we are confident that the fishing this season will not be disappointing.

"Your committee have continued the work of pheasant breeding, and, as might be expected, we had much to learn, and have had some ill luck, but confidently look for better results this year. Protector Brooks, until he was laid off on account of exhaustive funds, done some excellent work. Made forty arrests and thirty-four convictions. Special Protector Marshall deserves much praise for his work on Lower River and the ponds west of Charlotte. The improved fishing and the coming season will, we believe, prove it. Conesus Lake Association continues steadfast in their good work, and the improved angling proves it. It is very strange that the good people in the vicinity of that lake do not see the wisdom of co-operating with them, for every person who is attracted there by the fishing contributes to the wealth of the locality. Good angling is sure to increase the number of cottagers, who are sure every season to leave many dollars there. Special Protector De La Verne has been an efficient officer on this water.

"Hemlock Lake, while it has not been neglected, is deserving of much better attention. This we expect it will now have. The Upper River—here we are looking for most excellent results. We have been giving it special attention and have been much encouraged by the hearty co-operation of our Park Commission. We expect good results from the planting that has been done—wall-eyed or yellow pike, perch and bass. Through the kind assistance of our old protector, George Schwartz, 1,500 mature black bass have been transplanted from the Erie Canal wide waters to the Upper River. This was done voluntarily and without compensation. We now confidently look for most excellent fishing in this direction—much desired for the tired mechanic or business man after his day's work is ended. Gentlemen, you surely can be content and proud of what you have accomplished, and if we persist we are sure to receive the thanks of the public.

"H. M. STEWART, THOS. W. FRAINE, HARRY S. WOODWORTH, JAMES H. BROWN, J. B. Y. WARNER, Executive Committee.

"Report of bird committee, Genesee Valley Association.

"The past year has not been so successful in the raising of pheasants as this committee would have wished. We started the season with a good stock of birds at our two pheasantries, one situated at No. 641 Genesee street and cared for by Mr. Toogood, and the other at Penfield, managed by Mr. Hipp. Unfortunately Mr. Toogood was obliged to change his residence last spring, which had a rather demoralizing effect on his birds; this coop at that time consisted of eight hens and four cocks. We at once commenced to provide new and more commodious quarters for the birds, and built a large coop, 28×14, divided into compartments, boarded up 3ft. from the ground, then wired to the height of 7½ft., and the roof wired entirely over, as a precaution against rats and other vermin. We sunk tin a foot or more into the ground under the boards. While these coops were being prepared the birds were placed in a large corn crib for temporary quarters.

"The hens commenced to lay April 24 under adverse circumstances. They laid about 125 eggs. A dozen of these were given out to Mr. Loomis, a member of this Association. The result was no chicks. Another dozen of eggs were sold to Joseph Tone for $5. A good percentage of these were hatched out, and when a few days old were stepped on by a horse and killed. The rest of the eggs—about a hundred—were set under hens and twenty chicks were hatched out. Of these eight were successfully raised and liberated in Seneca Park last fall. Three hens and one cock have died this winter. Since then we have added six hens and two Mongolian cock birds to these coops."

"BOARD OF PARK COMMISSIONERS, Jan. 24.—*Thomas W. Fraine:* Dear Sir—The quails have not been seen in the park since late in the fall. The probabilities are that they are spending the winter in thickets near the parks. The pheasants have become quite wild and are occasionally seen, usually one at a time. It is impossible to tell whether all have survived or not. Yours truly,

"C. C. LANEY."

"PENFIELD, N. Y., Jan. 8.—*Mr. Fraine:* Sir—In regard to the pheasants I have had the worst kind of luck. Seven hens and two cocks; eggs, 135; chicks hatched, 35; chicks raised, none. Two hens have died. I find that the cocks will not mate with more than one hen. Two years ago I had eight eggs, hatched five and raised four of them. Why I should have had such hard luck last year is more than I can tell. The young birds I feed with hard-boiled eggs and potatoes. When about two weeks old bird seed, and from that to wheat. The old birds prefer wheat to any other kind of grain. I also feed all kinds of greens in the summer, and in the winter cabbage. In the spring they are very fond of grubs and worms, later in the summer they do not care for them.

"Yours, A. N. HIPP."

A letter from L. D. Ely, of the Bayside farm, which is located near the shores of Irondequoit Bay, says: "I regret that I cannot give you a more accurate account of the pheasants. I have been unable to give them my personal attention the past year, and the man who has had the care of them is not an experienced hand. I drove out to the farm last evening and made inquiries of him regarding them, but he has no record of eggs laid, chicks hatched, etc. As near as we can recollect, we started in last year with seven hens and three cocks. One cock ran with the seven hens in a covered yard. About July we liberated two hens and a cock. One of the hens was seen on the farm a few weeks after, and a little later the cock and other hen were seen some distance south of the farm. One of the hens in the inclosure died during the summer, and one of the cocks was killed on account of an injury, leaving four hens and one cock at the end of the season, of the old birds. Those in confinement laid about 150 eggs. We set, I think, eight hens on them. Two of the hens left the nest before the pheasants were due, and two killed the birds as soon as they hatched. There were three or four broods of from six to ten taken from the nests. At one time, I believe, we had twenty or more young birds.

"A few were killed or died, but the largest number disappeared without our knowing what became of them. Their run was not covered. Out of the lot we have six young hens left, which with the four old hens and cocks make ten on hand at the present time. From the above account one might think pheasants difficult to raise, which is not a fact, as they are remarkably hardy. It was owing to poor care that we were not more successful with them the past year.

"Two years ago I superintended the care and feeding of them myself for a short time, and was surprised to find that they will thrive in a small inclosure if they have a large run with a good mother. They need very little food above the insects and worms which they gather for themselves.

"The chicks I think more hardy than young turkeys, and they will thrive on any farm or in any woods, if not killed. In this section hawks and skunks are their worst enemies. I know that they will stand our winters, as one of my cock birds that was hatched in 1894 escaped that summer and came back to the breeding yard in the spring of 1895 looking for a mate, one that escaped with him having been shot in the fall. I find the yolk of hard-boiled eggs and chopped lettuce very good food for the chicks when first taken from the nest. The lettuce or other green food should be continued as long as they are kept in confinement, and insects and worms should be supplied if they cannot find them for themselves. Yours truly,

"L. D. ELY."

"LYONS, N. Y., Jan. 28.—*T. W. Fraine, Esq.:* Dear Sir—Replying to your respects of the 23d inst., as to how I have done with my pheasants during the past season, will answer upon the whole had very poor success. Started in with a pen of three females and one cock. They laid many eggs and I set in the neighborhood of seventy-five eggs. Hatches were fairly good—about 75 per cent. My trouble came when the birds were from a week to two old, and most of them were carried off by gapes of diarrhœa. Did everything I could to save them, but of no avail. Increased my flock to eleven, seven females and four cocks.

"This winter have lost two females, one being killed and the other died from what seemed to be croup, though I believe this is not a disease they are likely to have. I have five good, healthy females to-day, and am not at all discouraged by reason of bad luck last season. The same happened with me in the breeding of chickens many times and I have made a long study of poultry rearing.

"Shall commence next season with the same vim as before, and know that I can make a better record. We have got to approach the plan as is most successful in turkey raising to success in pheasant rearing; birds must have a good run, plenty of good meat, food and good dusting place. Shall be pleased to learn from your report what others have done. Yours truly, W. S. GAVITT."

The officers elected for the new year were: President, A. Emerson Babcock; First Vice-President, Harry S. Woodworth; Second Vice-President, H. M. Stewart; Treasurer, Thomas W. Fraine; Secretary, Frank J. Amsden. Executive Committee: J. B. Y. Warner, Daniel Bascom, Dr. David Little, James H. Brown, Howard H. Widener, A. B. Lamberton, Edmond Redmond, Charles R. Richards.

BRIGHT SPOTS.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn.—I so thoroughly and genuinely enjoy my weekly FOREST AND STREAM that I can hardly wait for Friday morning to arrive. I get my paper on the New York express of Friday morning, and, although Friday is hangman's day, and is usually conceded to be the most unlucky of all days, I long each week for its coming, as it brings FOREST AND STREAM. How I managed to live for thirty-two years without this paper now seems a puzzle to me. Every sportsman or lover of outdoor recreation should, by all means, take a sporting journal of some kind. To sit quietly and read of the experiences, pleasures and opinions of others is the next thing to participation. Again, such reading is largely conducive to the exercise of retrospection. And what man does not like to muse in sweet reverie of the past? Let one's past be ever so dark and dreary, the bright edges of silver will show around the blackest of clouds. And the darker the cloud, the more beautiful the tints around it. So, kind friend, when you feel blue and disappointed about something that has gone wrong with you, use my remedy for the blues. Take your gun and dog and go hunting, or your tackle and go fishing, and if neither of these are possible, clean up your guns, work with them, polish and oil them and handle them. If this does not entirely satisfy you, go get out FOREST AND STREAM, and sit down and read it from beginning to end, ads. included, and I will guarantee that when you get up your blues will be gone. If you do not believe this try it. I will frankly confess that I am a crank about hunting and guns, but a great deal of my enthusiasm about such things is due to cultivation of the habit, and you will find that in an incredibly short time you will become thoroughly imbued with the same spirit.

I have many, many bright spots on my canvas of time. In looking back at the numerous hunting and fishing expeditions that it has been my good fortune to participate in, one trip of one day's duration looms up so pleasingly that I will recount it if you care to hear it. I will call this one day's hunt a bright spot, for such it is.

Just six years ago the 15th day of last September I was invited to join in a deer hunt on Walden's Ridge, some eight miles from Chattanooga. Sam Wester, a chum of mine, had a beautiful summer home up on the ridge, and Sam informed me, to my great astonishment, that deer could be killed within 1½ miles of his house. In fact, he told me that he had killed as many as nine deer in that locality the year just past. I told Sam that I considered him a first-class chump for not inviting me before this time; but he said that he had only recently learned of my enthusiasm for deer hunting, and had supposed that quail shooting was all that I cared for. In fact the dozen or so regular deer hunters in Chattanooga are as clannish as Indians. They own all the hounds in this section, and they are extremely cautious whom they take out and show their covers and runways to. They have to be selfish in order to preserve the game, otherwise there would not be a deer on the Cumberland Mountains in a few years. On this occasion Sam's regular standbys failed him, so he just went out in the byways, as it were, and invited three greenhorns, as he called us. The other two gentlemen invited were L. H. Bixby, of the City Water Co., and E. W. Mattson, editor of the Chattanooga *Press*, the only Republican newspaper in town. Sam had "method in his madness," as he was running for sheriff on the Republican ticket and he was afraid not to ask Mattson.

I did not tell Sam that I had lived for six years in Texas, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas and the Indian Nation, had followed civil engineering business, and had walked all over those States surveying, and had killed more deer than he ever saw. I just kept my mouth shut and let him blow off his enthusiasm, and vow that he was going to run a deer right square over each one of us just to see us miss it.

Well, about noon we four set out on horseback from Sam's Store, bound for the mountain. All had shotguns excepting myself, and I had an ordinary, 73 model 38cal. Winchester, the only rifle I owned at that time. It was nicely sighted with silver "knife blade" front sight, however, and I had practiced with it enough to feel sure that I would not disgrace myself. The other boys laughed at me, said I could not hit a deer running with a rifle, and so on. I "sawed wood" and said nothing, told them maybe I could not hit the deer, but I was going to try him a magazine full anyway. Sam was an old hunter, and strange to say up to this time he had never used anything but a shotgun to kill deer. He had a splendid No. 10 gauge cylinder bored Parker gun, made especially to shoot buckshot, and as Sam is a good wing shot he hardly ever let a deer escape that came within 50 or 60yds. of him. My! but the rascal was conceited. He thought he knew it all, and that the rest of us were featherlings under his guidance. He even cautioned us how to carry our guns in riding through the woods to prevent shooting each other.

Well, we arrived at Sam's summer home at 3 o'clock and spent the afternoon in talking over the next day's sport. Sam assured us that he would run at least one deer through some one of the three stands he intended to put us on; as he had located a bunch of deer two or three days previously, and knew exactly where to go to get them up.

I thought this was more like playing hunting—to be comfortably housed and enjoy the hospitalities dispensed by Sam's good wife, his five children playing around us and climbing all over him, his two oldest boys all excitement and begging Sam to allow them to accompany us. Then the supper bell rang, and we were seated at a table loaded down with good things—Mrs. Wester presiding at one end of the table and Sam at the other. This was more like city entertaining than hunting, but Sam reassured me after supper was over. He had a great bushel basket full of corn bread and a pan full of the scraps from

the table, and leading the way out to the barn proceeded to feed his hounds. Then I saw as fine a lot of hounds as I ever laid my eyes on. Most of the pack were bred from English stag and fox hound stock, and all were large, well-developed dogs. He had fourteen, and what a powwow they raised as he opened the door to feed them. Then came the usual scramble and the fights over who would get the most. Sam broke the bread up in small pieces and scattered it all over the barn floor, so all the dogs could get some; but then a hound is a hound and you cannot make anything else out of him. There were four especially large, fine hounds in the pack. My diary tells me their names were Leader, Queen, Dan and Rock. These were the imported dogs from which the rest of the pack had been raised, and I guess that their being the parents of the others had something to do with their domineering tactics. Every time one of the younger dogs came near one of these four it was sure to be wallowed around and badly misused. Then two of the old dogs would get into a dispute over which one was eating the fastest, and stop eating to fight it out. Then two or three of the younger ones would take sides and there would be a general mix up for five minutes, until Sam would have to step in and decide the day by kicking all of them over. Such is a hound's life, ever selfish and aggressive.

Sam now showed us his last year's trophies, which consisted of several nice heads of horns and a number of skins. So we went back to the house feeling happy, yes more than happy, joyous, for we now had great hopes of success on the following day.

We rested on beds of down that night and dreamed of hounds and deer and such things, and were oblivious to the world when we were rudely awakened by Sam pounding on the door. "Get up, boys, it is four o'clock and I want to be on the travel by five." We needed no coaxing, but bounded out of bed like schoolboys and had a race to see who could dress first. Such is hunting, gentlemen. It will put energy and life into the most gouty limbs. After a superb breakfast, which was awaiting us hot and smoking on on the table, we were ordered to horse and started off at a gallop. Everything seemed to be in our favor, even the elements, as it had rained hard during the night and cleared off before day; so now the scenting would be good. In half an hour we three visitors were on our stands and Sam had taken a wide circuit with the pack to start the deer.

About four miles from Sam's house is an old hurricane where the fallen timber and thick brush and grapevines afford good cover for game of all kinds. It was here that Sam always got up his deer, and they nearly always ran through one of the stands that we filled. We were stationed at intervals along the crest of a small ridge that ran east and west, and divided the waters of two creeks which flowed in opposite directions.

Sam had been gone about two hours when I caught a sound that I thought was the cry of the hounds. I listened attentively to distinguish whether it was the sighing of the wind or really the dogs. It seemed to draw nearer, and in a few moments I could distinctly distinguish the voice of one dog from another. Then I stood up on a log to get a more commanding view of the slope of the ridge, and see over the top of the thick bushes. The cry was very confusing, I could not tell whether it was nearing my stand or going toward the next stand below me, which was occupied by Mattson. In a second more I heard Mattson's shotgun boom! boom! in quick succession. I thought, well, Mattson had either got one or scored a miss. But before I could move I heard the dogs coming full cry toward me. I looked off through the trees in the direction of the music, and saw a deer coming. I still stood on the log so I could see. I now cocked my rifle and waited. The deer was headed straight toward me, so I could gain nothing by moving. When it was within about 40yds. of me, I drew at the fore shoulder and fired. It did not stop, only tucked its tail. I threw in another cartridge, took more careful aim and fired again; still it did not stop. Now it was out of sight, hidden by the thick brush. I now ran out into the road at the ridge, and got in another shot as the deer jumped across the road. Still it did not stop. I thought to myself, well, durn that deer and durn this gun, because I knew I had hit it twice. I now saw the deer climbing the steep side of another ridge 200yds. away. I ran my rear sight up to the top notch, took aim and fired again, but still the deer did not stop. There was no use shooting any more, as I saw my last shot knock up the gravel 10ft. behind the deer and I had taken careful aim just over its back. The deer was now going in a slow walk, and with a good rifle I could have knocked it down easily. It climbed slowly up the ridge and just as it reached the top it fell. By this time Bixby was at my side. He had seen the deer jump across the road from where he stood some 400yds. away, and had run down the road, hoping to get a shot at it. We now went over to the deer and found it dead. It had three bullets in it: one through the side, one in the hind quarters and one through the neck; yet it had run 350 paces from where it was first shot. So much for your small short cartridges. I would not carry a .44-40-200 or a .38-35 rifle in the woods again.

This same season I shot another deer on identically the same stand with a .44-40-200 rifle, and it ran four and one-half miles, and was finally dragged down by the hounds. Sam Wester was a witness to that performance also. The last-named deer was shot 10in. behind the foreleg; the ball ranged backward through the intestines and lodged in one of the hams; the deer had been approaching at an angle of about 45 degrees to me. If I were of a mind to do so I could name many deer that I have lost entirely in using a .44-40-200 Winchester, and have followed for hours with dogs on a blood trail and never got the deer. How any one can advocate the use of such a gun is more than I can see, because I defy the most expert hunters to hit a deer just where they want to when it is running and jumping in the thick brush. A man is doing fine work if he hits it anywhere from its nose to its tail.

We now cut the deer's throat, and then strapping it on my horse behind me set out for Mattson's stand. When we got there we found Sam and Mattson standing, one where Mattson stood and the other where the deer was when Mattson shot at it. They were just thirty steps apart. Mattson said two deer had gone by where Sam was standing, and there the tracks were to show for themselves that he had shot both barrels at them, and had not touched a hair that he knew of. He was candid about it, anyway, so we agreed not to tell anybody when we got to town, and he was happy. There was a mark on a tree over Sam's head, 10 or 12ft. from the ground, so Mattson must just have fired his gun off in the air. Sam told us that he had killed a deer when the dogs started the game, so that made up for the chances Mattson had thrown away.

We now rode to the hurricane or windfall, and got Sam's deer. Sam had killed the first deer that got up, and at the sound of his gun three more had jumped out of the same fallen treetops. If his horse had not acted so foolishly he could have killed another, as he was within 35 or 40yds. of them. We now went back to Sam's house and had plenty of time to skin and dress our venison before dinner. We all had lots of fun at poor Mattson's expense. Even Sam's kids guyed him about missing his deer. But poor Mattson bore it so good-naturedly that we at length got ashamed of ourselves and let him off. After a good dinner and many thanks to Mrs. Wester and Sam for their whole-souled hospitality, Bixby, Mattson and I took our departure and arrived at home early in the afternoon.

We had been gone but little over a day, and had all the venison we wanted and the best time we ever had in our lives.

About three years ago Sam Wester and his family moved to Boise City, Idaho, and are there now. I have been out there once since Sam moved West, and in company with him and six other good fellows had a two months' hunt in Jackson's Hole, just south of the Yellowstone Park. In fact, I have hunted in the indentical cañon where the Bannock Indians were killed last year. Perhaps I may write that up for FOREST AND STREAM readers some day.

A. B. WINGFIELD.

New York Game Laws.

THE Assembly passed on April 21 the Sanger bills allowing deer jacking Sept. 1 to 15, and hunting Oct. 1 to 15. The Malby bills in the Senate have been amended to conform to the Sanger bill. This appears to indicate that hounding and jacking will not be entirely prohibited at this session.

SHOT.

Sea and River Fishing.

DAYS ON THE NIPIGON.

THE hot weather had given me the fever, and as the cool shades of the evening came to relieve the hot, burning rays of a July sun, that royal leader of good fellows, Judge James Fitzsimmons, came slowly into my office and sat down, wiping the perspiration from his glowing face.

"Well, old man," said he, "if this weather continues I must get out of town, or I will turn into a living stream of water; besides I am tired out, and I am hungry for some good fresh fish. Don't you know of a place where fish are plenty and the weather more moderate than this? Say, let's get a couple of good fellows and go away and get rested. Now, think up a place and let me know, and we will arrange to go."

Well, here was a go. A man as mad as myself to break the confinement of the office for the freedom of stream and woods—to catch fish and eat them too.

I called upon Fred W. Salsbury, to interview him for new fishing waters. He recommended the Nipigon River, in Canada.

To our party we added Capt. H. Jones, the owner of the steamer Blanche, and a capital good fellow and sailor; then, to fill up and make complete the party, John F. Edmundson, Esq., the fun maker, to drive away the blues after the loss of the largest fish, and Dr. J. D. Milligan, surgeon-in-charge and as fine a trout fisherman as ever cast a line, and myself to complete the list.

Aug. 7, 1895, was the day fixed to start, and by the P. & L. E. R. R. to Cleveland the route; thence by boat to Detroit, and from there to Grand Rapids over the D., L. & N. R. R.; thence to Mackinaw City over the C. & W. M. R. R., and then to Duluth over the D., S. S. & A. R. R.; thence by steamer Hiram P. Dixon to Port Arthur, and by the C. P. R. R. to Nipigon station.

I detail our route for the reason that we have passed over some very valuable fishing country, the product of which was shown to us at different points along the C. & W. M. R. R. by many fishermen who came in and kindly exposed the contents of their creels to us.

At Thompsonville station a party of fishermen had a very fine creel of trout weighing anywhere from 1lb. to 2½lbs. each, and were as happy as the proverbial fisherman after a successful day. So at different stations along this railroad were exhibited to our eager eyes these fresh trout until our mouths watered and our hearts wished for the Nipigon.

Near Mumsurg station on the D., S. S. & A. R. R. a party of two old sports came aboard with a creel of half dozen trout that would weigh about ¾ to 3½lbs. each and the sight of them set us wild. The train did not go half fast enough, and had it been possible for us to go by telegraph we would have done so.

In time we reached Duluth, and pitching our baggage into an express wagon we drove like the wind to the steamer Hiram P. Dixon's dock, which whistled us to hurry, and as our baggage was put on board the line was cast off and we were on the waters of Lake Superior *en route* for paradise. The voyage over the western and northern end of the lake was one of delightful rest, and at the same time it was one of great unrest because that boat took just twenty hours to make Port Arthur, and every hour seemed to be two, because we were confined to the narrow limits of a small steamboat, while in fancy's dream the trout and fish of the Nipigon danced, splashed and leaped in every direction.

At sun up on the lake about every person on board was up and ready to rush to the depot so as to catch the morning train at Port Arthur, which seemed only a stone's throw away, but as the smoke and steam arose over the treetops the chances of catching the incoming train lessened. The train stopped at the end of the dock, and as our boat touched the dock the train began to move and in a few minutes it was beyond our sight. Had the train stopped five minutes we could have reached it with our baggage and landed at the Nipigon Hotel ready for breakfast. But, alas, our boat did not move us fast enough and a delay of a day seemed imminent. The Northern Hotel lies beyond the dock a short distance and to it we wend our way, and our host soon sets before us a fine meal and with it we soon recover our usual good spirits. By a happy thought our chief and leader, the genial, jovial and thoughtful Fred W. Salsbury, hies himself away to Fort Williams, and upon his return he brings with him an order to ride upon a freight train to our destination. Thinking we are tied up here for a day our party had scattered over the town, but in the excitement of the hour Capt. Jones and the funny man, Edmundson, were lost and from this point they returned home, while the other three wended their way to the end. The fisherman surgeon, Dr. J. D. Milligan, of our corps, had been detained and detached at Detroit, and did not rejoin us, much to our regret and to his chagrin.

In about two hours we arrived at Nipigon station, interviewed the station agent, who conducted us to the Taylor House. It is the only hotel in the place, and is kept by a jolly, jovial, honest man, who spared no pains to make us comfortable. This was the end of civilization, and from this point begins the ascent of the Nipigon River.

Before ascending the Nipigon, it is absolutely necessary to interview the law's representative, so ably filled by Mr. Wm. McKirdy, fish warden of that district. After the production of the necessary papers of introduction, we made application for permission to go up the river, and are promptly provided with them. Having taken such good care of us in this respect, we concluded that we were safe in his hands for the entire outfit, and after conversation together an order was given for guides, tents, cooking utensils and provisions for one week.

As there are three of us, Mr. McKirdy advised two boats and four men called guides, but why I am unable to answer. The starting point is on the river about three-quarters of a mile from the hotel. Our good clothing was left at the Taylor House, and what baggage we would not need. We also left our railroad tickets and our money, because there was no place to use it beyond this point. Bidding everybody goodby, we started for the river. At the landing we found Joe Esquimo and three other Indians whose names we did not learn, but one we called Big Chief. The boats were 18ft. birch bark canoes of about 4ft. beam. Into these were packed our baggage, week's provisions, tents, etc., and seven men. In order to equalize the load, the Judge and myself were assigned to one canoe and Fred and the baggage were put into the other. As we were strangers to the Indians, they made the division according to their ideas, and Fred and the baggage got the old-looking canoe, while the Judge and I got the new one. We congratulated ourselves upon our luck in having got the best looking craft, and were happy and contented. We feasted our eyes upon those famous waters, its rock-ribbid hills, clad with forests, and were contemplating how soon we would break the record, when our attention was arrested by the gabbling of the Indians. As our education in Chippewa had been neglected, we could not understand what all this argument was about, but I suddenly discovered that we were filling with water. The Indians ran the craft ashore and yelled to the camp on shore, when the inhabitants rushed down to us.

A lot of talk followed, and we got out and our baggage followed. There were a lot of Indian girls standing around. We tried to make the best of a bad bargain and tried to talk to the girls, but not a word would they answer, but two of them picked up a canoe, shoved it into the water and paddled off. After a while they came back with two men from across the river with a lot of pitch, tar, etc., to repair and put in good condition our leaky canoe. In the course of time we overtook Fred and the guide Joe, who, by the way, is a great scholar, informs us that we have been on Lake Helen and would now go westwardly into the Nipigon River. Joe talks good English, and is a Latin scholar as well. I had with me some copies of the annual reports of the United Hunting and Fishing Clubs of Pennsylvania, and when I showed him the advertisement of a certain firm on Broadway he at once said, "I know where Broadway is. It is in New York." It was a great relief to hear an explanation of the waters over which we were passing, and Joe was the only one with us who could give it. I missed much of the legends of the river because I was separated from him nearly all the time, and as I was the smaller of the party I was always assigned to the boat that could hold me.

The houses were soon left behind. They passed from our ken, and the wild, rugged wilderness stretched out before us in unmeasured miles. The water was clear and ice cold, and to our imagination it was alive with fish. After passing up the river some three or four miles we saw an Indian with five sturgeon 6ft. long which he had caught that day, and we were sadly tempted again. But no stop was made, no cessation of the constant dip of the paddles by the Indians, and we moved steadily up the stream.

Soon the dim roar like a passing train or like the distant thunder falls upon our ears, and soon it becomes so loud that we cease to hear one another talk, and the leader motions where to cross and what to do. As I steady myself and turn facing the north I see the water falling over high falls with high land on both sides and rushing with mighty force, bearing white caps with it, and dashing itself against the opposite bank, and to one who is timid it seems foolhardy to attempt crossing.

Our men had been there before, and we sit still and leave everything to them; and shortly we land safely and get out, to our relief, as we were all cramped up from our long ride in the boats. At the particular spot where our boat touched the shore there stands an old tree, whose long, gnarled roots clasp in its grasp rock of different sizes, and then runs into the earth beyond our sight and affords a good harbor for the canoes. The shore is rocky and the land beyond slopes back, ending in a small hill. This is a camping ground, and the evidences show that a good many other fishermen have sought slumber, rest and food at this point. The falls seem about 15 or 20ft. high, and the water so rough and the current was so swift that none of us care to rig up a rod and line to make a cast. The portage here is about a short quarter of a mile to a small creek of black water not over 30 or 40ft. wide and 5 or 6ft. deep. We go up this stream several hundred feet and disembark again. The chief, Joe, kindly consents to our making a camp here for the first night, and the camp is pitched upon top of a high hill, up which we carry our traps, water, etc.

Leaving the work for the Indians, I rig up my line and make a cast with a small fly, and land a 7in. trout; another cast and I land a 10in. trout, and then follows one

of a foot, when Fred came bearing down upon my sport, and we soon had sufficient to make a taste for supper for ourselves. After that Joe says he will show us where to get fish, so that we will not eat minnows like what we had for supper; and we smile at thought of anything better than those trout caught, cleaned, fried and eaten all within half an hour.

A war whoop was given to assemble at the bank of the small stream, and we go down it to the Nipigon a short ways above the laws at our first landing. It is now dusk, and in the semi-light the river runs like a mill race, and as the lines touch the waters they straighten out to the full length. As the strain is steady we know it was not a fish bite, so we reel out more line, and soon have three-quarters of it out. Slowly we reel up and then let it out again, and as it has become dark no idea by sight can be had of the location of the line. By touch we ascertain from the reel how much line is out and how far down the current it has gone, when suddenly a jerk comes to my line and my heart is in my mouth. In imagination I cannot have anything but a 9lb. trout, and I play it carefully. Fred, who is in the boat with me, says, "Is it a big one? Does he pull hard?" and a lot of other questions; but I remain silent, my speech is gone and I am only feeling. When I feel the fish tugging at my hook real hard I make a strike and fasten it. Then begins a rush and I am willing to swear it weighs a ton, and is the largest trout in the river. I reel in my slack line and soon see an object breaking the water a short distance away, and carefully I guide it along to Fred, who sits in the stern of the canoe with landing net, makes a dash at it, but miscalculates the distance and misses the fish, but I have hooked him deep and strong and soon bring him up again, and Fred throws him into the boat. The moon gives a few rays of light, but not enough to see by, so I strike a match, and shading it from the wind, throw the rays upon my catch, my big trout; but the light blinds my eyes, and Fred screams and yells until I fear he will upset the boat. I sit dumbfounded at this hilarity, and when Fred recovers himself he cries out, "It's a wall-eyed pike. Eager to know what I did catch I reach over and the scales prove that Fred is correct, and my first trout of the Nipigon is a wall-eyed pike or pike-perch. The joke is on me, and I get mad at myself for coming hundreds of miles only to catch that fish when they can be killed nearer home. I want to quit or be pitched overboard, but Fred commands with much authority, "Keep quiet! Keep still; I've got a bite." So he had. A splash away down the rushing waters of the pool showed there was trouble down there and that there was much activity, so, thinking my time for a laugh had come on Fred, I awaited the landing of the fish. Bracing myself ready to scream and crow over Fred when his wall-eyed pike came in, I watched the contest with landing net in hand. But Fred, anticipating what I would do, concluded he did not need any help, but reeled up his fish until he reached his line, gave it a swing, and into the boat came a speckled brook trout of at least 4½lbs. weight. Forgetting to laugh at his discomforture, we both sent out yells of victory to apprise the Judge in the other boat, and he came down to join us and to assist. A smaller trout was added by the Judge and that closed the night's sport. We crossed and recrossed the stream, moved up and moved down, but no good, the fish had quit and so must we.

The order was given to return to camp, and slowly and reluctantly we went to camp, to sleep and yet to dream of what fish the morrow would bring to us.

The Indians had made us good soft beds made from leafy underbrush, and after smoking a pipe of peace we wrapped ourselves in blankets and slept the sleep of the righteous fisherman, at rest with peace to the world and everything else.

J. W. HAGUE.

PITTSBURG, Pa.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CANADIAN ANGLING SEASON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As it is an Englishman's privilege to growl when things go wrong with him and to write a letter to the *Times* when he has a grievance, I don't know what better an angler can do when apparently about to be thwarted in his design of early spring fishing than write all about it to FOREST AND STREAM. My good friends, Hart, of Waterbury, Durand, of Newark, and the rest of them, are impatient to know when the spring fishing is going to open this year in Canada, and I know that down in Springfield and Bridgeport and other anglers' homes there are hundreds of other trout fishermen who have not yet written up to Canada to know how the winter is passing, but who nevertheless are very much in earnest in their desire for knowledge under this head. Generally by this time of the year Quebeckers are able to form some opinion about the coming of spring and the opening of the angling season. The snow has often entirely disappeared by the middle of April, and even if the ice has not left the lakes, it is preparing to go, and farmers are getting ready to plant their spring crops. But to-day the outlook is most discouraging, and I know not what to say to the many waiting American anglers who want to know how to time their spring fishing trip to their preserves. I suppose we shall have spring some time this year, but thus far there are not many indications of it if I except the recent arrival of the crows and of an odd robin or two. Sleighs are still running here, not only in the country parts, but also in the city streets; teams are crossing the ice bridge over the St. Lawrence, and a fur cap and a fur-lined overcoat were by no means uncomfortable on the way home from the club last night. I have put away last year's flies that I took out last month to examine, and feel as if it will be almost an eternity before I require to look for them again. The warm weather may come with quite a rush when it comes at all, and unless it does there will be very little May fishing this year in northern Canada, and none at all in the middle of the month. The snow is very deep in the woods, the spring floods are certain to be as heavy as ever, and not much fly-fishing can be had until the snow water has been carried down to the lakes. Short springs are usually hot ones here, and so it is altogether unlikely that the opening of the ouananiche season will be much delayed, the probability being that trout fishermen who come up here for the early spring fishing in Lake Edward, or in their own club preserves, and have a fortnight to spare for it, will be able to take some ouananiche before their return. This is specially true of the pools at the mouth of the Metabetchouan and off the Roberval shore, where the angling is good during the last eight or ten days of May, and where ordinary salmon flies are found to be the best surface lures. And in the Grande Décharge it is seldom that there is not good sport by June 10 or 15.

Of all the many localities where fishermen go to fight the festive ouananiche I like best the Grande Décharge, unless many days' journey be made from civilization up some one of the great northern feeders of Lake St. John, where mighty cataracts are to be met and portaged around. One advantage of the Grande Décharge is its accessibility. A large iron steamer, the Mistassini, crosses to it every morning from Roberval. Among and around the many picturesque islands at the head of the discharge and in the waters of Lake St John itself, just above them, monster pike are to be taken by trolling, often up to 20 and even 30lbs. in weight. Sometimes a ouananiche takes the spoon thus trolled for pike, and I have seen them leap out of the water, spoon in mouth, and shake it much as a terrier will shake a rat. But for the highest kind of the sport the ouananiche must be sought with the fly, and for this fishing there is no more favored locality than the many scum-covered pools at the foot of the various rapids and chartes of la Grande Décharge.

I have lately been ransacking my notebooks for descriptions of some of these pools and of the best unleased trout waters in this north country for use in my forthcoming book on "The Ouananiche and its Canadian Environment," and may shortly offer you some of these sketches for the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, whose weekly visits, with its fresh, breezy pages, and friend Cheney's interesting and instructive "Angling Notes," go so far toward compensating many of us for the long time that we have to wait for spring in order to go a-fishing.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, Canada, April 14.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 18.—April and May are two months of doubt and discontent for the sportsmen of this region. A good many fellows don't think it right to go shooting in the spring, but they want to go mighty bad just the same. They have been chained to business all winter and can't go fishing, because it isn't time or isn't legal. So they don't know what to do, and end up by being unhappy. They have the choice of fishing for bass in Illinois, where it is legal, but wrong, or of waiting till June 1 before they go fishing for bass across the line in Wisconsin, where it is both illegal and wrong in the two months mentioned. They can go trout fishing after April 15, but it is apt to be so cold they can't catch anything, and most folk would rather catch something, when you get right down to their bedside inner consciousness, not paying too much attention to their spoken or published utterances. Of course, they could go trap-shooting, but some folk don't care for that. About all the earnest young sportsman can do is to put his hands in his pockets and wait till things get warmer and more legal, revolving meantime the remark of Napoleon at Waterloo, "This is magnificent, but it ain't business."

Heavy Flight of Snipe.

The sudden advent of warm weather brought with it the heavy flight of snipe predicted last week. Not for several seasons has there been such abundance of jack-snipe on the Kankakee marshes as during the last few days. Extremely large bags of these birds have been made on that part of the grounds lying near Koutts and Hanna. At Maksawba Club grounds the birds have appeared in swarms. Mr. W. P. Mussey usually is posted on the shooting at that point, and to-day I stepped in to ask him about it, but found he was absent at the club after snipe himself. He had telegraphed L. R. Brown and R. B. Organ to come on down quick, as the shooting was fine. Last week the snipe were all over the marsh, but the cover was poor and the birds were very wild, so the shooting was hard, but by this time the young grass is up and the birds are not so new and wild.

The snipe have appeared all along the series of sloughs and marshes west of this city. On the Kishwaukee River, further west in the State, they are on hand to-day. At Fox Lake they have been in for over a week, and all over the lower edge of Wisconsin they are right now dropping in in great numbers on all the little marshes and upland warm bogs. One should have no difficulty in getting all he should want in any one of a dozen different localities in Illinois this coming week. The golden plover are due now. Upland plover have appeared all over northern Illinois and in lower Wisconsin. The ducks have gone on north for the most part, though a few blue-bills linger on the lower Wisconsin lakes. The ducks are pairing very fast and so are the snipe.

Fishing.

It is a sort of unwritten law among the better Chicago anglers that bass fishing should not begin until the latter part of April at least, and I have not heard of any catches as yet, though I think the bass would bite now at Momence on the Kankakee, or at any of the points on the Fox between Aurora and Elgin. The big-mouth bass are now spawning in the lower Wisconsin lakes. The pickerel are now far up the streams, and this week the run of suckers was on in full force, and the natives were spearing the usual numbers. The humble sucker is a perennial picnic to the farmer man in the spring. He is a trifle illegal when speared, but is good with dandelions or long radishes, and the farmer refuses to have him abolished.

Opening of the Trout Season.

On the day preceding the opening of the Wisconsin trout season this week Mr. H. L. Stanton and Mr. Frank Willard, as mentioned last week, went up into Wisconsin to wet an early line, and I went along to sort of take care of them. We went to our favorite outing place of Waukesha county, Wis., getting into Mukwonago about dark, and thence going over to Billy Tuoby's place on Eagle Lake, which we made headquarters on the little trip. There are a few small streams in that part of the country which Billy knows about, and we went in there to see if we could catch a mess of trout, not expecting any great sport, as the country is all farming land, settled for half a century and tramped over continually by all sorts of city and country folk in quest of sport. I cannot recommend it as a trout fishing region, but as a place to go to for an enjoyable outing it is hard to surpass. It seemed doubly pleasant to us city dwellers who were getting our first sniff of clean country air after the long and awful winter of Chicago. A prettier land never lay out of doors, and we had full opportunity to see many miles of it behind Billy's trotters, for trout and travel are inseparably connected in that region. We skurried about over a wide strip of country, and it was only by dint of Billy's thorough familiarity with the locality and his skill as a trout fisher that we at length managed to compass our ambition, and got together what might by a lively stretch of the imagination be called a mess of trout. Of satisfactory fishing we had none whatever, but we felt that we had done our duty and opened the trout season in due and solemn form.

I know of no one line of human activity wherein a man will make as big a fool of himself, and do so as cheerfully and repeatedly, as he will in the matter of trout fishing in this Wisconsin country. As a rule the trip into the trout country is successful about once in twenty times, and the discouragements are continuous and multifold, but that appears to make no difference. Our streams are fished to death, and barring a few up in the pine country are not very good trout streams anyhow, but the deep paths along them are paved with city dollars dropped in search of the most beautiful and alluring fraud that ever aided in the downfall of mankind. Every time I go trout fishing I vow I never will go again, but I have and I do and I will, I suppose, as long as I live. There is nothing one is so sure to do as the thing which is against his judgment. Yet much as I have traveled over upper Wisconsin in search of a trout stream where one could cast a fly and catch a few trout, I confess I have never found but half a dozen streams where that was possible, have found only three of them with trout enough left to afford decent fishing, and have had only one or two days on either of those when the trout were actually rising so that one could take a basket in the only truly enjoyable way of catching trout. A good many fine takes of trout are made in Wisconsin, but the majority of these are made with bait in small streams where the fly cannot be used. Such streams as the Brule and allied rivers were once good for the fly, but are so no more. The best of our fishing for trout is in the short rivers which flow into Lake Superior, but the best of these are awkward to get at. We have nowhere in this part of the West such fishing as is enjoyed by those who go to Maine, Canada or New Brunswick, the natural trout regions. Perhaps I say this in a fit of grumpiness caused by the last unlucky trout trip to the country north of here; but even as I write it I remember the successful trips also, and one thing is certain, I shall keep on going until I find my stream and my trout and my day, and so finally get the best of my ancient enemy, and that with the honorable weapons allowable in such a contest. In which determination Mr. Stanton and Mr. Willard concur, the feud being as ancient in their case as my own, and the issue at this date much the same. But why should we rebel, and why should we vow vows? Did not this small and painted hypocrite afford the reason and excuse for a fine day out of doors, and for much ham and eggs, and for many libations of the purest spring water, and for a walk of seven miles after dark one night when the frogs were singing by the way and the snipe were "booming" up high in the dark, and everything was still and sweet and calm? After all about this little villain, maybe he has his compensations.

Habits of Bass.

Paddling about in a boat along the channel between Eagle and Lulu lakes, after we had concluded our campaign against the trout, we found pleasure in watching the fish which had crowded up into the shallow water. There were numbers of them, and many very large, which latter we took to be dogfish. Billy told us, however, that they were not dogfish, but bass. "A dogfish will not run very far when he gets into cover of the reeds or grass," said he, when we told him of our observations; "but a bass will run and keep on running, clear through the grass, when you scare him, until he gets quite out of sight." This comment on the surly and impudent methods of the dogfish was new to us, but is no doubt correct.

"A black bass, in my mind," continued Billy, "is the shyest and the wariest fish there is. About any fish has a blind side, but a bass hasn't. A trout is very foxy in some ways, but is the biggest fool on earth in a good many other ways. You follow a trout and chase him into a hole under the bank, and he will stick his head out of sight and either think he is safe or else be so scared he won't move, so you can pick him right up in your hand. But I'd like to see you 'tickle' a black bass that way. The first time your fingers touch him he will jump about forty rods."

Ruffed Grouse Eggs.

Referring to late inquiry in these columns in regard to some ruffed grouse eggs, I have the following letter which may afford good advice, if it does not offer satisfaction. It comes from Rex Piscator, of Chicago, who says:

"I notice in our paper that Mr. McAllister, of 'Arkansas,' wants a 'settin' of ruffed grouse eggs. I can't supply him, and don't believe they would do him any good if I could. I remember that when I was a little shaver my grandfather caught two boys (old enough to know better) a few minutes after they had shot a 'hen pheasant' during the breeding season. After telling the boys what would happen if ever he caught them on the place again, the old gentleman searched for and found the nest. He took the eggs home and placed them under a setting hen, and in due time they all hatched. Like your pinnated grouse, I believe they were born a-running, and as far as I know they never stopped; leastwise they disappeared utterly, so utterly, in fact, that there was a well-defined notion in the neighborhood that the whole thing was a myth, and that grandfather B. never had any pheasant eggs.

"I don't think it would pay Mr. McAllister for his trouble. Better get some old birds and liberate them."

But how shall he get the old birds? They do not frequent fox traps, and a snare hangs them by the neck till they be dead.

Chicago Bear Country.

The mountain idea that a horse is good bait for bear was well proved in Chicago this week, only in Chicago we use a live horse instead of a dead one. In a traveling circus outfit which had quarters on Sangamon street a bear got loose and killed a Shetland pony belonging to the show, proceeding further to eat up most of the pony before he could be persuaded to stop. Residents of this

city are earnestly requested to corral their stock at dark, or else not kick if the bears eat their horses.

Flint Locks and Ox-teams.

Commenting on recent mention in FOREST AND STREAM of the fact that gun flints are still a staple of merchandise in Fredericton, N. B., Mr. Frank H. Risteen of that city this week writes me:

"I think, perhaps, our friend's references to gun flints and dynamite, though correct enough as far as they go, might mislead you as to the prevalent type of civilization down here. I used to know an old bushman who was fond of saying that "Civilization runs in streaks." I fancy that is true even in Chicago. In all strictly rural, farming, lumbering sections, which have been long settled, ancient habits and implements may be found in abundance. I believe that as many flint locks are to be found in the back townships of Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire per square mile as in those of New Brunswick. I know that a few years ago I saw more ox-teams coming into the city of Hartford than I ever saw in New Brunswick in my life."

Hartford, as I understand it, is a suburb of Greater New York, though I am surprised to learn that the ox phaeton of our fathers still obtains there as the chief mode of fashionable conveyance. E. HOUGH.

1206 ROYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

BOSTON ANGLERS AND ANGLING.

A BROOK trout weighing 7½ or 8lbs. was taken from the waters of Lake Quinsigamond, near Worcester, Mass., a few days ago. I have not heard the particulars of the capture, but am surprised, with many others, to learn that square tails of this size are denizens of this lake. I have heard that Quinsigamond had been stocked at different times, but had no idea that success of this kind followed the operation. The story was verified to-day by one of Worcester's prominent anglers, and I understand the trout is being mounted and will be shown later in the window of one of Boston's prominent tackle stores.

J. M. Niles, of Boston, has gone trout fishing down near Willimantic, Conn. This section of the Nutmeg State is well patronized by Boston anglers, one party of gentlemen having a preserve there, and many others going down to fish the different streams. C. D. Sias, of the Chase & Sanborn firm, and a friend will start for that vicinity in a few days. Mr. Sias spent some time there last season and had excellent luck.

In a letter to a Boston friend a Kentucky gentleman, who has fished for many seasons at Moosehead Lake, gives some interesting facts bearing on the trout fishing in the late summer and in September as compared with that in years gone by. With the exception of isolated cases during which the trout rise well, owing perhaps to particularly favorable conditions of both the weather and water, he thinks the fishing is gradually growing poorer, and gives several reasons for its decline. Commenting on the spring fishing just after the ice goes out, he states that many parties go there, hire the little steamers and cruise up and down the lake until they find the fish, who are there in schools, and kill hundreds of pounds of them, so many in fact as to largely reduce their numbers. Again, he says, the minnows and smelt have increased so that the trout feed mostly under water, not rising to take the fly as formerly, when feed was scare. In the old days the trout would drive the minnows into shallow water near the shore and would then take the fly readily. Now the lake is alive with their food, and such action on their part is unnecessary. These little fish abound now in water to a great depth, and the trout are scattered everywhere. In order to prove the depth of wave agitation, this gentleman took the temperature of the water about Sept. 1, and found it to be as follows: 10ft. down, 65°; 20ft., 64°; 30ft., 63°; 40ft., 56°; 50ft., 46°. He argues from this that 30ft. ordinarily shows the depth of the wave action, and from these figures it would seem that he is right. Not many of the Moosehead anglers have given the same attention to these matters, and no doubt some will differ with him in his deductions. HACKLE.

BOSTON, April 20.—What is termed "The Boys' Party" of the Monomoy Brant Club got back to Boston Wednesday. The party was fairly successful, as success in shooting goes at the present day. The party of eight got thirty brant, while the party preceding them got forty-one. In "The Boys' Party" were the following sportsmen: H. D. Reed, A. H. Wright, N. W. Arnold, R. S. Grey, Henry Colburn, Jos. Noon, Joseph Dorr and George Hopkins. The boys complain that brant shooting at Monomoy is not what it once was, by any means. Crack shots mention having shot 100 brant alone in a day years gone by. But now there are too many gunners at Monomoy. The Monomoy Brant Club has four boxes, and for years there were no other shooting boxes or pits there. Now Capt. Gould, of the Life-Saving Station, has three boxes. The Bristol Club has two. But the "Big Four," so termed, has what troubles the other gunners a good deal. They have a raft, in the middle of which is a sunken shooting box. In weather sufficiently mild they can anchor this raft whore they choose, and they can move all along the beach, even right in front of the other shooting pits. Gunners there this season say that this raft and the shooting from it does more to scare the brant away than all the other shooting there is done, with the possible exception of the sailboats that are pressed into the service. There is a law against shooting from steamers, but none against shooting from sail or rowboats; and there are hosts of gunners, whenever the weather permits, shooting off Monomoy. Then there are the Muskegit shooters, across the channel or bay, and, all in all, the brant are shot at so much that they are rendered very wild and uncertain.

At this writing the ice in the Maine trout lakes is as strong as ever. Only two or three really warm days have been experienced, and very little is done toward thawing the solid covering of ice. The native fishermen are still fishing through the ice on these waters. A gentleman from Rumford Falls mentioned to-day that he had heard directly from the Rangeley waters, and that there could not possibly be any fishing for New York and Boston sportsmen there till well into May this year. A gentleman just in from Winnipiseogee says that there is fishing there yet through the ice. This is unusually late, and he does not think that the ice can go out for a couple of weeks.

Mr. John G. Wright is ready for the landlocked salmon at Sebago. His friend Robinson, of South Windham, is keeping him posted. He has no favorable reports from the ice in that lake.

Mr. Richard O. Harding, for several years secretary of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, has found a new spot for fishing, and one in which there are brilliant prospects. Dan Hole Pond, in Ossipee, N. H., was stocked with landlocked salmon some seventeen or eighteen years ago, and lately it has begun to come into note with sportsmen. Last year a salmon was taken there with rod and reel that weighed 19½lbs., and rarely is one taken that weighs less than 8lbs. Two of Mr. Harding's party got 13 and 14lb. salmon there last year. The pond has a record of salmon speared or taken off the spawning beds of over 20lbs. There are also very large trout in the pond or lake of three miles in length by three-quarters to one and a quarter wide. Several years ago Mr. D. H. Blanchard was spending a vacation in that region, and some one sent a trout to the hotel, which Mr. Blanchard saw. It was square-tailed and weighed 14lbs. The theory is that it is a sort of a golden trout or like the trout of Sunapee Lake, not yet well classified in the minds of fishermen and naturalists. Ex-Commissioner Griffin tells Mr. Harding that he has no doubt of the existence of these great trout in Dan Hole Pond in considerable numbers.

As soon as the ice is out of that pond Mr. Harding will start with a party of his friends and customers. In the party will probably be Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Wakefield, Edward Brooks, W. B. P. Weeks, Wm. Beggs, G. W. Prouty and C. P. Stevens. Landlocked salmon will be the principal fish sought for, but Mr. Harding hopes to get one of those big golden trout. Reports from the ice there do not suggest that the party can be off before the 1st of May, but still the weather has been remarkably hot for three or four days, with reports of the mercury indicating 90° at several points in the backwoods of Maine and New Hampshire. The parties interested in Dan Hole Pond see good prospects there for angling, if the spearing and stealing from the spawning beds can only be stopped. Between Dan Hole Pond and the little pond there is a sluiceway or river, and here the salmon and trout gather in the running water in great numbers at the spawning season. It has long been the custom of the natives of the town to take these fish almost by cartloads, and enforcements of the fish laws have been few and far between. But of late there is a better sentiment springing up, and the people of the town—a sparsely settled one generally—begin to see what the advantages from sportsmen coming there will be to them, and Mr. Harding and his friends hope that the stealing of the then worthless salmon and trout from the spawning beds will soon be a freak of the past. There is one good camp already at the pond, and others are likely to go up this season. I understand that the land can be had by purchase instead of lease, which is much better for the sportsmen in the long run.

I learn that the new Rumford Falls & Rangeley Lake R. R. is to be opened to Bemis, foot of Mooselucmaguntic Lake, May 11. This will be a new way to the Rangeleys, all rail. There is little prospect, however, that the ice will be out of those lakes at that time. SPECIAL.

FAVORED ASHLAND.

ASHLAND, Wis.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a recent issue I was greatly pleased to note the communication from Joseph Cover on trout fishing near Ashland and around Chequamegon Bay. I am glad that Mr. Cover has so completely voiced my sentiments touching this point, as affording facilities for sport found in no other city of the same size known to me, and so easily accessible as to be open to all who care for them.

Besides trout fishing, concerning which Mr. Cover has so entertainingly written, good sport of almost every kind can be had almost within the city limits. During the open season last fall I shot mallard, teal, bluebill and wideon on the Ashland Washburn road, at the head of Chequamegon Bay, not more than twenty minutes' drive from the center of the city. True, I never made large bags, single birds each trip being the rule. But where else can one leave his home in the city and in so short a time reach a point where he is reasonably sure of a killing shot by patiently waiting a few moments in the morning or evening?

Last fall I went out back of my house to test the pattern and penetration of my gun with different kinds of powder and different sized loads, and put up a nice bunch of plover within easy shooting distance of an avenue on which there is considerable travel at all hours of the day.

One day while driving with my wife I got out of the buggy to pick some scarlet leaves, and surprised a whole family of partridges within forty rods of the blast furnace in the west end of the town.

There is good perch fishing off nearly all the docks in summer time within five minutes' walk of the principal hotels.

One hour by steam yacht takes one to Kakagon, where in the summer the finest kind of pike, pickerel, bass and perch fishing can be enjoyed, together with duck shooting. Late last fall parties bagged as high as an average of twenty-five bluebills to each gun in one day's shooting.

Then we have the peerless Apostle Islands, distant about eighteen miles, and available twice each day by steamer during the season of navigation. Madeline, the largest of the group, is some fourteen miles long and five to eight miles wide. Big Bay cuts into the north shore of this island and affords a broad crescent sand beach some two miles long. Here are some fishing shacks and that is all in the way of human habitation one will find. A friend and myself spent two nights on the bay last September, and the recollections of that trip are among the pleasantest of my camp-fire experiences. We hunted ducks on a small inland lake and snipe on the beach, and took a sail with the fishermen out to the banks and saw them lift the fat lake trout, and saw the screaming, fighting flock of gulls which gathered to snatch up any tidbit that might be furnished by their friends, the fishermen.

A few hours' drive or even walk with pack on back will take the sportsman to the seeming heart of the primeval forest and the Manitowish waters (of which Mr. Hough leaves nothing to be said as to its aspects and sporting possibilities in winter) are but a snip of a trip down the Chicago & Northwestern Railway. Some time I am going to hunt up a congenial spirit and go over those waters in my Peterborough. Wonder if we can secure enough flesh, fish and fowl to last two hungry mortals during the trip. I shall count the expedition eminently successful if we do. We are in the center east and west of the famous deer country of northern Wisconsin, and taken all around this is a great location for a man with a sportsman's heart and a slim pocketbook.

I would respectfully ask for the opinion of brother sportsmen, through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, on the practice of taking fish with hook and line and returning them to the water. How often we read of landing a 1 to a 4 or 5-pounder, and after gloating over and admiring his magnificent proportions returning him to his native element, as we already had more than enough for our needs. I have conversed with two different owners of trout preserves in this vicinity, and they fully agree that this variety of fish when treated as above described invariably die. What kills them, the landing, gloating or admiring? GEO. W. MEARS.

ON THE METAPEDIA.

The First Day.

As the salmon season is again looming in sight, I want to tell you of three days' sport I had last August among them on the Metapedia River, the largest branch of the Restigouche. Having heard that some of our friends were putting in a good time—two of them killing twelve fish in a week—on some of our pools, I bundled my canoe on a morning freight of the I. C. R. R. at Campbellton, and in an hour was landed at Mill Stream station, ten miles from its junction and twenty-three from Campbellton.

For the last three seasons I have angled alone—without an assistant—and I would rather kill one fish in this manner than a half dozen with a couple of guides. It requires probably a little more skill, perhaps a little more time to land your fish, as well as a thorough practical knowledge of how to handle your canoe with only one hand.

When it is sport you are after, and not slaughter and a big bag, the game between yourself and a 30-pounder (if you hook one) is most interesting to its close. The canoe I use is a clinker-built Gaspe, 23ft. long, 26in. wide, 11in. side, sharp at each end, top deck on each flush with gunwale 2½ft., with the usual three seats, weight 90lbs. One man can pole this canoe at the rate of twenty miles a day against the Restigouche current, which is pretty stiff—in some spots from six to ten miles per hour.

My angling rig is simple. A socket is fitted in this top deck within reach of my hand from where I sit, and at an angle pointing down stream. At the upper or bow end a small metal pulley projects. Through or over this a codline runs; to one end is fast a 16lb. lead; the other end is fast where I sit. When a fish is hooked the butt of the rod drops into the socket, standing at an angle of 45°, with reel all clear, and my anchor is at the cat-head very quickly. I then have both hands free. If the fish runs I can paddle after him (if necessary); if he slackens, I can reel up without moving the rod. But as I have a socket at my belt for the butt, and a thong above the reel for my teeth (to hold on), I generally take out the rod, for I think that one of the pleasures of angling is to feel the fish. I sometimes surmise that one may tell by the feel what he is going to do next; no doubt one can tell when he is trying to rule out the hook by grubbing on the bottom—a rather dangerous pastime for both hook and cast.

In low water and late in the season fish don't care to leave the pools, so it is much easier for the angler; but in June in heavy water, with the fish on his way up, it is no fool of a job to follow and keep within 10 or 15yds. of a 20lb. fish; and I must confess that at this time I would not object to another hand at the bellows, particularly as I am now seventy-five years of age, and getting somewhat broken-winded. When a fish runs down the river (as often they do) you must overtake him. This means to paddle hard, take in line, get below him, and help him down before you can get him to face the music and turn up.

I believe that many salmon are lost, particularly those which take the fly under water, because the angler does not tighten his line quickly, or, as some have it, does not feel the fish. I don't mean a strike; if you go in for that, a 1lb. trout or less would snap your tip. Many anglers, when a fish rises and they strike short and miss, pull the hook away and wait. No doubt the fish drops to where he started from, and does not see that fly. I prefer leaving the fly for a little time near the spot, and drawing it a little up and transversly across the current. Always remember that if the fish chose to take the hook in his mouth he would not miss it. The fish hooked foul (by the body fins or tail) were no doubt trying to drown that fly, or, as Mr. Dean Sage tells us in his valuable work on salmon, the feeding time had not come round. But I am digressing away off from my starting point—all anglers will moralize when they talk fish.

I got my canoe into the river, which is quite near the station, in fact the I. C. R. R. is not a stone throw from it for thirty-six miles. Then I had to pole about a mile to the upper pool. It was now 9 A. M., my leader and cast were in water, rod ready. I felt like having a cup of tea, and was in the act of gathering some dry wood when I saw a fish break water on the opposite shore. Well, I did not boil that kettle. I put on a 12ft. cast, a No. 6 black dose having a silver body and tail. As the pool was much the deepest on the far shore I dropped my lead well over, 20yds. above where I had seen the fish break. As the sun was behind me I sat low down and tried my best to raise that fish. Dropping gradually down, finally I knew I had got below where the fish lay and was just thinking about giving up when the fish (or another) broke water a rod above the bow of the canoe and inshore, more for spite than any other reason. I turned half round, shortened my line and threw the fly a yard above the fish. As the fly sunk a little and the current carried it down, I reeled the line in slowly toward me, and at the same instant four salmon were coming toward it, one very close seemingly determined to have it, but he stopped when within a few inches. Then the hindmost fish darted past the others and I could plainly see his mouth open when he took it. In all my experience I had never seen a fish take under water before. I have seen them race for a yard or two on the surface when the fly was being drawn from them. I have no doubt the other fish following the fly caused this fellow to hurry up, or being a later run fish he was more anxious. I had no fever on me and I did not forget to feel that hook go home. He was a poor fighter and would not leave the pool, here about 40yds. wide, nor did he ever break water. It was a fair close fight for about twenty-five minutes. At last I could lift his head out of

water and he commenced to roll over. I was now in 18in. of water near the head of a rapid at the lower end of the pool. I saw he was a heavy fish and dreaded fooling with him on the shallows, so I let my anchor down, grabbed my gaff and stepped out, as I could now lead my fish. I very soon had the steel into him. He was a fresh run 26lb. male fish, and didn't I enjoy that cup of tea out of the old kettle, with a can of Boston baked vegetables. Then it made a smudge to keep off the few black flies and snoozed under the shade until about 4 P. M., determined to try for another fish before leaving, for I was quite satisfied that they were there.

When the sun began to touch the tips of the high hills I dropped the canoe quietly over to near the same spot. At my fourth or fifth cast I got a splendid rise, the fish coming well out, and before I had time to place the rod in the socket he was away up stream like a flash, running full 50yds. to the foot of the upper rapid, and coming full 3ft. clear of the water. As I feared he might run up the rapid I got anchor up, paddling up with one hand and reeling in with the other. No doubt the fish had often been there, lying in the aerated, broken water. When I got within 10yds. of him I began to press him so hard that I was actually drawing the canoe upon him, and when my cast came in sight I had to desist. He stood the pressure for a minute, running 10yds. up into the rapid. Finding this was harder still, he went off down pool, bound for his old resting spot. I did not want the fish to go there, as I fully expected to get another, if not ruffed out, and as the fish was now more tractable, I made out to keep him clear of the deeper water, quietly working to the lower end in very shoal water. After a few flurries, I found that I could raise his head clear, and stepping out on the beach, with a good, quick draw I had the fish high and dry. With a good strong leader it is no feat to do this, only the landing place must not be too abrupt. The impetus of the fish, combined with its own efforts to escape, actually forces it further up on the shore. This was a female fish of 2¼lbs., quite dark in color, having been probably six weeks in fresh water. I now again dropped over to the favorite spot, casting faithfully over it, and finally getting further down the pool. Not a sign could I get. As it was now sundown I applied for refuge to my kettle.

By the time I had my lunch it was quite dusk, when right opposite I heard a fish leap. I could not see the exact spot, but judged by the sound. I then put on a white fly—a silver body having a small silvered propeller attached to its head. It was now fully dark, and I went on, not casting very often, but drawing the fly transversely across. I was just about reeling up when a fish rose outside in the shoaler water where I had not been casting, and about 30ft. from me. I went for him, drawing the fly pretty sharply. When within 15ft. of the canoe he took with a rush. He seemed to be large, and I said to myself, the tug of war is to come now. I soon had my lead up and prepared to fight. I did not press the fish. He took very little line. All I feared was that he might dart under the canoe. However, he went for the rapid, and I made him bear a good share of the canoe. When he got into the quicker water he tried to lie there. Not for long though. He could not stand the pressure, but had to come down. I kept the canoe well to the shoal side of the pool, and it was a continuous give and take for ten or twelve minutes. At last he began to splash and roll over. I now left the canoe and walked down the shore to where I had landed my former fish. I was somewhat afraid to use the gaff; it is dangerous in the dark, and is just as apt to take the cast as the fish. So I did not hesitate, but got the fish under way; allowed no slackening, and to his surprise had him his whole length dry before he could realize it. He turned out a 17lb. male of about the same condition as last fish; probably ready for mating.

I now put down stream for McDonald's at the mill stream station to sleep the sleep of the just and dream of to-morrow, well satisfied with my day's sport.

JOHN MOWAT.

CAMPBELLTON, New Brunswick.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOME RANGELEY EXPERIENCE.

OUR party consisted of two medicos and myself, a newspaper man; and this being our first experience in the Maine angler's paradise, we learned some things (by experience and expense) that might serve to help other novices who try the same thing.

We thought we had arranged to have a steamer meet us at South Arm, Richardson's Lake, and therefore left Andover at 8 in the afternoon with no misgivings. A misunderstanding caused us to remain at the boat landing all night. There was no shelter there then, and we slept under the stars and found "the canopy of heaven" a cold coverlid. It didn't help matters when, in the cold, gray dawn of morning, we found that there was a hotel a few rods up the lake and just hidden by a depression in the shore line. We did happen to have some pork in our luggage—our provisions had been sent on to Upper Dam—and catching a number of 1lb. trout we had a nice supper.

All things must end, and so early the next afternoon saw us at Upper Dam; and here is pointer number one. Unless you have much baggage, so much that you can't handle it yourself, fight shy of the honest lumbermen at Upper Dam. We paid $1 for transferring four or five small bags and bundles a distance of 100 rods. Our objective point was Buckfield Camp, which is situated on an island at the head of Mooselucmaguntic Lake, about a mile from Senator Frye's camp and Lake Cupsuptic. On our way up, when Capt. Barker's little steamer was making ten miles an hour, Deke, a member of the party, fired at a loon with his Winchester. The distance was fully fifty rods, the boat was far from still, but he killed the bird, and it now adorns Dr. T.'s office in Rockville, in the Nutmeg State.

We spent several days around the lake without meeting with much success; but we finally were enlightened as to the popular game. We had been fishing with flies, ordinary-sized baited hooks, etc., and caught few trout; other sportsmen were landing fish weighing from 3 to 9lbs. It was this that led us to investigate, and we found that the success was due to these facts: A large pickerel hook is "bent in" to the line, it is baited with half a dozen or more fat, wriggling angle worms; the man with the rod and reel takes his seat in the stern of a boat, an experienced oarsman pulls the boat slowly and easily about the "good places;" the speed is just sufficient to keep the hook and worms near the surface at the end of 50ft. of line. Result—big trout. One was landed 100yds. from our camp, and we went over to the Haines Landing Hotel to see it weighed; 9lbs. flat; another tipped the beam at 9½lbs. Hundreds were caught in this way, ranging from 1 to 5lbs. A Philadelphian and his son caught 100lbs. of trout in one day—thank God we're not all hogs!

We discovered that Mooselucmaguntic furnished big fish, Rangeley Lake numbers, and Richardson the biggest and finest. That the time to be at the lakes for sport is early in June. That angle worms are $1 a quart. That the hotels are good and rates fair. If anything in this helps a fellow angler to more successful sport I shall feel repaid.

NOVICE.

THE MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION.

BOSTON, April 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Between fifty and sixty members of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association enjoyed a very profitable meeting at the Copley Square Hotel, Thursday evening, 16th. Dinner was served at 6 o'clock, and at its close business proceeded, President Clark in the chair. The following new members were elected: Andrew J. Bailey, H. D. Littlefield, Thatcher Magaun, F. H. Richards, J. Q. A. Field, Edgar S. Darr, Fred. A. Foster, Arthur F. Luke, Fred. S. Risteen, George E. Bruce, George L. Tracy, Clarence A. Woodman, George M. Woodman, Dr. M. A. Morris, Thomas H. Rollinson, Dr. William Ferguson, W. P. B. Weeks. An excellent musical programme, arranged by Mr. Walter C. Prescott, a member of the Association, was very much enjoyed. Mr. Smart, for the committee on the enforcement of the fish laws, called attention to the recent arrest of parties for seining smelts in South Shore waters, and congratulated the Association that the authorities had finally made a beginning to put a stop to a nefarious practice that had been going on to a greater or less extent for years. In the case referred to the work of detection and arrest was very cleverly done by members of the district police, the men being caught in the very act of drawing their seines. Dr. J. Frank Perry gave a very interesting talk on dogs, their treatment when sick, and the effect of drugs, poisons and tonics upon them.

I regret being obliged to chronicle the passage by the Legislature of the lobster law, making the legal limit 9 instead of 10½in. President Clark and the committee on legislative matters were indefatigable in their efforts against the bill, but as in many other cases they found it much easier to tear down than to build up. The main argument for the bill was that as Maine and Rhode Island allowed the taking of 9in. lobsters, Massachusetts should do the same. There was a hard fight against the bill in the Senate and it was finally passed by only one majority. It now goes to the Governor, and if it should become a law I am willing to go on record as making the prediction that within five years the very men who were so anxious for its passage will be foremost in wishing for its repeal.

I have lately been overhauling my tackle and find it all right for the coming season. In a few weeks I expect to visit a particular stream down in the Maine Woods that has never failed to yield a generous lot of the speckled beauties and will "report my luck" later on.

WILLIAM B. SMART.

EHEU!

Editor Forest and Stream:

Inclosed is an account of a horrid crime which comes from the columns of the San Francisco *Examiner* of April 6:

"The largest catch that has been reported is that of H. R. Bowie and Louis Raffort, of this city. They fished the headwaters of the Austin, Pole Creek, Red Slide and Bear Pen creeks, all branches of the Austin, about eight miles north of Cazadero, and caught over 1,200 trout. Many were of fair size, but the majority of the fish were small. To fish these creeks one must drive from Cazadero to Trosper's ranch, where excellent board and lodging can be had for $1 a day. All of the creeks are within easy reach from this place."

Of course the perpetrators, possibly very clever fellows in some other ways, should have their rods broken, and should be sent to the House of Correction and made to eat those fish only on Friday until they consumed them. I suppose they couldn't be convicted if the law was plain and they confessed to an honest jury. Hardly any body is punished under game laws.

There is another thing, not quite so depraved, which ought to be stopped. FOREST AND STREAM is encouraging, when it ought to be correcting, some of its lively correspondents in their efforts to soil by ignoble use a very good Latin word by substituting it for a curse-word. Eheu finds an equivalent in our language in the simple and sad exclamations ah! and alas! I think if FOREST AND STREAM will refer to books from which we learned our lessons in the classics in days when we had gotten a few years beyond pin-hooks, no encouragement was given for its use in the sense that Uncle Lisha Peggs used "dumb" when two "dodunks" scared the ducks in the Slang. If I am not too many days out of school, I think one pious Eneas, who skipped when Troy got too hot for him and made his way over to the African coast to make a mash of the Carthagenian Queen Dido, had occasion to use this word. There are some interesting details of that affair, games, etc., no fishing of our kind, 1,200 trout in four days, because the fish in adjacent waters were large enough to swallow Jonah, which one did; the rest were generally sardines, upon which they fed. Anyway, after the Trojan masher had the African Queen well hooked she asked him to tell the story of the Fall of Troy and the sad tale of his woes. Very soon after he commenced he so filled up with grief and sad memories that he insufflated this exclamation, Eheu, into his account.

He gave Dido the marble heart, according to the story, as the masher generally does, and took his Latin with Eheu over to the Italian shore ranched on the Tiber, probably trapped and tamed wolves, using the she ones for wet nurses, and introduced Eheu and other nice words to society, but never taught anybody to think that it had a "low down" meaning, and neither has it. Now I'll be glad if a Domsie will fish up some Latin texts and help FOREST AND STREAM to put a stop to making bad slang of good Latin.

G. B. C.

STOCKTON, Cal.

North Shore of Lake Superior.

ALL lovers of the rod and line have heard of the Nepigon and its great brook trout, but perhaps few are aware that nearly every stream emptying into Lake Superior between Port Arthur and Sault Ste. Marie contains the toothsome *Salvelinus fontinalis*. The Steel River, east of the Nepigon, it by some preferred to the latter, but the Michipicoten or Missinabie is, I believe, the best of the lot. Its trout are not so large as those of the Nepigon, but are more susceptible to the fisherman's lures. It has not been much frequented. At the Hudson Bay post at Missinabie, on the Canadian Pacific Ry., canoes and guides may be obtained. The north shore of Lake Superior is at its best in the summer. In the spring the Muskoka District is very good. East of Huntsville, on the Grand Trunk Ry., at Hollow Lake (or, as the Aborigines call it, Kahweambegewagamog), there are both brook and lake trout; and in the northern part of the Township of Livingstone, on the border of the new Algonquin Park, there are several small lakes teeming with speckled beauties, while nearly all the streams flowing to the Ottawa from the Muskoka District contain trout. Still further north, in the Temagamingue region, the sportsman may get black bass, bear, lake and brook trout in abundance. These grounds are now fairly accessible by Canadian Pacific Railway to the foot of Lake Temagamingue. Then steamer forty miles up the lake to the Montreal River. Then a day's travel by canoe with Indian guide, when one gets beyond even the outer rim of civilization, in the land of the moose, the bear and the beaver, to say nothing of the gamy denizens of the deep. Guides can be obtained from the Hudson Bay Company at Mattawa or Baie des Peres, and nowhere within reasonable distance of railways is there better work for trolling line, fly-rod and rifle. The middle of May is the best time to take this trip. The bear and trout seasons are then at their height, and in addition one escapes the black flies, which usually do not settle down to business until the first or second week in June. The lake itself is considered one of the most picturesque on the continent, where there are the greatest and finest lacustrine basins in all the world. I am certain sportsmen who can afford the time and money will never regret a trip to any of these favored districts.

S. R. CLARKE.

TORONTO.

New Jersey Fishers.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., April 18.—The condition of our trout streams has improved very much during the past ten days, and both Pine Brook and the Hackhockson are being industriously fished. The catches so far, while not great in point of numbers, are entirely satisfactory as regards the size of the fish. Mr. J. Harson, proprietor of the hat factory at Eatontown, this week presented me with a fine pair of trout, 1lb. each, taken from the stream within 100yds. of his factory, and into which the refuse dye from his mill runs. It would not appear that that substance interferes much with the fish. In the stomach of one I found the shells of five snails, something I never before heard of and cannot believe to be of common occurrence, besides which the shell of an immense beetle, which must have been at least 1in. in length when taken.

LEONARD HULIT.

[The shells belong to a common fresh water mollusk of the genus *Physa*. There is in England a species of trout known as the Gillaroo trout, whose stomach has become thickened by its habit of digesting hard-shelled mollusks until it has become like a gizzard.]

Horse Mackerel in Cape Cod Bay.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For the information of your correspondent, A. N. Cheney, I write to say that the horse mackerel abounds in Cope Cod Bay, or if he does not exactly abound he at least frequents those waters. I know, because I spend my summers at Sandwich, and the fishermen thereabout not infrequently take them in their traps, where they are very apt to play the mischief with the seines.

They follow up the common mackerel and I suppose prey upon them. An investigator as to their bait-taking preferences would probably have to feel his way, for I have never heard of any experiment in that direction, but Mr. Cheney will not be allowed to go without professional advice, should he visit the Cape.

C. L. N.

A Beautiful Fish.

A BROOK trout of singular beauty and of great size was brought into the FOREST AND STREAM office on Tuesday last by Mr. R B. Lawrence, of this city. So far as known it is the record wild fish of the season for Long Island. It was caught by Mr. James L. Livingston, of Far Rockaway, L. I., in the Mill Neck stream, down in the salt meadows. This Mill Neck stream is the property of the Mill Neck Club, and is of course preserved water, but it was a wild fish. The bait used was the plebeian angle worm, and the capture was made at 4 P. M. on April 0. The fish measured 20¼in. in length, girthed 12in., and weighed 3¾lbs. It is remarkably shapely and very highly colored—a perfect beauty, in fact.

WALTONIAN.

"I go a-fishing," said Simon one day,
'Tis good for the weary to rest, they say,
And rest for the body and rest for the soul
United will make one "every whit whole."

And fishing's a sport that combines both in one,
Though in it there's naught that's new under the sun,
But FOREST AND STREAM, hill, meadow and dell
Distill the sweet influence that makes a man well.

The tramp o'er the mountain, the camp by the rill,
The draught from the mountain, the bath by the mill,
The comforting fire and music of streams,
Invite to repose and to many pleasant dreams.

The teaching of nature, the absence of man,
Recreate the soul of the weary who can
"Come apart for awhile," and on the green sod
Hold uninterrupted communion with God.

J. C. A.

SALMON FISHING FOR SALE.—Freehold; on the best fishing waters of the Southwest Miramichi River (Burnt Hill). For terms and particulars apply to Thomas J. Conroy, 310 Broadway, New York City.—*Adv.*

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

A SOUTH AFRICAN SNAKE STORY.

We mining people and dependants were having our usual Sunday afternoon chat on the veranda of the country store, this time swapping snake stories. The subject was started by K. telling us how D.'s little fox terrier bitch had been blinded in both eyes by a little blacksnake having spat in his eyes, causing a whitish film to spread over them, and how D. had had a narrow escape, the little reptile having spat at him and missing his eyes by only an inch or two, the spittle landing on his forehead. These were hard, dry facts that most of us had heard before during the last two days. Then old Oliver lit up and told us how when he and Harry had been in the DeKasp gold fields of the little time they had with a couple of mambas (one of the quickest and most poisonous of South African snakes).

Harry and I were going to sink further on an old shaft on a good reef (a quartz vein holding lots, little or no gold). We had gone down about 60ft. and put a little drive at the bottom through the reef to cut her to see what she was like, and had abandoned it for a few months till the rains were over. When we went back to recommence work we went to have a look at the shaft and see how it was looking, and we saw that a couple of fine, lively, businesslike mambas of about 10ft. long had jumped our claims and were snug and comfortably lying at the bottom of the shaft. We decided to make them clear or we would make it hot for them. They did not seem to be inclined to get, so we sent down a bottle with a dynamite cartridge, a little cap (detonator) and a short lighted fuse inserted.

The usual thing happened—the fuse burnt down, the cap exploded, the dynamite went off and the bottle got all broken up. H. and I then went to the tent to have a smile on the strength of our hit and get a rope to go down and see how the jumpers were feeling. I went down and saw lots of broken glass, but nary a sign of a snake, and so I came up and reported, saying: "That there were no holes and no snakes, and wondering where in the deuce the beggars could have got to, for they could not climb up 60ft., a clean perpendicular untimbered shaft of 5ft. square. Could they?"

"Why, that's nothing," said Harry. "When I was digging at Pilgrim's Rest I saw a snake go right straight up the side of the whitewashed wall of a hut and shed his skin as he was going."

Oliver then relit his pipe, K. coughed, and we departed for our various camps.

The spitting snake and that a snake can climb up a perpendicular untimbered shaft are undoubted facts in my mind, for I have heard so many reliable prospectors and miners in South Africa affirm it. The whitewashed wall yarn I can't swear to. THE CANADIAN.

UMTALI VALLEY, Rhodesia, South Africa.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

May 6 to 9.—Pacific Kennel Club's fifth annual show. H. W. Orear, Sec'y.

May 9.—Hamilton Kennel Club's one-day show, Hamilton, Ont. W. J Tulk, Sec'y.

May 13 to 16—Seattle Kennel Club's third annual show. C. B. Yandell, Sec'y.

Sept. 7 to 11.—Toronto Exhibition Association's eighth annual show, Toronto, Can. C. A. Stone, Sec'y of bench show.

Sept. 21 to 25.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual show. W. W. Welch, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootten, Sec'y.

Sept. 9.—Kennedy, Minn.—Coutinental Field Trial Club's chicken trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Oct. 9.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual meet. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.

Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.

Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.

Nov. 2.—Bicknell, Ind.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.

Nov. —.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

DOG TRAITS AND DOG TRAINING.

A RECENT article in FOREST AND STREAM upon the subject of instinct and bird knowledge, advancing some data for the proposition that instinct is nothing more than acquired knowledge, opens a field of speculation upon the subject of dog training, a most vexatious subject to all sportsmen, for a well-trained and highly serviceable dog is the exception, and the exception irrespective of whether he has been trained by an expensive trainer, a cheap trainer or the owner himself. Of course this statement would be challenged by all trainers, and by every amateur trainer who thinks he has trained a dog well, or who has in fact done so. But we all know how few and how far between the good dogs are, no matter who trains them. A sportsman has no difficulty in procuring a good gun, and can even acquire the art of shooting well with it; but when it comes to getting a good dog he at once meets with difficulty, deceit and disappointment. You hardly ever meet with a man who has not a good gun, but you hardly ever meet with a man who has a good dog. However well trained your dog may be when the trainer gives him to you, he is apt to fall from grace. If he remembers his training, he is still prone to be a poor bird finder, to have a poor nose, no bird sense, or no stamina. And when we train him ourselves, he is subject to the same deficiencies, only more so. In short, the dog is a lottery wherein there are about ninety-nine blanks to one prize. And the blanks are so well bred, so enticing, so friendly, so smart, so good in some one or two directions, that "with all his faults we love him still," and go forth and brag about him. He finds birds well, but he breaks shot. He hardly ever finds a covey except when he runs into it, but he is good on single birds. He has a good nose, but does not range 100yds. from the gun. He is a good ranger and bird finder, but once in a while he flushes. And so on to the end of the list of dog traits.

Our system of training goes to the extent of drilling the animal in a more or less mechanical manner, and when the dog takes to hunting he does it with one eye on the cover ahead of him and the other on the drill sergeant; and when he finally applies his training to his field work he gets tangled up in the human methods of canine development and grasps what he can of it, takes his licking for the rest and makes up his mind that while hunting is a delightful pastime, it is hazardous and perplexing. That fellow back there has a calliope in his mouth, a whip in one hand and a shotgun over his shoulder. Sometimes he shoots, sometimes he whistles and sometimes he whips. It makes me weary and about 2 o'clock I am going to quit!

Contrast the uncertain training of the dog with the easy and certain acquirement of knowledge in the natural way. One is a system of repression, and the other is a system of progression. One appeals to the sense of fear, the other to the sense of utility.

By the time you have trained a dog as well as you know how, you will have succeeded in making him point, back, retrieve and drop to shot; and while you are doing it you are making him cock-eyed with looking back at you, and his intelligence refuses to progress along human lines and stops or rebels. Like the forced and precocious child, he finally turns out vicious, peculiar or dull.

Is it possible that we are training our hunting dogs in the wrong method? I am not wise enough to answer that question and I will not attempt to do so. I know that I have had all kinds of pointers and setters, so far as their training went. Those that I trained perfectly had no sense of their own, and those that I half trained had more sense, were better bird finders, but had, each of them, some canine idiosyncrasy that brought him down below the level of the desirable dog. I am half inclined to believe the way to train a dog is to let him learn from his superiors. This is a slower process, but it excludes any sort of human interference. So far as my experiment and observation have gone, it takes at least two years for an old dog to train a young one. They learn in this manner to point, back, retrieve and range, and no other dog can range like the self-taught or dog-taught ranger. He goes like the wind and hunts for birds every minute with an eye single to finding them. In time he learns to hunt to the gun to the extent of not getting lost; and in time the gun learns to hunt to him, because where he is there the birds will be found. One day he will watch the old dog retrieving for awhile and then say to himself, "I believe I can do that—I am going to try," and forthwith he becomes the best and softest mouthed retriever you ever saw! It is not like the pup who retrieves in play, it is the act of a mature and thoughtful being.

We all know that the one human trait which towers over everything else is courage. Learning, wit, strength, ambition, sincerity, goodness, all come back to courage. It is much the same with the dog; and the indomitable courage of the unwhipped, dog-taught dog carries him far afield and carries him as fast at night as when he started in the morning. Talk about pointers and setters only being good for one or two hour heats at high speed. I know a half dozen that can do it all day and I would not keep a dog that could not. It is all in the training, or development, of the dog.

I do not know, however, that an old dog can teach a young dog to be steady to shot, nor to come in when ordered. I suppose we will have to keep putting our human fingers in the pie here, unless some old dog makes a specialty of teaching young dogs to be steady to shot and to mind the whistle. I would like to see the young dog that would break shot after an old dog had whipped him for it a time or two!

I fear I have not made myself very plain to many, and that I will not be very kindly received with my strange notion by many others. And yet I am sure there must be many who have felt that there is a flaw in our treatment of our dogs; and perhaps there are some who have fancied, as I have, that the right way is along the line of self-development and self-discipline, and observation and thinking by the dog instead of by the man. If I am wrong, please charge it to the fact that my observations have misled me. GEORGE KENNEDY.

AN OLD FOX.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Almost every one about the townships of Auburn, N. Y., knows Dr. Kennedy, as he has been an eye and ear surgeon here for thirty years, and having mixed up fox hunting pretty thoroughly along with the sight and hearing trade, he has had numerous antics with old John Fox, the wiliest of all animals on earth, for reynard had a world-wide reputation for cunning before there were any newspapers to advertise him.

The doctor and his lovely wife are very fond of horses and dogs, and are prone to possess the best to be had for money, and along under a piazza adorning their carriage house are tacked up two rows of fox skins, over sixty in number, twenty-four of which were added during the past season.

The armament for the chase is a repeating shotgun and a pair of tall white foxhounds, own brothers, one being 5 years old and the other nearly 3 years, and the house pets run to beagles.

These people are seemingly contented and happy, for they have an abundance of the world's goods and are often seen riding or rambling around the woods and fields together, for the cry of the dogs on a cold or fresh trail tingles the ears and quickens the heart with a pleasure that no other music can produce. People who love it, and love the woods and hills and valleys and streams, need not be mussed up with the multitude to find fun and deep-rooted pleasure. What an unspeakable delight it is to such folks to stroll across the big cedar swamps after a fresh layer of snow has fallen, and view the fresh-made trails of foxes and rabbits and mink and squirrels and partridges.

That kind of people don't need to sail across the heaving bosom of the ocean to find amusement, and almost heave up their diaphragm in doing it.

In a ramble across the big Owasco swamp with dogs and gun not long ago, the writer found a fox trail of unusual size, a trail of a fox that had made a meal off a partridge he had snatched from a stump. The crafty old grouse catcher had a splay foot that made an uncommon large imprint on the moist snow, and the dogs were started on the trail. It led them out through the north end of the swamp and around the fields into the south end, where soon after the long, eager cry of the dogs told the hunter that reynard had cut loose from his cosy nap and was heading up the valley to the south. In the mean time a stiff gale had risen from that quarter, and the air was laden with driving snowflakes. Notwithstanding the wind and snow, the gunner headed up in the direction they had gone at a brisk gait, being stimulated by the baying of the hounds, which rolled back on the breeze. As the fox led out of the valley up on to the hills overlooking Skaneateles Lake the snow and wind quickly obliterated his trail, which made it difficult for the dogs to follow, and the tail end of the procession was scurrying along brisk enough to keep them in hearing.

After three miles of tramp, over the hills and through the woods and stump lots, he finally caught up with the dogs. As the storm was increasing and the trail was buried under the snow, the hunter called off the dogs and headed for home with a stern wind. In coming over the last hill before pitching down into the valley the young dog ran his nose up in the air and galloped up the wind toward Decker's big sugar bush, a half mile to the south. That made the other dog uneasy, and the hunter snapped a leading strap in his collar so as to make sure of taking one dog home; for the snow had ceased, yet the wind was stout. As he meandered off down the hill the absent dog began to give tongue way off back in the sap bush, and the hunter got down between the roots of a big elm tree at the south end of a swampy grove, out of the wind and to get a little rest, and to take an occasional glance back on the side hill in the direction of the lingering dog. It was not long before the hound in hand began to whine and cast eager looks in that direction, as much as to say, "Let me loose, I hear it going on," and directly the eager running cry of the young dog was wafted down the wind to the hunter's ears, and he was stringing it out up over the hill and headed north. Well, now, brother hunters, after a man had given up all hopes for the day, didn't that raging sound take the chill out of a man's bones and make him feel like a king on his throne with the warm side up?

A half minute more and a brown speck broke over the brow of the snowy hill half a mile away and was headed toward the black ash grove and looked like a hawk sailing. The hound in hand saw him as the fox neared the bottom of the hill, and whined to go, and as the fox stopped at a gap in the fence to take a look behind and decide if it was himself that the hound was making such a hoodoo about, the hunter slips around behind the elm with a gun and dog accompaniment, pocketed his mittens, cocked the repeater and sat it against the tree, unsnapped the leash from the dog, clapped both hands over his ears and slewed him around tail end to the fox, which was heading straight across the grove, and as old Shine used to say, "it looked very much as though the gunner would get a rip at him."

There were a thousand places close about that this fox might have run and steered clear of all hindrances, for he had his senses on the alert, and ears poked up in front as he bounded and rolled across the roots and knolls like a rubber ball, for a little further down the swamp farmer Cuykendall was whaling up an old tree into stove wood. The steady plick, plick of the axe veered reynard's course in the gunner's favor, and as he galloped across an opening about 40yds. away a pop of nitrate turned him end over end. Firing the gun released the hound and the fox rose on his haunches, just in time to nail the dog's nasal organ in the first round. Reynard always hangs on when he gets a grip, and a man who has been there well knows the only certain way to turn one loose is to shut off his wind; but the dog, Buster, has had his nose in a fox's jaws now for the fifth time, and ought to profit by experience. Anyway, this time, as the shooter ran up, the fox loosened his grip, dodged through a rail fence, got two jumps ahead of the dog, so that a shot at the fox would comb the dog too. All this happened in five seconds, and the yelling and howling started the farmer sprinting after the fox, which was headed down his way, that sheered old red toward the grove again, and though the hound was yelling and running his best lick wasn't able to shut up a foot of the gap, while the gunner mounted the old rail fence for a better view, shouting "sick 'em, sick 'em," and yelling as a man does in a dream. A new factor appeared on the scene in the shape of the big white pup flashing down through the trees like a specter. He had come in on the trail and got his eye on the fox as it shied back into the grove, and inside of a hundred yards' run he had the old ranger by the back, whisking the big bushy tail around the atmosphere, and both dogs spent the time mopping that big splay-footed fellow around in the snow until hunter and farmer got there and stopped the gymnastics.

While the men stood talking and getting their breath back, and the dogs were lapping snow, that fox went bounding away, and the dogs had to overhaul in a short run and give him another churning. More anon from REPEATER.

Schipperkes and Carving.

I NOTICE a great deal is being written in your valuable paper at the present moment upon the above subject. I am not prepared to say whether the terms gouging or carving are proper ones or not, but I prefer the former and will use that expression in this letter as opposed to docking. There can be no possible doubt that a schipperke that has been gouged has a far more typical appearance than one that has been docked. The docked dog may perhaps have rounded quarters when he has nothing better to do than to wonder what has become of his tail; but let some other thought enter his mind, or let him meet another dog, and you will see the stump stick up and wag. The dog that has been gouged has no stump to wag.

Now for facts. In the early days of the schipperke craze there was a fairly well known kennel of this breed; and in course of time that kennel brought out several dogs bred in England. Whatever other points these dogs possessed, everybody remarked on the wonderfully rounded quarters, just like a guinea-pig, they all had. No matter how pleased the dog might be, there was no trace of a stump. Now, being in the secrets of this kennel, I am able to tell you how this typical rump was produced. The operation took place at five or eight days old, and was invariably done under other. A slit was made over

the top of the tail where it joins the body, the tail was carved out completely, and some of the muscles on either side were cut away; two stitches were then put in, some antiseptic dressing applied, and the puppy restored to the bitch. In a few days the stitches were cut, if the bitch had not already removed them. Out of some thirty puppies treated in this manner, not one single one died, or for the matter of that appeared to suffer any inconvenience whatever, and the only dog of the lot that was ever examined by a veterinary surgeon was passed by him, after a careful examination, as "having been born without a tail." Mr. Mosely found that he could not get the first caudal vertebra out of a dead full-grown dog. I know an experienced surgeon is able to do it in the case of a live puppy five days old.

Please do not think for one moment that I am advocating the gouging, carving, or even docking; far from it, as I am desirous of seeing all dogs left as the Creator made them, and I have seen an uglier object than an undocked schipperke.

Nobody expected for one moment that the Kennel Club would ever put down docking. There are, I believe, very few breeders of Great Danes or bull terriers who are members of the club, but there are at least two prominent breeders of fox terriers on the committee.

The attitude of the Kennel Club in the matter is a puzzle to those not versed in its ways. An owner of an Irish water spaniel pulls a few hairs out of his dog's tail, or a Bedlington terrier has a few hairs pulled out of his topknot. In either case the law of the land would take no notice, but the Kennel Club inflicts its greatest penalties on these two horrible barbarians. Another man mutilates his terrier by cutting off half its tail. Of course it does not hurt the terrier in the least, in fact he really likes it; but the law of the land says that it shall not be, and if they could catch him would fine him for it. The Kennel Club pats him on the back and says, "Go on, my boy, blow the law, we say you may do it."

There can be no possible argument in favor of cropping, docking or rounding. Fox hounds are rounded, and if you ask a M. F. H. why, he will say, "to prevent their ears getting torn." The same M. F. H. does not round the ears of his beagles that he uses to shoot rabbits in the thickest gorse. Why? Because it is not fashionable.

The advocates of cropping, docking, rounding and all forms of mutilation have not, as a rule, been under the surgeon's knife themselves. The owner of the abovementioned kennel of schipperkes has, with the result that he disposed of all his schipperkes but two, and took up another breed of dogs that the Kennel Club, in its great wisdom, allows to be exhibited as the Creator made them.—*W. R Temple in Stock-Keeper (England).*

THE PHILADELPHIA SHOW.

THE Philadelphia Kennel Club's show was a noteworthy success, especially considering the short notice on which it was arranged. It was held in Industrial Hall, beginning on April 14. The catalogue showed 542 entries, of which a few were duplicates. The special prize list was made up of numerous prizes, and there were many special strings attached to many of them.

The show was nicely conducted. Dr. Alexander Glass, Messrs. Geo. H. Thomson, J. H. Winslow, Dr. Darby, members of the bench show committee, gave matters their personal attention. Mr. F. P. Smith superintended.

The excessively hot summer weather which prevailed during the show caused much discomfort to the dogs, the large ones in particular. The hall has windows only in the ends high up, thus the light and ventilation were not the best that could be desired. The attendance during the day was very light. In the evening the tide of humanity set in and the hall was well filled. It is probable that the show about paid expenses, with perhaps a trifle over. The best society people gave it their indorsement, many of the ladies as patronesses and many more by visiting it.

Mr. James Mortimer judged mastiffs, Great Danes, bloodhounds, greyhounds, wolfhounds, English foxhounds, deerhounds, Boston terriers, fox terriers, dachshunde, Chesapeake Bay dogs and miscellaneous.

Dr. M. H. Cryer judged toy spaniels.

Mr. Chas. Heath judged pointers.

Major. J. M. Taylor judged setters, American foxhounds and beagles.

Mr. C. H. Mason judged all other classes.

The quality of the dogs was noticeably good, taking one class with another.

On the first day of the show, the club gave the judges, reporters and exhibitors a bountiful lunch, and were most attentive and obliging to all concerned at all times. It was remarked that the Philadelphia Kennel Club management was not outdone by any in considerate attention and kindly courtesy. Besides offering prizes and competitions to the fanciers, the management made the event pleasant.

MASTIFFS were few in number, six all told, of which four were owned by Dr. Lougest. Of these Emperor William had no competitor in the challenge class, and the same is true of the open class, in which was Bob L. There were three dogs in the open bitch class: Vere, first; Nelly Bly was second. Third was withheld, as were also the prizes in the local class, which had one entry.

ST. BERNARDS made a good showing in numbers and competition, the Swiss Mountain Kennels and Seaforth Kennels being well represented. Roland, Jr., alone in the challenge class for rough-coated dogs, was shown in open condition. Leeds Barry had an easy win over his six competitors in the open class, and won the special for best St. Bernard. Sir Hugh, second, is not so truly formed as the winner, though catchy in his markings. The winners in the open bitch class, Countess Madge, Fiorette and Princess Irma, are well known. In smooth coat challenge dogs, Melrose King got the decision over Scottish Leader, the latter moving poorly. Steward's Barry had no competitor in open dog class, while in the corresponding bitch class Belgrade had practically no competitor, second being withheld.

BLOODHOUNDS had but two entries, Simon de Sudbury and Laywood Chorus.

GREAT DANES were noticeably lacking in high quality. They numbered five.

NEWFOUNDLANDS numbered three and were a poor lot. First was withheld, second went to Kensington, undersized, poor in coat and type.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.—Of the seven shown six were owned by H. W. Sharpless, and most of the winners are well known.

DEERHOUNDS were also a poor lot and numbered three.

GREYHOUNDS numbered eight, of which Lord Neverstill had no competition in the challenge class. The dogs were a moderate lot. Davy Garrick, well known, was first. Duke of Morningquest and Puck, second and third, were fair hounds. There were two in bitches, Southern Belle having practically a walkover, the prize being withheld from her single competitor.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.—Twenty hounds competed for the honors. Commodore had no competition in challenge class. The fourteen dogs were mixed in quality, some of them being very good, some poor. Clay, Steave and Pope's Sansom, three good hounds, were first, second and third respectively. They are of a type not uncommon in Kentucky, but not commonly seen elsewhere. A protest was lodged against the winners on the ground that they were not American foxhounds, but harriers. The protest was disallowed. Clay, first, has good legs and feet, stands on them truly, has a shapely well-ribbed body, good neck and head. Steave, though a good hound, is not equal to the winner in head and feet. All of the class received some sort of commendation, though hardly deserving so much. In open bitches, Flirt, an evenly developed muscular bitch, symmetrical and sound of build, won first. Gipsy was a fair second. Speed, third, a bitch of fair quality, was extremely pig-jawed.

ENGLISH FOXHOUNDS.—Of the seven shown six were owned by the Pembroke Hunt. Mainstay and Maximus, first and second in dogs, two large, well-built hounds, excellent in body, good heads and fair symmetry, were faulty in knees, both knuckling over perceptibly. Third went to Graphic, being a fairly good hound. Friendly and Lady Blush, first and second in bitches, were not good in knees; while third, Larceny, was plain in head.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS had three, one in each class. Deacon, the challenge class winner, is well known. Echo, the winner in the open dog class, and Daisy, in the bitch class, were ordinary.

POINTERS were mixed, good and poor. Sir Walter won easily over his three heavy-weight competitors. He is stoutly built and although he is a good dog, he is lacking in the general symmetry of a first-class show dog. Second went to Gamester, the latter carrying lumber. Third was withheld. Bitches, 50lbs. and over, were ordinary and were three in number. Alice Leslie, first, is shallow in chest, throaty, slack in body and lacking in symmetry. Bell Westlake, second, is better than Alice in many points. She is good in body and quarters, head passably good; a fairly good bitch. Open dogs, light weights, numbered seven. Prince's Boy, first, is stilty, light in bone of arm and lower thigh, is cut up in the flanks as is a greyhound, is deficient in short ribs, and is nearer a greyhound type than that of a pointer. He was too finely drawn. He won the special for best pointer. Though catchy to the eye, he will not bear close examination, as will Sir Walter. Rap Ightfield, second, plain in head, is good in bone, body and feet. In bitches, under 50lbs., Brighton Flossy won first. She is flat in ribs and narrow in muzzle, yet is a good-looking bitch. Gamester took first in the local class. W. Gould Brokaw won the kennel prize.

ENGLISH SETTERS were in good numbers and quality. Sheldon and The Earl were the challenge entries, dogs, the former winning. Maid Marian had no competition in the corresponding bitch class. Eighteen faced the judge in the open dog class. Rodfield, first, stands badly on his forelegs, a fault which seems to grow greater with time. He stands with his elbows in and his feet turned out. He is light in muzzle and carries his tail with an upward swirl. His carriage is poor. There were about three dogs in very close competition for second, Cincinnatus Pride, Montell and Mecca. Cincinnatus Pride has much setter character and carries himself well—much better than Rodfield, whose best points are good back, shoulders, body and quarters. Montell, third, is straight in shoulders and stifles. Freelance, reserve, and first in local class, gives way to Mecca, vhc., in legs and muscular development. Freelance is also light in muzzle, straight in stifle and shoulder, and light bone. Rodfield won the special for best setter, though he, in our opinion, was far from being equal to Queen Vic. In the competition for best setter or pointer he competed with Prince's Boy, the latter winning. In body, back and quarters, the setter was the better. Both were faulty in legs, the pointer being stilty and light in bone, the setter not having straight front legs nor standing straight in front. The pointer was the better in head and tail, and each was some way from being a first-class specimen. Black Rock, hc., was full of character, but out of condition. In bitches, first went to Countess, plain head, good body, thin in flesh; closely pressed by Prima Donna. Ann of Abbotsford, third, in turn was closely pressed by Kyd Monarch, the latter a symmetrical bitch, whose peculiar manner of walking at times probably set her back. Breeze Nellie, vhc., is a good all-round bitch, and Gilhooly is a good puppy.

IRISH SETTERS were good in quality and nearly all the winners are well known. Kildare won over Bob, Jr., in the challenge class for dogs, and Queen Vic won over Norna in bitches. Chief Red Cloud, a good setter, took first in an easy class, second going to Kildare Malt, the latter a bit coarse and flat in ribs; third being withheld. The open bitch class was a good one. Lady Finglas was the winner, beating Pride's Beauty, second, and Duchess, third; Kildare Hope, reserve, crowding the second and third places very close, and winning first in the local class. Oak Grove Kennels took the kennel prize.

GORDON SETTERS were light in entry, and are nearly all well-known dogs. Leo B. and Highland Yola had no competitors in the challenge dog and bitch classes, and there were but three in the open dog class. Wang Ivanhoe, first, is cowhocked, but was shown in good coat and condition; Gip was second and Highland Boy third. In bitches Santa Marie is faulty in head, and Princess Bonnie, second, has the same fault. The only puppy was a coarse specimen. Dr. S. G. Dixon took the kennel special.

SPANIELS had a good entry, though most of the winners are already known to fame. While there was a good number, there were but few classes in which there was hard competition, the entries being divided up among numerous classes. The real surprise of the competition was Belle, a white, black and tan, winning the specials, beating the New York winners for them. She is a very handsome bitch, typical in head, straight leg, good bone, first-rate coat and a first rater in every way. The Mopal Kennels won the kennel prize.

COLLIES were in good force and quality. Golddust was looking at his best, winning the specials from champion Christopher and Charlie. In his own class he won easily. In the puppy class Hempstead Recruit was the winner. He is a dog of good size, was in good coat, has good bone; plain in head. Mr. H. Jarrett won the kennel prize.

POODLES were an excellent lot. Champion Chloe was shown heavy in whelp, which pulled her out of shape somewhat. When shown in her old form she will be the same formidable competitor again.

BULL DOGS were a good entry. The classes were divided by weight, over 45lbs. and under 45lbs. for dogs, the bitches being divided in the same manner on a 40lb. limit. L'Ambassador, first, is quite a good dog, better in face than Capt. Kidd, though the latter is more catchy in color.

BOSTON TERRIERS were fair in number and quality.

BEAGLES were quite a fair lot. The challenge winners are all well known. There were six in the open dog class over 13in. First went to Trump It, a long coat, slack-built dog, not good in beagle character. Second went to Roger W., a fairly good beagle. Third went to Truman, a dog of excellent beagle character, better than the winner in body, legs, feet, brush and character. He has a slight heaviness of skull. Tyrant, reserve, and Farrier, vhc., are also good beagles. In bitches, over 13in., Popsey and Rose of Hornell were fair. In dogs, under 13in., Little Wonder, first, has an excellent head, but is light behind. Brownie, second, is better in body than the winner, though not equal in head properties. In bitches, two good ones were shown: Velvet, first, and Dazzle, second, the latter more symmetrical and of higher beagle character than the winner. Third went to Princess Brownie.

FOX TERRIERS were quite a good lot and were in fair numbers. Mere Sepoy, a good puppy standing on good legs and feet, a corky little fellow, won first in the puppy class, smooth or wire-haired. B. S. Horn took the kennel prize.

IRISH TERRIER winners are all well known.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS were the best shown in a long time.

TOY TERRIERS.—In the five shown Capt. Jinks won easily.

PUGS were but eight in number, though of good quality as a whole.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS were ordinary.

LIST OF AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Emperor William.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Rob L. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Vere and Nellie Bly; 3d, withheld.

ST. BERNARDS.—CHALLENGE—ROUGH-COATED—*Dogs:* 1st, Heligate Kennels' Roland, Jr., and Swiss Mountain Kennels' Leeds Barry; 2d, Seaforth Kennels' Sir Hugh; 3d, J. C. Haywood's Crown Prince. R., C. L. Armour's Rover. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, Heligate Kennels' Countess Madge and Princess Irma; 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Florette. R., F. Martie's Baddie.—SMOOTH-COATED—*Dogs:* 1st, Seaforth Kennels' Melrose King. R., Swiss Mountain Kennels' Scottish Leader.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, F. A. Steward's Steward's Barry. *Bitches:* 1st, Heligate Kennels' Belgrade; 3d, withheld.—SMOOTH AND ROUGH—*Puppies:* 1st and 2d, Heligate Kennels' Cereberus II. and Heligate Olga. R., Mrs. T. J. Dewees's Defender II.—LOCAL CLASS—1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Leeds Barry; 2d, J. C. Hayward's Crown Prince. R., J. B. Didenger's Nero.

ENGLISH BLOODHOUNDS.—1st, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Simon de Sudbury; 2d, S. B. Christy's Laywood Chorus.

GREAT DANES.—*Dogs:* 1st, C. E. Ward's Marcus Antonius; 2d, E. Knierience's Major McKinley II.; 3d, H. L. Robinson's Beau Brummell. *Bitches:* 1st, E. Routemann's Diana; 2d, D. Walsh's Donna.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, withheld; 2d, Penn Square Kennels' Kensington. R., A. Kirby's Ben.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, 2d and R., H. W. Sharpless's Ataman IV., Argoss and Princess Irma.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, G. M. Keasbey's Optimist; 2d, H. W. Sharpless's Adrooxi. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, H. W. Sharpless's Armeda and Vistka.

DEERHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d, Dr. C. B. Penrose's Dutch *Bitches:* 1st, W. D. Griscom's Norma; 2d, Penn Square Kennels' Bonnie Scotland.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Woodhaven Kennels' Lord Neverstill.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, M. Barrymore's Davy Garrick; 2d, S. D. Barr, M. D.'s, Duke of Morningquest; 3d, Mrs. W. W. Green's Puck. *Bitches:* 1st, Toon & Thomas's Southern Belle; 2d, withheld.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, B. F. Lewis, Jr.'s, Commodore.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d, 3d and R., N. Q. Pope's Clay Steave, Pope's Sansom and Pope's Strive. *Bitches:* 1st, N. Q. Pope's Flirt; 2d and 3d, Lima Hunt's Gipsy and Speed.

ENGLISH FOXHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d, and 3d, Pembroke Hunt's Mainstay, Maximus and Graphic. *Bitches:* 1st, B. F. Lewis, Jr.'s, Friendly; 2d and 3d, Pembroke Hunt's Larceny and Lady Blush.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Deacon.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Com. G. C. Reiter's Echo. *Bitches:* 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Daisy.

POINTERS.—OPEN—*Dogs* (55lbs. and over): 1st, W. Gould Brokaw's Sir Walter; 2d, Frank H. Fleer's Gamester; 3d, withheld. *Bitches* (50lbs. and over): 1st, E. M. Beale's Alice Leslie; 2d, T. B. Bell's Westlake; 3d, R. E. Westlake's Gyp Winslow.—*Dogs* (under 55lbs.): 1st, W. G. Brokaw's Prince's Boy; 2d, D. W. Pfaute's Rap Ightfield; 3d, withheld.—*Bitches* (under 50lbs.): 1st, Mrs. R. K. Armstrong's Brighton Flossy; 2d, W. G. Brokaw's Fanny Davenport; 3d, Tallman & Davenport's Princess Trilby; R. C. Phelps, Jr.'s, Eldred Polly. *Puppies:* 1st, Tallman & Davenport's Princess Trilby; 2d, R. E. Westlake's Startle.—LOCAL—1st, F. H. Fleer's Gamester; 2d, G. T. Newhall's Chester.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Warwick Kennels' Sheldon; R., Victoria Kennels' The Earl. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Brett's Maid Marian.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, P. T. Madison's Rodfield; 2d, E. A. Burdett's Cincinnatus Pride; 3d, H. L. Keyes's Montell; R., F. G. Taylor's Free Lance.—*Bitches:* 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Countess; 2d, E. J. Myers's Prima Donna; 3d, E. A. Burdett's Anne of Abbotsford; R., A. G. Soistmann's Kyd Monarch. *Puppies:* 1st, C. J. Gayler's Gilhooley; 2d, B. Machemer's Dan Laverack; R., B. Machemer's Lissie.—LOCAL—1st, F. G. Taylor's Free Lance; 2d, J. McShane's Monch's Duke.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' ch. Kildare; 2d, Miss S. A. Barlieson's Boo, Jr.—*Bitches:* 1st and R., Oak Grove Kennels' Queen Vic and Norna.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Claremont Kennels' Chief Red Cloud; 2d, Mrs. W. Sutton, Jr.'s, Kildare; 3d, withheld.—*Bitches:* Mrs. A. Von Gotzhausen's Lady Finglas; 2d, Claremont Kennels' Pride's Beauty; 3d, Oak Grove Kennels' Duchess; R., R. N. Crissy's Kildare Hope.—LOCAL—1st, R. N. Crissy's Kildare Hope; 2d, W. Wilkerson's Maybe Winslow; R., C. G. Alexander's Bang.

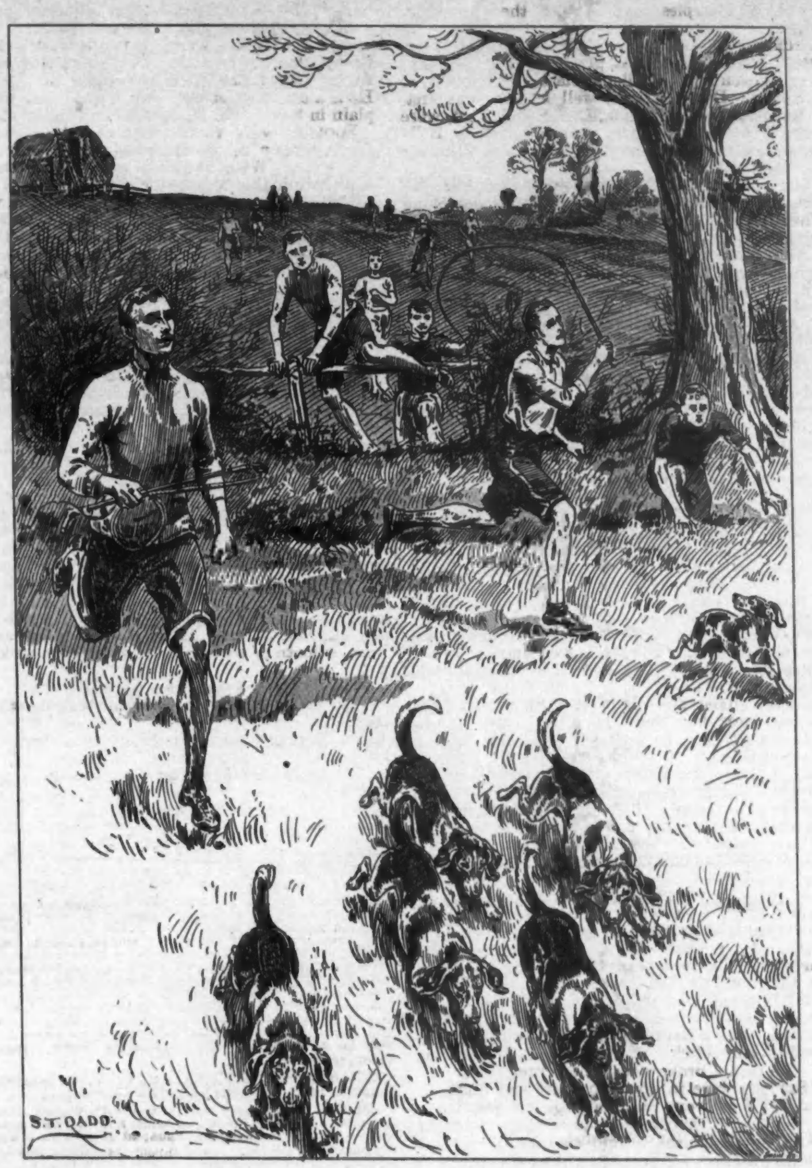
GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Leo B. *Bitches:* 1st, Highland Kennels' Yola.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, O. Schafer's Wang Ivanhoe; 2d, R. W. Andrews's Gip; 3d, Highland Kennels' Highland Boy. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Santa Marie and Princess Bonnie. *Puppies:* 1st, W. B. Wright's Speed Item.—LOCAL—1st, P. Mealey's Ned Mayer.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—1st, Dr. J. T. Kent's Belva.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—1st and 2d, G. B. Preston, Jr.'s, Major Gilfeather and Susie.

SPANIELS.—ALL BREEDS, OVER 28LBS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, R. P. Keasbey's Coleshill Rufus. *Bitches:* 1st, R. P. Keasbey's The Shrew.—FIELD SPANIELS, BLACK, OVER 28LBS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, G. B. Preston, Jr.'s, Royd Monarch; 2d, M. A. Titi's Toby; 3d, R. P. Keasbey's Black Night. *Bitches:* 1st, W. A. McClellan's Princess Alice; 2d and 3d, M. A. Titi's Slander and Gossip.—ANY OTHER COLOR, OVER 28LBS.—1st, R. P. Keasbey's Albion Light Bells.

COCKER SPANIELS.—BLACK OR LIVER, NOT OVER 28LBS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Middy. *Bitches:* 1st and R., Mopal Kennels' Baby Ruth and Woodland Princess.—ANY OTHER COLOR—CHALLENGE—1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Red Dog; 2d, Brookside Kennels' Bambo. R., Ethelred Kennels' Hamilton Jack.—BLACK, NOT OVER 28LBS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Brother; 2d, Mopal Kennels' Commodore; 3d, Pomona Kennels' Adam. *Bitches:* 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Gabrielle; 2d, R. Brooks's Trilby II.; 3d,



THE FINCHLEY HARRIER'S BEAGLES.

and R., Brookside Kennels' Woodland Belle and Carrie.—RED OR LIVER, NOT OVER 28LBS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Goldie S.; 2d, Belle Isle Kennels' Cherry Boy III *Bitches:* 1st, Belle Isle Kennels' Gaiety Girl; 2d, G Douglas's Woodland Ada; 3d, C. S. Wixom's Russette. R., Swiss Mountain Kennels' Cherry Girl.—ANY OTHER COLOR—OPEN—1st, F. Alder's Belle; 2d and 3d, W. F. Payne's Tansy and Loraine.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, H. Jarrett's champion Christopher. *Bitches:* 1st, H. Jarrett's champion Flurry III.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. E. L. Sauveur's Golddust; 2d, H. Jarrett's Domino II.; 3d, Mrs. J. M. Maguire's Christopher. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Black's Maid of Bute; 2d, R. Buckle's Hazlewood Victoria; 3d, H. Jarrett's Roslyn Gypsey. R., Mrs. Sauveur's Ormskirk Gypsy Maid. *Puppies:* 1st, Hempstead Farm's Hempstead Recruit. R., P. Leery's Sweet Daisy. —LOCAL.—1st, H. Jarrett's Wellesbourne Charlie; 2d, Mrs. J. M. Maguire's Chorister. R., Miss E. Frease's Colonel.

POODLES.—CHALLENGE—CURLY BLACK.—1st, H. G. Trevor's Milo. R., Morey Kennels' champion Rajah.—CORDED.—1st, Morey Kennels' Morey Leah. R., Meadowmere Kennels' champion Chloe.—OPEN—CORDED.—1st, M. C. Work's Czar; 2d, Mrs. V. McLaughlin's Lady Gay. —CURLY BLACK.—*Dogs:* 1st and R., Meadowmere Kennels' Emperor and Milan; 2d, Mrs. W. Bloodgood's Cæsar; 3d, Morey Kennels' Morey Flat. *Bitches:* 1st, Meadowmere Kennels' Cybele; 2d, 3d and R., Morey Kennels' Snowball, Coquette and Morey Juliette.—ANY OTHER COLOR. —*Dogs:* 1st, Meadowmere Kennels' Prince; 2d, Morey Kennels' Morey Flat. *Bitches:* 1st, Mrs. V. McLaughlin's Sport; 2d, Miss S. Moller's Viva; 3d, Mepal Kennels' Mepal's Cherry.—ANY OTHER COLOR.—*Dogs:* 1st, Meadowmere Kennels' Prince; 2d, Morey Kennels' Morey Flat.

BULL DOGS.—OPEN—*Dogs* (over 45lbs.): 1st, C. G. Hopton's L'Ambassador; 2d, S. B. Christy's Capt. Kidd.—UNDER 45LBS.—1st, J. R. Riley's Lord Roseberry; 2d, T. Morse's Rustic Crib. R., H. K. Caner's Caithness Monarch. *Bitches* (over 40lbs.): 1st, C. G. Hopton's Lady Monarch; 2d, J. H. Winslow's Maggie Murphy. R., Mrs. E. Mauderson's Liberty.—UNDER 40LBS.—1st, T. Morse's Rustic Anthia; 2d, G. M. Valentine's Topsey.

BULL TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. R. S. Huidekoper's Cardona. R., T. Holden's Dusty Miller. *Bitches:* 1st, F. F. Dole's Starlight. R., R. S. Huidekoper's Edgewood Topsy.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, C. Wolfe's Trafalgar; 2d, R. A. Alger, Jr.'s, White Captain; 3d and R., F. F. Dole's Masterpiece and Victor. *Bitches:* 1st, F. F. Dole's Greenhill Empress; 2d, R. A. Alger, Jr.'s, Southborough Lady; 3d, Toon & Thomas's Havelock.—LIGHT-WEIGHT—*Dogs:* 1st, J. W. Pepper's Castle Joe; 2d, F. K. Stevens's Ben Brush; 3d, Miss Edith R. Catlin's Monte. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, T. Holden's Ruby and Bonr. —LOCAL CLASS—1st, J. M. Bullock's Diamond Dauntless; 2d, W. F. Kendrick's Roderick. R., Miss Miriam P. Darby's Lady Velma.

BOSTON TERRIERS.—25LBS., AND NOT EXCEEDING 35LBS.—*Dogs:* 1st, T. Morse's Rustic Jack; 2d, Phelps & Davis's Bob; 3d, Penn Square Kennels' Smoke *Bitches:* 1st, Phelps & Davis's Nancy; 2d, R. Boyd's Busy.—UNDER 25LBS.—*Dogs:* 1st, M. C. D. Borden's Commissioner II.; 2d, Penn Square Kennels' Banker. *Bitches:* 1st, M. C. D. Borden's champion Topsy; 2d, Penn Square Kennels' Daisy Button. *Puppies:* 1st, Phelps & Davis's Consul.

DACHSHUNDE.—*Dogs:* 1st, A. Froembling's Bitts; 2d, Venlo Farm Kennels' Venlo Buck. *Bitches:* 1st, Venlo Farm Kennels' What's Wanted; 2d, E. Mechelke Vogt's Gredel.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—OVER 13, NOT EXCEEDING 15IN.—*Dogs:* 1st, C. S. Wixom's champion Sherry. *Bitches:* 1st, C. S. Wixom's Daisy Corbett.—NOT EXCEEDING 13IN.—*Dogs:* 1st, C. S. Wixom's Razzle. *Bitches:* 1st, C. S. Wixom's Evangeline.—OPEN—OVER 13IN.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, C. S. Wixom's Trump It and Roger W.; 3d and R., Hempstead Beagle Kennels' Truman and Tyrant. *Bitches:* 1st, C. S. Wixom's Popsey; 2d, Parkview Kennels' Rose of Hornell.—UNDER 13IN.—*Dogs:* 1st, C. S. Wixom's Little Wonder; 2d, W. McLean's Brownie. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, C. S. Wixom's Velvet and Dazzle; 3d, W. McLean's Princess Brownie.

FOX TERRIERS.—SMOOTH—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Safeguard. *Bitches:* 1st, L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Captious.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, B. S. Horn's Prisoner; 2d, L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Sage; 3d, L. A. Biddle's Warren Critic. *Bitches:* 1st and R., L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Dusky and Warren Sterling; 2d, B. S. Horn's Dudley Saunter.. *Puppies* (smooth or wire-haired): 1st, Mere Kennels' Merespoy; 2d, L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Senator. R., Dr. J. F. Belt's Wawaset Actor.—LOCAL (smooth or wire-haired)—1st and 2d, L. A. Biddle's Warren Critic and Warren Dial. R., Miss M. P. Darby's Poverino. WIRE-HAIRED—*Dogs:* 1st and 3d, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Sensation and Endcliffe Teuson; 2d, G. W. H. Ritchie's Mister Great Snap. *Bitches:* 1st, E. J. Galbally's Wainey Vice; 2d, Dr. J. F. Belt's Vixen.

IRISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Toon & Thomas's Gessila III.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Toon & Thomas's Briggs' Blazer; 2d, Dr. W. Cushman's Boomelin; 3d, C. Smnickson's Hilltop Patrick. R., H. M. Sill's Pat. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Toon & Thomas's Brickdust and Endcliffe Fusee; 3d, Mrs. C. A. Shinn's Gessela's Pride.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st and R., S. D. Ripley's Glenwood and Surrey Gem.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, H. Rogge's Razzle. *Bitches:* 1st, J. C. L. Rogge's Trilby; 2d, C. W. Mills's Queen Bess. R., Davis & Winter's Pittsburgh Lady.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—1st, Toon & Thomas's Lothian Judy.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—1st, Miss Crow's Uncle Sam; 2d, T. H. Garlick's Glenshee II.

SKYE TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Mrs H. L. Kirby's Endcliffe Maggie. R., Mrs. Barr's Sir Thomas.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. J W. Patten's Elphinstone; 2d, Miss Bunting's Lord Caumley. *Bitches:* 1st, Mrs. C. A. Shinn's Tuttie Tottie.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, L. J. Cullen's Prince; 2d and 3d, Mrs. F Senn's Harbor Swell II. and Young Bright. R., A. McGinn's Royal Bright. *Bitches:* 1st, Mrs. F. Senn's Beauty; 2d, A. McGinn's Lady Bright. R., L. J. Cullen's Endcliffe Model.

TOY TERRIERS—OTHER THAN YORKSHIRE.—1st, W. W. Silvey's Captain Jinks; 2d, J. J. Ennis's Dude.

WHITE ENGLISH TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, L. A. Van Zandt's Rising Star and Blinkbonny.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Miss E Cryer's Bob Ivy. R., Mrs. E. L. Sauveur's champion Attraction.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Rookery Kennels' Fensbury Duke; 2d, withheld *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and 3d, Rookery Kennels' Queen Madge, Princess Madge and Countess Madge.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st, withheld; 2d, Mrs. J. F. Sinnott's Aaron.

BLENHEIM SPANIELS.—1st, Mrs. F. Senn's Iriquois; 2d, Mrs. J. F. Sinnott's Crowborough Impressario.

JAPANESE SPANIELS.—1st, Mrs. F. Senn's Maru; 2d. Mrs. C. Merchant's Jappo.

RUBY SPANIELS.—1st, withheld; 2d, Miss A. L. Sinnott's Jeremiah.

PRINCE CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st, Mrs. F. Senn's King of the Fancy; 2d, Miss M. H. Catlin's Snob.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, H. P. Kirby's Beautiful.

MISCELLANEOUS.—FRENCH BULL DOGS—OVER 30LBS.—1st and 2d, A. J. Drexel-Biddle's Ramis-Lutteur and Dragonne.—UNDER 30LBS.—1st, C. P. Schlicker's Prince Bismarck (English Pomeranian); 2d, Toon & Thomas's Blazer (Mexican terrier). R., D. Hastings's Toto (Maltese dog).

SPECIAL PRIZES.

MASTIFFS.—Best kennel, Dr. Lougest's. Best dog, Emperor William. Best bitch, Vere.
ST. BERNARDS.—Best four rough-coated, Hellgate Kennels. Best St. Bernard, Leed's Barry.
RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.—Best kennel, H. W. Sharpless's.
AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.—Best three couples, N. Q. Pope's. Best foxhound, Mainstay.
POINTERS.—Best kennel, W. Gould Brokaw's. Best setter or pointer, Prince's Boy.
ENGLISH SETTERS.—Best kennel, Oak Grove Kennels. Best setter, Rodfield.
IRISH SETTERS.—Best kennel, Oak Grove Kennels. Best Irish setter, Queen Vic.
GORDON SETTERS.—Best kennel, Dr. S. G. Dixon's. Best Gordon, Santa Marie.
SPANIELS.—Best kennel, Mepal Kennels.
COLLIES.—Best kennel, H. Jarrett's. Best collie, Golddust. Best in open classes, Maid of Bute.
POODLES.—Best kennel, Meadowmere Kennels. Best curly in open classes, Emperor.
BULL DOGS.—Best in open classes, L'Ambassador.
BULL TERRIERS.—Best kennel, F. F. Dole's. Best one in open classes, Greenhill Empress.
DACHSHUNDE.—Venlo Farm Kennels'.
BEAGLES.—Best kennel, C. S. Wixom's.
FOX TERRIERS.—Best kennel, B. S. Horne's. Best in open classes, Warren Dusky. Best wire-hair in open classes, Endcliffe Sensation.

THE BALTIMORE SHOW.

THE local show of the Baltimore Kennel Association, held April 14 to 17 inclusive, was a gratifying success. It was quite well patronized, everything considered, and the opinion prevailed that there would be a balance on the right side of the ledger.

Mr. Geo. Thomas judged pointers, setters, spaniels, Basset hounds, beagles, Italian greyhounds and miscellaneous; Mr. J. Olney judged Chesapeake Bay dogs; Mr. Joe Lewis judged all other classes. The show was benched and fed by Spratts Patent. Mr. E. M. Oldham superintended.

LIST OF AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Miss A. E. Merz's Cæsar II.; 2d. H. Collin's Bruno; 3d, S. S. Lee's Lord Chorlmondley. *Bitches:* 1st, F L. Wolf's Nellie. *Puppies:* 1st, A. Cameron's Prince.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, T. J. Sheubrooks's Sir Ethelwood and Ethelwood Bute; 3d, Miss A. George's Rex. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, T. J. Sheubrooks's Sweetheart and Ethelwood Queen; 2d, F. C. Schleicher's Lady Mary. *Puppies:* 1st, Mrs. F. C. Schleicher's Miss Gilmore; 2d, G Goldman's Keene; 3d, G. C. Haskell's Baltimore.—SMOOTH-COATED—*Dogs:* 1st, R. Griffith's Welcome. *Bitches:* 1st, T. J. Sheubrooks's Royal Ruby. *Puppies:* 1st, T. J. Sheubrooks's Royal Ruby; 2d, W. W. Frames's Bevis.

GREAT DANES.—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. E. Simon's Clifford; 2d, J. H. H. Maenner's Victor. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, J. H. H. Maenner's Cora and Juno; 3d, A. W. Struth's Nellie. *Puppies:* 1st and 3d, J. H. H. Maenner's Wodan and Moreau II.; 2d, H. Snaub's Helen.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, Miss M. Brooks's Champion II.; 2d, F. G. Laudeman's Rover.

DEERHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, G. Howard's Earl of Wyvis.

GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, E. W. Westbrook's Toronto; 2d, Miss Emily Bryan's Collington; 3d, Mrs. H. Collins's Sioux. *Bitches:* 1st, C. F. Smith's Nellie Bly II. *Puppies:* 1st, R. H. Goldsmith, Jr.'s, Ribs.

ENGLISH FOXHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, S. S. Howland's —— and ——. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, S. S. Howland's —— and ——; 3d and R., Elk Ridge Fox Hunting Club's Maud Maid and Twilight.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, A. B. Gardner's Bounce; 2d, A. P. Gorsuch's Clay; 3d and R., R. C Stewart's Rattler and Winder. *Bitches:* 1st, A. W. Pleasants's Brookfield; 2d and 3d, R. C. Stewart's Jill and Lullaby. *Puppies:* 1st, W. Kennedy's Driner; 2d, 3d and R., C. E. Rieman's Yorkley, Echo and Sweetlips.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, W. Simpson's Jeff and Beaver No. 2; 3d, M. Wilson's Rex. *Bitches:* 1st, W. Simpson's Lot; 2d, G. L. Golder's Belle; 3d, T. J. Tidings's Kate. *Puppies:* 1st, W. H. Simpson, Jr.'s, Dell.

POINTERS.—*Dogs* (55lbs. and over): 1st, J. McHenry's Jackstone; 2d, M. Wilson's Mort O'Bannon; 3d, McSherry & Ross's Nasso's Rock. *Bitches* (50lbs. and over): 1st, Miss B. B. Wilson's Rose of Norfolk; 2d, J. B. Clarke's Nell. *Dogs* (under 55lbs.): 1st, G W. Massamore's Peterkin of Naso; 2d, M. Wilson's Sport; 3d, J. Groot's Sport. *Bitches* (under 50lbs.): 1st, McSherry & Eisenhauer's Diana Kent. *Puppies:* 1st, withheld; 2d and 3d, H. T. Beck's Lightning and Thunder.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, L. M. Levering's Bal Maceda; 2d, C. Hagan's Pride of Baltimore and H. L. Clarke's Clarke's Phil. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, withheld; 3d, G. Turnbull's Quiz.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, J. A. Abbott's Don; 2d, H. D. Penniman's Groom; 3d, T. C. Pugh's Grover. *Bitches:* 1st, G. D. Neavitt's Belle; 2d, J. R. McSherry's Peg's Lady Ringgold; 3d, G. B. Timanus's ——.

IRISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, E. Thomson's Lord Chesterfield. *Bitches:* 1st, W. H. Linthicum's So So.

GORDON SETTERS.—*Bitches:* 1st, Dr. B. H. Smith's Myra.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—2d, Mrs. M. G. Rousseaux's Mabel.

FIELD SPANIELS.—1st, Louisa W. Symington's Prince.

COCKER SPANIELS.—BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st, J. R. Abercrombie's Black Beauty. *Bitches:* 1st, S. Cassard's Lady Fidget; 3d, Adelaide E. Kernan's Gipsy.—ANY COLOR.—*Dogs:* 1st, A. E. Messing's Partha; 2d, M. Wilson's Juan. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, A. E. Messing's Fannie and Lorain. *Puppies:* 1st, F. C. Nicodemus, Jr.'s, ——; 2d, A. D. McConachie's Pat C.

COLLIES.—ROUGH-COATED—*Dogs:* 1st, Miss Mary King's Dandy Dimmont of Eldersile; 2d, H. H. Scott's Allitoes; 3d, H. D. Hockaday's James I. *Bitches:* 1st, M. P. Dawson's Curzma; 2d, D. Quigley's Lassie S. *Puppies:* 1st, R. Wenstall's Luath; 2d, W. H. Chase's Rex; 3d, F. E. Fossett's Dixie.—SMOOTH-COATED—1st, Mary K. Hinkley's Roy; 2d, A. Riedel's Rover.

POODLES.—*Dogs:* 1st, Miss L. Myers's Bubi.

BULL DOGS.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. R. Bonsal's Bingo. *Bitches:* 1st, S. H. Congdon's Chloe.

BULL TERRIERS.—*Bitches:* 1st, G. Brooks's The Shrew; 2d, H. C. Redner's Bessie.

BOSTON TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Miss M. Thompson's Jags; 2d, T. N. Strother's Bully Boy; 3d, Miss O. M. Gill's Jinks. *Bitches:* 1st, H. C. Redner's Bessie.

BASSET HOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, M. S. Tyson's Turk and Drayman; 3d, W. E. Williams's Ring. *Bitches:* 1st, P. Cronmiller's Lady Fly.

DACHSHUNDE.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. S. Whistler's Nicodemus; 2d, H. S. Lehr's Marquis; 3d, H. Tiernann's Roy K. *Puppies:* 1st, Mrs. C. Perin's Georgette; 2d, E. Burke's Billy.

BEAGLES.—*Dogs:* 1st, H. A. Devries's Hunter of N.; 2d, T. Deford's Mount; 3d, E. R. Pitcher's Billee Tramp; R., Cloud Bros.' Kreuger Roy.—*Bitches:* 1st, M. S. Tyson's Actress; 2d, J. J. Davis's Jess; 3d, G. B. Timanus's Fantine.—*Puppies:* 1st and 2d, F. A. Bond's Dixie Katie R.; 3d, J. J. Davis's Tramp.

FOX TERRIERS.—SMOOTH—*Dogs:* 1st, E. W. Irwin's King Gold; 2d, M. S. Tyson's Mustifer; 3d, Mrs. R. Garrett's Sexy.—SMOOTH—*Bitches:* 1st, E. W. Irwin's Sadie; 2d, R. C. Stewart's Fury; 3d, Mrs. R. Garrett's Foxy.—*Puppies:* 1st, W. J. Cochran's Wynnewood Fritz; 2d, Mrs. T. M. Smith's Josephine; 3d, Mrs. E S. Hooper's Don.—WIRE-HAIRED—1st, W. Clark Dulany's Ebor Larchmont.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st, C. M. Stewart's Imported Jack Kilbannon.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. G. W. Fisher's Tim. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. G. W. Fisher's Tiney.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. O. H. Hannum's Beauty; 2d, M. S. Tyson's Little Swell.

PUGS.—*Dogs:* 1st, G. H. Gent's Patsy; 2d, Miss B Kirkland's Jack; 3d, W. S. Everly's Jumbo. *Bitches:* 1st, C. J. R Odell's Toots.

JAPANESE SPANIELS.—1st, Mrs. E. Simpson's Kiku.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—*Bitches:* 1st, M. L. Runge's Cute; 2d, W. Weil's Pink.

MISCELLANEOUS.—OVER 25LBS.—1st, A. E. B. Clark's Dago.—UNDER 25LBS.—1st, L. B. Myers's Baby; 2d, Miss Meyers's Ruby Prince; 3d, Mrs. J. A. Reed's Chippendale.

SPECIAL PRIZE LIST.

Best mastiff, Cæsar II Best Great Dane, Cora. Best St. Bernard, Sir Ethelwood. Best pointer, Peterkin of Naso. Best English setter, Bal Baceda. Best spaniel, Lady Fidget. Best beagle, Hunter of N. Best fox terrier, Ebor Larchmont. Best dachshund, Nicodemus.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

We publish a cut, taken from the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* (England), illustrating the manner of the running of the Hinchley harriers. The hounds follow a drag and the men follow the hounds afoot, thus adding a zest and interest to the sport which are absent without the hounds. The illustration is spirited and contains many palpable suggestions which could be adopted and practiced in America. The sport as portrayed has the advantage of being practicable in rough sections, where riding is impossible. It has the further merit of

being independent of horses and thus of the great expense attached to keeping a stable. From it the lovers of the smaller hounds may gather some valuable ideas for practical application.

Mr. Joe Lewis informs us that he has in charge a number of pheasants ready to turn loose soon on Dr. Fowler's estate at Moodus, Conn.

We learn that Mr. Thos. Hallam has accepted an engagement as assistant handler of dogs with the Pacific Coast Kennels, at Smithville Flats, N. Y.

The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association.

ENTRY blanks for the second annual field trials of the Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association are now ready for distribution. Entries close Aug. 1. Messrs. W. S. Bell and S. C. Bradley have consented to judge the trials. S. B. CUMMINGS.

Yachting.

The Yacht Racing Union.

THE Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound has within a year of its organization become a very important factor in yachting about New York, and the races sailed under its direction will include nearly all the important events of the Bay and the Sound. The following official announcements have been made during the past week:

RACING EVENTS.

The Council announces that, with the consent of the clubs concerned, the following changes have been made in the schedule of racing events for the coming season since the last general meeting of the Union:

Huntington Y. C. annual on Aug. 29 instead of Sept. 5.
Stamford Y. C. annual on Sept. 5 instead of Aug. 15, and special races on Aug. 15.
Corinthian Fleet annual on Aug. 15 instead of July 1. Special races on July 1 instead of Aug. 1.
Norwalk Y. C. annual on Sept. 7 instead of Aug. 12.
American Y. C. annual on July 6 instead of July 8.
New Rochelle Y. C. annual on July 3 instead of June 27.
The following additional races have been scheduled:
Yale Corinthian Y. C. annual June 6.
Waterside Y. C. special race Aug. 1.

You are requested to inform the Council before May 1 whether the annual regatta of your club will be for all classes or a limited number of classes; and, if your club are to have any special races, just what classes the races will be given for, as the complete schedule should be issued early in May.

RACING RULES.

You are informed that the racing rules adopted at the last meeting were printed in full in the FOREST AND STREAM of April 4, and will also be issued in pamphlet form by the Rudder Publishing Co., 155 Broadway, N. Y., from whom they can be obtained in quantity.

RACING NUMBERS.

The Council desire to call attention to the necessity of having the yacht owners of your club who intend to enter their yachts in any races on the Sound obtain the racing numbers that will be allotted to them before the first race of the season. Arrangements have been made with Rohm & Co., 127 Fulton street, N. Y., to furnish the official class letters and designating numbers at 25 cents per set. They will also allot the numbers in order of application. Where it is impracticable for clubs to furnish to the Council lists of yachts as called for in report, applications for numbers can be made directly to Rohm & Co. by individual owners.

It is suggested that notices be sent at once to all the yacht owners of your club with reference to this matter. The allotment of letters and numbers can not be properly made unless owners give information as to the racing length of yacht, if measured, and if not, the yacht's class.

REPORTS.

Enclosed are reports made by the Council at the last meeting of the Union, which were adoped.

FRANK BOWNE JONES,
Sec'y of the Council,
58 Park Row, New York.

PERMANENT RACING NUMBERS.

In pursuance of the resolution adopted at the last general meeting of the Union that the Council formulate rules for the allotment of permanent racing numbers to yachts enrolled in clubs represented in the Union, the Council submits the following plan:

That on or before May 1 each club furnish to the Council a list of yachts enrolled in the club to which racing numbers are to be assigned, giving information as to the name of yacht, name and address of owner, racing length, rig of yacht, and whether yacht is cabin or open. The Council will then advise each owner as to the number allotted the yacht and the letter designating the yacht's class, and also where such number and letter can be obtained.

The Council propose to allot numbers and letters upon the following plan:

Schooners—First class, A; 95ft., B; 85ft., C; 75ft., D; 65ft., E.
Single-Masted Vessels and Yawls—First class, F; 80ft., H; 70ft., J; 60ft., K; 51ft., L; 43ft., M; 36ft., N; 30ft., O; 25ft., P; 20ft., R; 15ft., S.

Numbers will be allotted consecutively from 1 up in each class. A certain proportion of numbers in the 36ft., 25ft. and 15ft. classes will be reserved for the special 24ft. class, the 30-footers, the 21-footers, and the special 15ft. class.

The Council desire to call the attention of regatta committees to the necessity of providing temporary numbers for yachts entered for regattas from clubs not represented in the Union. Such numbers should run from 100 up.

DEFINITION OF A CABIN YACHT.

A vessel to be considered a cabin yacht must have substantial cabin accommodations, forming a part of the permanent structure of the yacht.

CORINTHIANISM.

Corinthianism in yachting is that attribute which represents participation for sport as distinct from gain, and which also involves the acquirement of nautical experience through the love of sport rather than through necessity or the hope of gain. It is consistent with the motive, higher than mercenary, found in the ranks of officers of the navy and naval architects, notwithstanding the remuneration they receive; while it is inconsistent with the trade of the shipwright and the fisherman, even though one following such a trade has never been a paid sailor. In this respect the following general definition is given:

No person who follows the sea as a means of livelihood, or who is by occupation a shipwright, sailmaker or rigger, or who has accepted remuneration for services rendered in handling or serving on a yacht, or who is a professional in any sport, shall be considered a Corinthian yachtsman.

CIRCULARS AND ENTRY BLANKS.

The Council wishes to suggest to regatta committees that in issuing notices of races the circular give the following information:

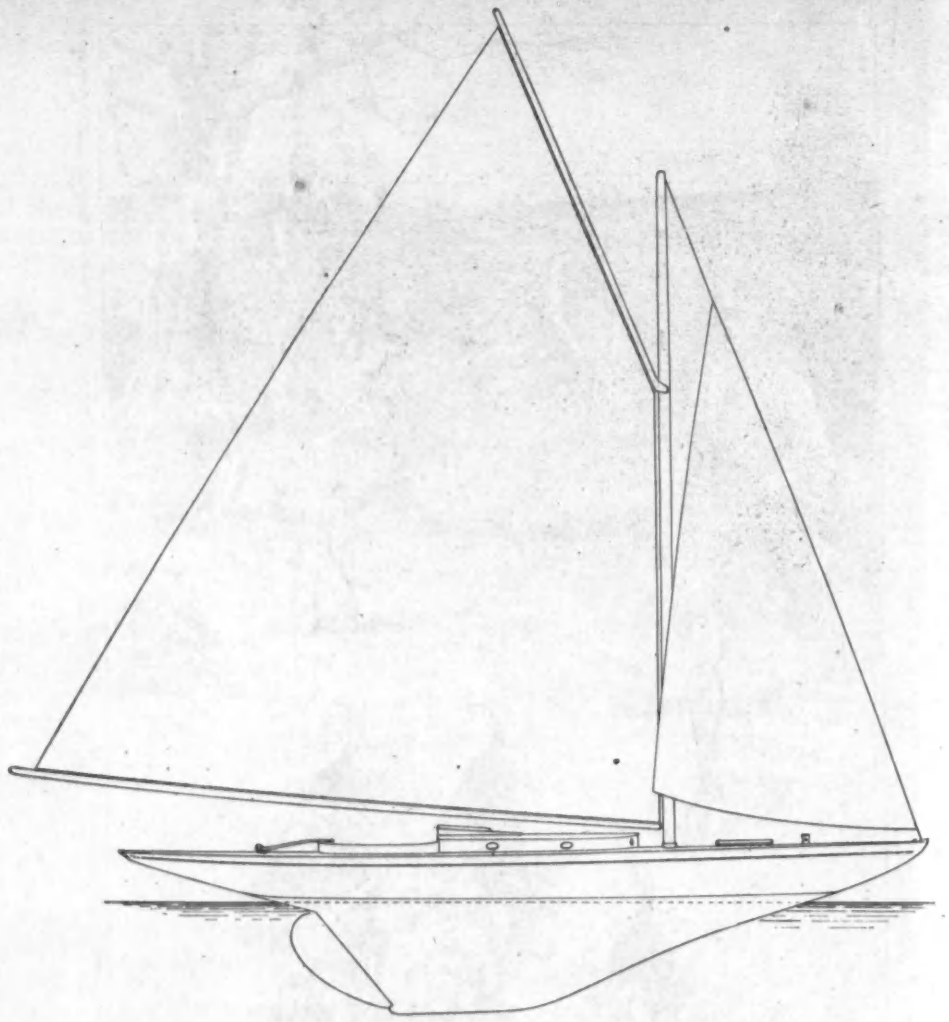
First—Date of race.
Second—Time of start.
Third—Under what rules race is to be sailed.
Fourth—Whether race is for all classes or a limited number of classes.
Fifth—Instructions as to the start.
Sixth—Time and place of closing of entries.
Seventh—Directions as to courses to be sailed.
Eighth—Whether race is open to all clubs or certain clubs.

If a chart of the courses is to be provided, it should be reproduced on the circular or be mailed to an owner on receipt of entry.

Entry blanks should call for
First—The name of yacht.
Second—Rig.
Third—Racing length.
Fourth—Racing number.
Fifth—Whether yacht is cabin or open.
Sixth—Club yacht is enrolled in; and
Seventh—Name and address of owner.

If there are both fixed and shiftable ballasts classes for open yachts it should be stated on the entry of such yachts in which class they are to be entered.

If these suggestions are followed it is believed that there will be greater conformity in the management of races, that the labors of regatta committees will be lessened, and with the adoption of the permanent number plan it will be unnecessary for a yacht to report at the club house previous to the start of a race, and the printing of entry lists can be dispensed with.



MODERN KNOCKABOUT—SAIL PLAN.

The Eastern Knockabout.

ON the New England coast there is a type of boat which is working its way steadily into favor, and by its good qualities proving itself the one long sought for by those who want to spend their leisure hours on the water in the pleasure of sailing a small boat which can be handled easily alone if necessary, but at the same time is large enough to give comfortable berthing space for two or three on a cruise. This little vessel is called a knockabout, and the name is probably the most concise description of the boat that could be given. The idea, in the minds of those who] fostered the type in the beginning and have since been its steady promoters, is a boat compact in form, built strongly enough to be taken out in any sort of weather, ready at all times to "go" for a friendly rival in a scrap around the harbor or out at sea; the sails to be small enough to stand a blow from any quarter, and sufficient ballast on the keel to make her absolutely safe even for the man who knows "all about sailing a boat."

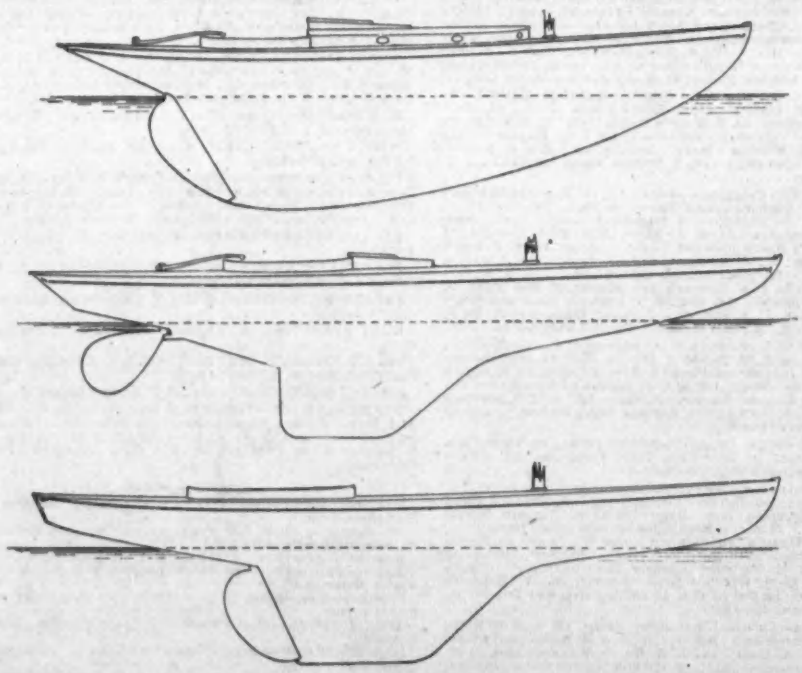
Along the deep water coast near Boston, at the "north shore," and among the islands of Maine, the knockabout is seen in every harbor. Many of the yachting men who have made the fame of far larger craft own these small boats and find the pleasure of sailing them a relief from the dreary monotony of mug-hunting on their big races, and the *esprit* inspired by their autocratic skippers. The knockabout is the ideal boat of the man who wants to get out on the sea by himself and cruise to his heart's content wherever the winds and waters will carry him.

To the man who objects to the gymnastic performances of sailing a canoe or skimming dish there is solid satisfaction in one of these able little sea boats that will stand up to its work at all times, and will not be damaged seriously if he happens to "find" unfamiliar ground on a foreign shore. Roomy enough for two or three with comfort, the knockabout is very easily handled and will slip along from port to port surprisingly fast in light airs, while the overhanging forward and after ends insure good seaworthiness in the strong winds that usually blow on this coast. A boat of this type draws only 4 or 5ft. of water, so that good anchorage is readily found in any harbor, and having no bowsprit she can be worked in and out of a crowded space where a boat with a forward spar would be running amuck.

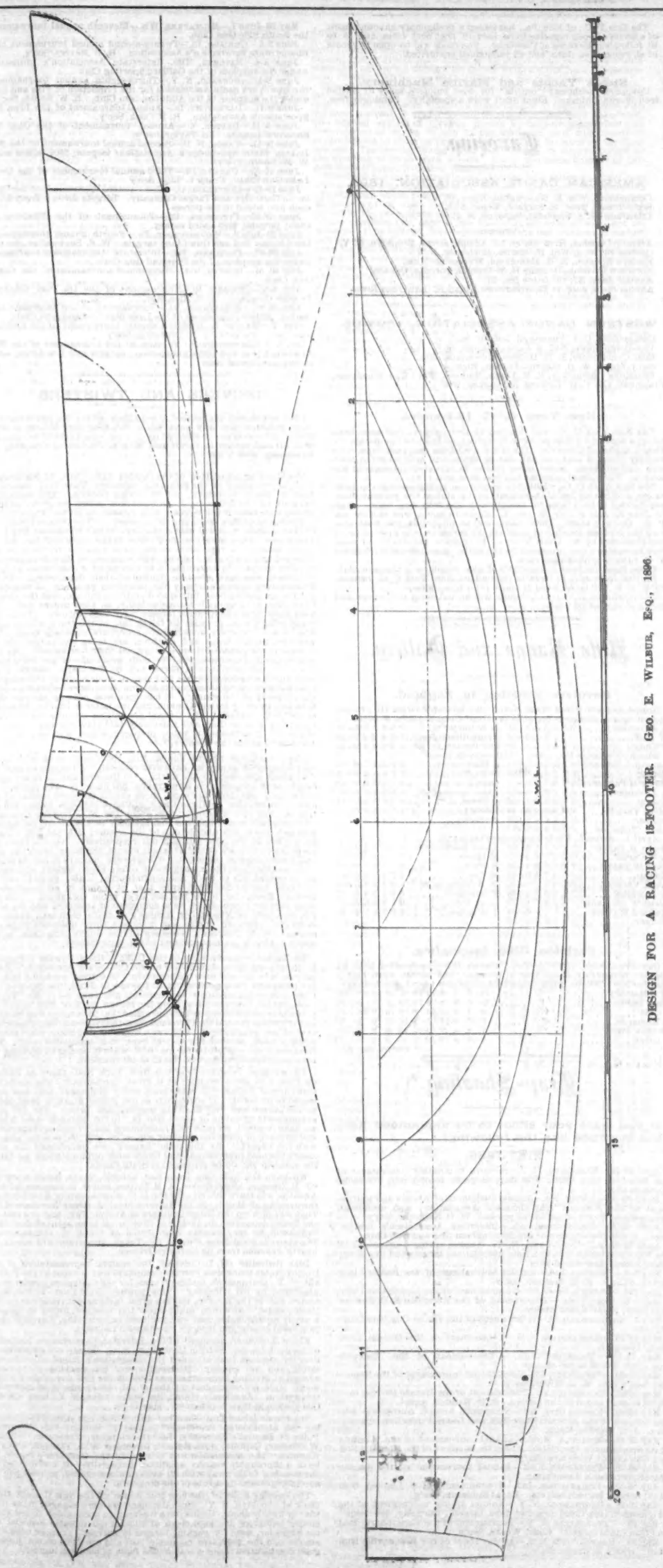
But it is not in cruising only that the greatest sport is to be had with these boats. Classes for knockabouts in the club races have lately become most popular. With twenty and thirty starters at the line, and all so nearly alike, the competition between them is very keen. The sailing qualities of any one boat are so closely equal to the average of all that the races are intensely interesting, and each one has a fair chance of winning. The earliest boats were not built under the strict limitations now in force, and it was quickly seen that unless arbitrary rules were formulated to guard against it, the boats would soon degenerate into racing machines, and the type would lose its most valuable characteristics.

It seems practically impossible to construct a rule that cannot be evaded in one way or another by those who are not in sympathy with the spirit of the restriction, and it is only by a general consensus of opinion and agreement as to the object sought that the desired qualities in any given type can be preserved. Each year the rules have had to be amended in order to counteract the tendency shown by one designer or another to depart from the original idea in taking advantage of some looseness in wording the regulations, and branching out on unacceptable lines in the effort to gain every little point of advantage to speed at a sacrifice of the general utility of the type.

According to the rules adopted by the Knockabout Association for this year of grace 1896, "a knockabout boat is a seaworthy keel boat (not to include fin-keel), decked or half decked, of fair accommoda-



MODERN KNOCKABOUTS.



fons, rigged simply, without bowsprit, and with only mainsail and one headsail. The l.w.l. length shall not exceed 21ft. The beam at the l.w.l. shall be at least 7 and not over 8ft. The freeboard shall be not less than 20in. The forward side of mast at the deck shall be not less than 5ft. from the forward end of the l.w.l. The planking, including deck, shall be not less than ¾in. thick, finished. The frames shall be not less than 1in. square, and spaced not more than 12in. on centers. The deadwood shall be filled in. The rudder shall be hung on sternpost. The outside ballast shall be not less than 5,500lbs. * * * The actual sail area shall be not over 500sq. ft., not over 400sq. ft. of which shall be in the mainsail. * * * The area of the jib shall be considered to be the area of the forward triangle, viz, the product of one-half the distance from the attachment of the tack to the stem to the forward side of the mast at the tack mark of the mainsail, multiplied by the distance from the upper edge of said tack mark to the bottom of the jib halliard block."

These rules also go on to say that "The limits of freeboard, beam, planking, frames, deadwood, rudder and place of mast shall not exclude any existing knockabout boats which otherwise come within the restrictions." This is intended to allow the entrance of boats that have heretofore raced as knockabouts under the earlier rules, and yet do not come up to the present requirements. Most of the older boats have a larger displacement, and carry much more ballast than is necessary to secure seaworthiness and reasonable speed, but they were strongly built, and were designed to carry out the intentions of those who desired to increase the general interest of all in a type of boat at once staunch, able, inexpensive to build or maintain, and adapted in every way to the most pleasant form of yachting.

The racing machine pure and simple has not heretofore made its appearance, but this year the vandals have descended, and the regatta committee for next year will have a job cut out for them in revising the rules sufficiently to retain any sort of resemblance to the original idea of a knockabout in new boats that may be built. The main effort of designers this year has been to reduce the wetted surface and displacement, apparently the only two points not governed by the rules, and alteration probably will have to be made in regard to these points as also defining more exactly what is meant in the sentence reading "The deadwood must be filled in." Some of the older boats have from 4,600 to 5,000lbs. of outside ballast, while this year the actual total displacement of one or two of the boats is but little over 5,000lbs.

With the limitations of scantling for frames and planking, taken with the other requirements, it would seem difficult to reduce the displacement much, but this has been accomplished by using a double skin and gaining strength enough in that to reduce very materially the fore and aft stringers and clamps as well as the floor timbers. Then the deadwood at each end of the underwater body has been done away with almost entirely, and the result is a boat with a fin-like keel short in length and carrying the ballast as low as possible. A very raking sternpost on the after end of the fin-shaped deadwood to carry the rudder is generally the method adopted to comply with the rules. This gives practically a fin-keel boat with the disadvantages of having the rudder on the after side of the fin, and too near the center of lateral resistance to be effective in properly controlling the boat. In one or two of the boats the sternpost consists of an oak piece let into the after edge of the deadwood, and serving as a natural stiffener for the built up fin more than anything else, and does not enter the body of the boat at all, being cut off flush with the inside of skin planking; the rudder stock encased in a pipe continuing unsupported to the deck. It is a nice question to decide, "When is a rudder-post not a rudder-post?" In another boat the rudder stock has actually been brought up through the floor of the standing room or cockpit, showing how nearly amidships must be the rudder.

The necessity of placing the rudder further aft, in order to efficiently control a boat with so short a spread of canvas in a fore and aft direction, has been appreciated by some of the designers, but how to do it under the rules without detriment to the speed of the boat has been a difficult problem to work out. The conventional approximately triangular form of longitudinal section with sharply raking rudder is ineffective; keeping the rudder at the after end and placing it more upright with a short straight keel increases the wetted surface and puts the ballast too far aft for the best position of its center of gravity in relation to the center of buoyancy of the boat. The most noticeable example of ingenuity in attaining the desired result is shown by one of the boats where the designer has used an oak crook as sternpost; the short, upright arm at the after end carrying the rudder, projecting downward like a fin or paddle into solid water and raking aft to avoid collecting seaweed. The main piece of this sternpost runs forward along the bottom of the boat and forms a sort of keel until it reaches the main keel nearly amidship, where it is scarped to it. The keel is cut and bent to shape forward, forming one piece with the stern; the ballast being bolted directly to the keel amidship in the form of a deep plate of lead does away with all filling pieces of wood, and there is absolutely no deadwood in the boat. Of course, the displacement of this boat is very small, and having undoubtedly less wetted surface than the other boats, she ought to show a good deal of superiority over them in speed if properly sailed.

The cabin accommodation in these racers is very small, but in a knockabout built for cruising with a length over all of about 30ft. and drawing from 4½ to 5ft. the quarters can be made very comfortable for three; a raised trunk deck over the cabin about 6 or 8in. high gives light and air with good head room while sitting on the transoms; the overhanging ends are used as storage room for provisions, the sail locker requiring but very small space, so that altogether the roominess of a knockabout is quite remarkable.

The cost of building one of these boats of course varies a good deal, depending on the tastes of the owner, the finish required and the modesty of the boat builder. A strong, well-built, but plainly finished boat, with pine planking and oak timbers, iron fastened and with iron keel, can be built for about $800; whereas an elaborately fitted cruiser, or a racing boat with double skin of mahogany and no expense spared in making her the finest of its kind, will cost $1,400 or $1,500.

Considering the length of time one of these boats will last with small care, and the few repairs required owing to the strength of the compact form and small sail plan, the original outlay of $1,000 or $1,100 required to build a first-class knockabout will probably bring more satisfaction and pleasure to the average man than could be found in any other type of seagoing yacht.

The accompanying sketches give an idea of the variations in form, and an ordinary sail plan of the boats as now built, though many are cut shorter on the foot, with a good deal more hoist.

Massachusetts Yacht Racing Association.

THE following dates have been announced by the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts:

May 30 (Memorial Day), Saturday—South Boston Y. C., off City Point.
June 17, Wednesday—Massachusetts Y. C., off Nahant.
June 20, Saturday—Dorchester Y. C., off Dorchester Bay.
June 27, Saturday—Winthrop Y. C., off Winthrop.
June 27, Saturday—Duxbury Y. C., at Plymouth.
July 4, Saturday—City of Boston (probably), off City Point; union race by Plymouth, Duxbury and Kingston yacht clubs, at Plymouth.
July 18, Saturday—Quincy Y. C., Hull Bay.
July 25, Saturday—Hull Y. C., Hull Bay.
July 29, 30 and 31, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday—Quincy Y. C. series, Hull Bay.
Aug. 1, Saturday—Savin Hill Y. C., Dorchester Bay.
Aug. 8, Saturday—Beverly Y. C., at Marblehead.
Aug. 10, Monday—Manchester Y. C., off Manchester.
Aug. 13, Thursday—Manchester Y. C., special races, off Manchester.
Aug. 13, 13 and 14, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday—Corinthian Y. C., invitation series, at Marblehead.
Aug. 15, Saturday—Corinthian Y. C., at Marblehead.
Aug. 17 and 18, Monday and Tuesday—American Y. C., at Newburyport.
Aug. 20, Thursday—American Y. C., at Portsmouth, N. H.
Aug. 22, Saturday—Revere Y. C., at Lynn Bay.
Aug. 25, Tuesday—Duxbury Y. C., at Plymouth.
Aug. 26, Wednesday—Plymouth Y. C., at Plymouth.
Aug. 27, Thursday—Kingston Y. C., at Plymouth.
Aug. 28, Friday—Wellfleet Y. C., at Wellfleet.
Aug. 29, Saturday—Cape Cod Y. C., at Provincetown.
Sept. 5, Saturday—South Boston Y. C., off City Point.
Sept. 7, Labor Day, Monday—Lynn Y. C., off Nahant.

All races except the Beverly and Corinthian will be sailed under Association rules. Entries must be made to Secretary, A. T. Bliss, 111 Milk street, Boston.

A Design for a 15-Footer.

THE design here illustrated is one of several studies in 15-footers made by George E. Wilbur, Esq., of Taunton, Mass. It has not been built from, but with the appropriate construction and fittings would certainly make a fast boat. Special care has been taken to secure a form that will alter its fore and aft trim as little as possible in heeling up to about 20°, thus easing the steering. The design was originally intended to carry a hollow centerboard of Tobin bronze filled with mercury, but an ordinary plate-board or built-in may be used, as in other boats of the class. The dimensions are:

Length over all	23ft.
l.w.l.	15ft.
Beam, extreme	6ft.
l.w.l.	5ft. 3in.
Draft of hull	2ft.
Freeboard, lowest	1ft. 2in.

Lake Geneva.

For some half dozen years past the center of sandbag racing, once located at New Orleans and then for many years about New York, has been at Lake Geneva, near Chicago, the summer home of many Chicago men, and one of the several places in the West where yacht racing has flourished. For some years the fastest of the New York and Sound sandbaggers, such as Rival, Expert, Tattler and Phyllis, have been purchased by the members of the Lake Geneva Y. C., and many new boats have been specially ordered of the leading Eastern builders. Unlimited racing, under "plain and simple rules," and with free sail, free sandbags and free crews, has had a fair trial under the most favorable conditions, the owners of the boats asking nothing but sport and speed, and paying the highest prices for fast boats and for big crews to race them. The result has been exactly the same as in dozens of similar cases, and with probably the finest fleet of racing sandbag boats ever brought together in one club, the interest has of late decreased, as the yachtsmen of the lake have awakened to the fact that the hustling of sandbags is work better suited to longshoremen than to the requirements of the Corinthian yachtsman, with but a limited time each week for yacht sailing. The reaction has taken the usual form of the establishment of a new racing class under modern rules and limitations, as follows:

LAKE GENEVA Y. C. 18FT. FIXED BALLAST CLASS.

I. Waterline length shall not exceed 18ft. 6in. Racing length shall be $\frac{L.W.L. + \sqrt[3]{S.A.}}{2}$. Time allowance, none. Sail area shall not be less than 300sq. ft. Rig: Any sails which include a jib and mainsail, in which the head triangle has an area of not less than one-quarter the area of the mainsail. Crew not to exceed four men.

II. Waterline length shall be taken between the outer edges of the official marks of the L. G. Y. C., as placed by the owner at the bow and stern of the yacht. This length to be termed the waterline length, and to represent the extreme length for immersion, provided always that if any part of the stem or sternpost, or other part of the hull below the marks, projects beyond the length taken as mentioned, such projection or projections shall for the purposes of the rule be added to the waterline length taken as stated; and pieces of any form cut out of the stem, sternpost or fair line of ridge of counter, with the intention of shortening the waterline, shall not be allowed for in measuring the length if at or immediately below the marks for waterline, nor above if within 6in. of water level.

III. Owners shall mark the waterline length of their yachts on both sides of the bow and stern, in such a manner as hereinafter described, with the official marks of the L. G. Y. C., supplied free of cost by the secretary or measurers, which marks shall at all times represent the extreme length for immersion when the yacht is lying in smooth water in her racing trim, including racing crew on board at and about the mid over all length.

Provisions are made for measuring the actual spars and sails by triangulation, and for all details of waterline measurement.

The interest already taken in the new class is shown by the fact that two new yachts are now building from designs by Linton Hope, in addition to several by American designers; all being of light build and with modern fittings. The two Hope boats are similar to the famous Sorceress; one, building for Mr. Rumsey at Racine, being 30ft. over all and 18ft. l.w.l.; while the other, building at Milwaukee for Mr. Carpenter, owner of the noted sandbagger Rival, is 29ft. over all and 17ft. 6in. l.w.l. Both are of extreme light construction, double skin planking, with no frames. The rig for the former will be sent out from England by Mr. Hope, and that for the latter will be made from his plans in this country, the spars being made by the Outing Goods Mfg. Co. The class promises plenty of keen sport through the season.

James Rich Steers.

JAMES RICH STEERS died at his home, No. 148 East Thirty-fifth street, on Friday, April 17. He was eighty-eight years old and had been ill but a short time. He was the last survivor of the firm that built the famous schooner yacht America.

He was born in Plymouth, England, on October 15, 1808, and was the son of Henry Steers, who held an important place in the construction department of the royal naval dockyards at that port. His father took the family in the spring of 1815 to the Isle of Guernsey, where he built two privateers for the French Government. In April, 1817, the family went to Washington, where the father, who was employed in the construction department of the United States Navy Yard, made the plans for the frigate Brandywine, which was the first war ship with a round stern in the United States Navy. In 1823 the family came to this city, where the father built for the Dry Dock Banking Company, at Tenth street and the East River, the first marine railway constructed here.

James R. Steers was then an apprentice under his father, and the first vessel on which he worked was the 500-ton steamer Governor Walcot, which was the first vessel ever hauled out of the water on a marine railway. The company then built a bank at Tenth street and Avenue D, now known as the Eleventh Ward Bank, of which James R. Steers's eldest son, Henry D. Steers, is now the president.

A company was formed in 1826 to recover the gold which was said to have been sunk in Revolutionary days on the British frigate Hussar. James R. Steers's father, who had the contract for the work, and who was assisted by his son, then invented and used in this task the first air pump ever used in submarine operations. In 1829 the father and son built the United States sloop-of-war Peacock. James R. Steers in 1830 became superintendent for the old shipbuilding firm of Smith & Dimon, whose yard was at Fourth street and East River. He then married Miss Frances E. Hunt, of this city. They had four children, all of whom survive.

Mr. Steers built the yacht Edwin Forrest for Gerard Stuyvesant in 1841, and afterward built many other yachts, among which were the Three Brothers, the Miller's Damsel, the Huzzar and others, which will be remembered by the older yachtsmen of the present time. In 1843, with his brother George, he built the yacht Martin Van Buren, which proved to be the fastest boat of her size at that time. In 1850 the two brothers formed the ship and yacht building firm of George & James R. Steers, whose yard was at the foot of East Twelfth street. In October, 1850, this firm entered into contract for building the yacht America with John C. Stevens, Edward A. Stevens, George Schuyler, Hamilton Wilkes and J. Beekman Finley. In June, 1851, the brothers went in the America to England, and in August personally sailed her to victory over the fleet of the Royal Y. S. in the historic race around the Isle of Wight which resulted in the bringing of the America's Cup to this country, where it has since continuously remained.

Mr. Steers, who had not been actively engaged in any business since 1857, was a charter member of Polar Star Lodge, Free and Accepted Masons, and was one of the oldest Free Masons in this country. He was formerly foreman of the Volunteer engine company known as Live Oak Company, No. 44, and is believed to have been the oldest survivor of the Volunteer Fire Department of this city at the time of his death. He was a Democrat.—*New York Herald.*

Beverly Y. C.

THE Beverly Y. C., of Beverly, MASS., has arranged the following fixtures for the season, all but one being at its Buzzard's Bay station:

No. of Race.	Date.	Where Sailed.	
332	June 17	Off club house	1st open sweepstakes.
333	June 27	Off club house	1st championship.
334	July 4	Off club house	2d open sweepstakes.
335	July 11	Off club house	2d championship.
336	July 23	West Falmouth	3d open sweepstakes.
337	Aug. 1	Off club house	3d championship.
338	Aug. 8	Marblehead	1st open.
339	Aug. 22	Off club house	4th championship.
340	Sept. 5	Off club house	4th open sweepstakes.
341	Sept. 7	Off club house	3d open.
342	Sept. 12	Off club house	5th championship.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

A mess dinner of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. will take place at the Arena, West Thirty-first street, on April 30. Mr. W. P. Stephens will give an informal talk on the 15-footers, to be followed by an amusing entertainment.

The annual meeting of the Miramichi Y. C., of Chatham, N. B., was held on April 6, the following officers being elected: Com., J. C. Miller, Millerton; Vice-Com., J. L. Stewart, Chatham; Rear-Com., John McKane, Newath; Sec.-Treas., J. R. Lawlor, Newath; Meas., Thos. Crimmen; Trustees: L. J. Tweedie, R. H. Gremley and P. Wheeler. Election of Members Com.: W. A. Park, Dr. Pedolin, R. A. Lawlor, Jas. Robinson, M. P., Howard Williston and Chas. Sargeant. Regatta Com.: R. R. Call, E. Hutchinson, L. J. Tweedie, E. Lee Street, D. G. Smith and John H. Sargeant. Mr. George Watt offered a silver cup for competition, the cup to become the property of the yacht owner winning it twice. The following dates were selected for club cruises and races: May 25, opening cruise. June 11, triangular race at Newcastle for the W. R. Gould cup, which will become the property of the winner of the race. July 1, cruising race for the Stewart championship flag, now held by Orlene. July 23, triangular race at Chatham for Lt. Governor Fraser's cup, now held by Mr. Burr. Aug. 27, triangular race at Newcastle for the Thos D. Adams cup, now held by Vice-Com. Stewart. Sept. 24, triangular race at Chatham for the Watt cup.

The Erie Y. C., of Erie, Pa., has issued a preliminary announcement of a series of open regattas to be held off that port from Aug. 15 to 20, following the races at Cleveland. The races will be open to yachts of all recognized clubs, and all yachtsmen are invited.

Steam Yachts and Marine Machinery.
COMPLETE machinery "outfits" for boat builders, made by Marine Iron Works, Chicago. Light draft work a specialty. Catalogue free.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895.

Commodore, Wm. R. Huntington, Rome, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., Thos. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. M. Dater, 307 Adelphi street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Central Division, Wm. H. Martin, Rochester, N. Y.
Eastern Division, R. H. Hammond, Worcester, Mass.
Northern Division, Douglas H. McDougal, Toronto, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.
Annual meet, Aug. 14-28, Grindstone Island, St. Lawrence River.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

New York C. C. 15-Footers.

THE New York C. C., now located at Bensonhurst, will soon have afloat a fleet of a dozen or more 15-footers, all built to one design by Henry Rigby, of Canarsie. The boats are of the skipjack type, with slightly rounded bottoms and flaring sides, and will be fitted with iron centerboards. Some close racing is expected throughout the season. The following notice has just been sent out:

The New York C. C., wishing to encourage racing among the half-raters, and having ten of these boats in the club at the present time, has decided to hold races for this class on the following dates: May 30, June 20, July 4, July 18, Aug. 1. Races to commence at 3 o'clock P. M. One gun start. These races will be for points, the boat winning the greatest number of points in the series to take first prize (a cup presented by Mr. Louis Boury). In addition, the winner of each race to receive a flag presented by the club. Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. rules to govern each race.

These races are open to members of any regularly organized club.

Entries, to be sent to Regatta Committee, New York C. C., Bensonhurst, L. I., will be received 24 hours prior to each race.

The privileges of the club house will be extended to owners and crews of competing boats.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Revolver Shooting in England.

NORTH LONDON RIFLE CLUB, March 18.—Revolver series III.; target appearing and disappearing at intervals of three seconds, at 20yds.:

A J Comber	7 5 5 4 4—31	A W Carter	7 5 4 3 3 2—24
W Luff	7 7 7 6 3 0—30	Lieut Richardson	6 6 4 2 2 2—22
C Knapp	7 5 5 3 3 3—26	C T Britton	6 3 3 3 3 2—20

March 25.—Series IV., 50yds.; stationary target:

Lieut J T Howard	4 5 7 5 6 7—34	J MacDonald	5 4 0 4 7 6—26
Carter	6 7 7 6 5 3—34	W Luff	5 3 4 5 5 3—25
Major H Palmer	5 6 6 7 6 3—33	Capt Evans	4 3 4 7 4 3—25
A J Comber	7 6 7 3 5 5—33	Lieut Richardson	4 5 6 2 3 5—25
Knapp	5 5 5 6 4 7—32	C Tyser	0 4 2 6 5 2—19
Lieut Varley	5 5 6 4 4 5—29	Tilbury	0 2 0 5 5 5—17
Denyer	3 6 6 2 6 6—29	Andrews	0 4 4 2 3 2 4—16
Lieut Clemence	6 5 4 4 3 5—27		

April 1.—Series L., 20yds.; stationary target:

Major H Palmer	7 7 7 7 5 5—38	Lieut Richardson	7 7 3 3 6 7—33
A W Carter	7 5 6 7 5 5—37	E Howe	7 5 3 3 6 7—31
Capt W Evans	7 7 6 7 5 4—36	Britton	3 4 5 3 7 7—29
Knapp	6 7 5 7 5 6—36	W Lee	4 7 4 4 3 6—28
Lieut Varley	6 5 4 7 7 7—36	W B Thompson	4 4 5 3 6 5—27
A J Comber	7 4 6 5 7 7—36	Franzmann	6 4 3 5 4 5—27
Lieut W Clemence	7 6 7 3 7 4—34	Roxburgh	2 5 3 4 6 3—23
Major J H Cowan	4 5 7 7 7 4—34	T H Howe	3 3 2 4 5 4—21
Denyer	3 7 7 6 7 3—33		

Carleton Rifle Association.

CARLETON, Mich., April 7.—The Carleton Rifle Association held its regular bi-monthly shoot this afternoon. The scores were highly satisfactory. 200yds. range, standard American target, 8in. bullseye:

H C Maloney	10	8	7	8	12	11	11	10	12	11—100
Chas Davis	10	6	8	9	6	12	10	11	12	9— 95
J Cole	9	9	9	10	10	8	9	10	9	11— 94
L Richards	7	10	9	11	6	9	12	11	9	9— 93
George Post	7	8	9	9	10	12	10	9	8	8— 90
J Orion	8	10	9	8	12	8	10	9	6	9— 89

J. ORION, Sec'y.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

April 28-29.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Seventh bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds. Open to all.

April 28-30.—JOPLIN, Mo.—Annual Owl Shoot of Kansas and tournament of the Missouri Trap-Shooters' Association; also open-to-all programme; $1,275 added to the purses. W. G. Sergeant, Sec'y.

April 29-30.—BIRMINGHAM, Ala.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Birmingham Rod and Gun Club.

April 30-May 2.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

May 5-6.—BEDFORD, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Bedford Rod and Gun Club. R. R. Braxton, Sec'y.

May 5-6.—ALGONA, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Algona Gun Club.

May 5-8.—NEW YORK.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; $2,000 added money.

May 7.—SPRINGFIELD, O.—Tournament of the Home City Gun Club. Targets.

May 15-16.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Tournament of the Oritani Field Club. Targets.

May 12-15.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club. $2,000 added money.

May 19-20.—NEPONSETT, Ill.—Semi-annual tournament of the Neponsett Gun Club. E. H. Miller, Sec'y.

May 19-23.—CINCINNATI, O.—Tournament of the Hazard Powder Co.; $2,000 in cash added to the purses. R. S. Waddell, Agent.

May 19-23.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Nineteenth annual convention and tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. J. H. Durkee, Sec'y.

May 23-24.—MISSOULA, Mont.—Annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club. Will Cave, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—FRANKFORT, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 26-28.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club; nobody barred; targets. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the Binghamton Gun Club; first two days, targets; third day, live birds.

May 30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Tournament of the Canajoharie Rod and Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30.—BRANCHVILLE, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Branchville Gun Club. Henry H. Cahrs, Sec'y.

May 30-June 1.—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

June 2-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. H. R. Meyers, Sec'y.

June 3-4.—NATCHEZ, Miss.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Gaillard Sporting Club.

June 8-13.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thirty-eighth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. E. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAVENPORT, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. R. B. Cook, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAYTON, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap Shooters' League. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y.

June 10-11.—FARGO, N. D.—Second annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; targets; $500 added money. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 16-18.—URBANA, Ill.—Third annual tournament of the Crystal Lake Gun Club. Frank L. Bills, Sec'y.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company. Targets thrown free; $770 in cash also added to the purses.

June 22-26.—PITTSBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pittsburg Gun Club; targets; $500 added money.

June 30-July 2.—WOPSONONOCK, Pa.—Fourth annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club; targets. W. S. Bookwalter, Sec'y.

July 22-23.—PORTLAND, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.

July 30, 31.—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

Aug. 4-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Tournament of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company. E. S. Rice, Mgr.

Aug. 26-27.—BURLINGTON, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Sept. 7.—MARION, N. J.—Sixth annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. J. A. Creveling, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The shooting committee of the Oritani Field Club, of Hackensack, N. J., is composed of the following members: Thos. Bell, chairman; John R. Banta, secretary, and W. Irving Conklin. This committee has sent us the following communication, which we gladly publish, feeling sure that it will be read with interest by all the trap shooters in the States of New York and New Jersey: "The Oritani Field Club, of Hackensack, N. J., will hold a two days' open tournament May 15-16. This is one of the strongest field clubs in the State and has started out to establish a reputation at the traps equal to that won on the diamond and the bowling alleys of New Jersey by its ball players and bowling teams. The shooting is in charge of a committee of three members, who have absolute control of their department. Of the 300 members there are twenty-five promising shooters. The sport is yet young, having been introduced only a year ago, but the Oritani boys have gone about it enthusiastically, as their orders during the year show that about 50,000 targets have been thrown. There are many others who promise to fall in line at the traps a little later. Shoots are held every week and the scores are generally good. The grounds, houses, traps and platform are being rearranged for the greater convenience of those who attend their tournament. As this will be the first tournament of the club, great efforts are being made toward a successful issue. There will be five traps, electric pulls, with thirty scheduled events and added money. Next Saturday the club will shoot for a silver cup, to be won three times before it becomes the property of the winner. It has been won once by George Griffiths and twice by Irving Conklin, but the latter is likely to be beaten at the next contest. The Oritani committee promise the shooting fraternity a good time and absolutely fair play in every event. A handsome programme is being prepared, which will be sent to all clubs throughout the country."

The programme for the Joplin, Mo., shoot next week is about as easy to describe as any we have ever received. All events except the Owl shoot are open to the world. On the first day there are eight events at 20 targets each, $2 entrance, $30 added to each purse. On the second day there are eight more events precisely similar to the above; in addition to these there will be a 50-target event, $10 entrance. For the winner of this event the E. C. Powder Company offers a silver cup, while the management of the shoot guarantees $270 as follows: $100 and the cup to the winner; $75, $50, $35, $15 and $10 to the 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th respectively. On the third day there are eight more of the 20-target events, the same as on the first and second days of the shoot. For average moneys in the 24 events of 20 targets each, the management offers $50 to highest aggregate, $25 to second, $15 to third and $10 to fourth; it also gives $5 each to the next twenty-five high guns that have shot in all the above 24 events. Event No. 9, on the last day, is the Owl shoot. This is a team race for 3-men teams, to be composed of amateurs who are bona fide members of Missouri or Kansas gun clubs; each man shoots at 10 targets, unknown angles, and 10 targets, three unknown traps and angles. W. G. Sergeant, secretary of the Joplin Gun Club, is the moving spirit in the management of this tournament.

Ed. Taylor, representative of the Laflin & Rand Powder Company, in Cincinnatti, O., and secretary of the Ohio State Sportsmen's Association, is in the city on a business trip. Of course we had a talk on the prospects for a good shoot at Dayton in June; the dates of the Ohio State Association's tournament are June 9-11. Mr. Taylor thought the change in dates, from the second week of May, might injure the attendance somewhat, but added that the change was made to suit the Buckeyes and the Cleveland team that won the team championship at last year's shoot. Ohio, as a trap-shooting State, plays second fiddle to none, so that it's safe to bank on a successful shoot. The Buckeye State will not be far out of it when it comes to dividing up the championship honors at the E. C. tournament.

The advance programme of the New York State shoot at Buffalo on June 8-13 gives promise of a great tournament. The Audubon Gun Club of Buffalo will make good every statement that has been issued in its behalf. It now offers to the public $1,000 in cash added to the purses and over $3,000 in merchandise prizes. The full programme will be out on or about May 10. In the advance sheet which we have received, we note with satisfaction that "Some arrangements will be made to place the amateur where he will have some chance with the expert." By the term "expert" we understand the club means the paid professional, and under such circumstances we think the amateur should be protected in State shoots.

We have the following from San Antonio, Texas, dated April 11: "J. M. George, Albert Steves, A. B. Critzer and O. C. Guessaz, of San Antonio, will leave this city for the E. C. tournament at New York on the evening of May 1, via the International & Great Northern R. R. They will pick up the Miller Brothers at Austin, Tex., and the rest of the Texas delegation on their way North. It is an assured fact that Texas will be very largely represented at the E. C. tournament." The above is good news indeed; the Texas delegation will receive a hearty welcome from its Northern friends.

Dick Swiveller (W. L. Colville), the eastern representative of the United States Smokeless Powder Company, was present at the Peekskill, N. Y., tournament, making friends for the smokeless powder manufactured by his company. This powder—Gold Dust—is but little known east of the Rockies, but is a great favorite with shooters on the Pacific slope. Although much under the weather, owing to the extremely unseasonable heat we have been experiencing, Swiveller shot in several events and held up his end with the boys.

Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, looked in on us upon his return from Charleston, S. C. Elmer was enthusiastic over the success that attended the association's latest effort in the South, and was equally enthusiastic over the working of the Rose system of dividing purses that was tried on the first day of the tournament. Our correspondent at that shoot also speaks most highly of this system. As already stated, the Binghamton, N. Y., boys will use this system at their tournament, May 26-28.

The Rhode Island Trap-Shooting Association has elected the following list of officers: President, Samuel F. Wilson; Vice-President, Philip H. Randall; Secretary, Earl C. Whitaker; Treasurer, William W. Mosher; Captain, J. F. Russell; Directors: W. L. Plaisted, Willis S. Knowles. The association was shown, by the treasurer's report, to be in a thoroughly healthy condition financially. It was decided at the meeting to do away with all sweepstake shooting, unless leave is specially granted by a vote of the directors.

The burning down of the new trap-house of the New Utrecht Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., while the members were engaged in the regular bi-weekly shoot, should be a warning to other clubs to see that similar buildings are kept clean of all such inflammable material as the excelsior, used for packing targets in barrels. Trapper boys will smoke, and the seductive cigarette butt and excelsior do not form a good combination inside a trap-house built of hemlock lumber.

The annual spring tournament of the Boston Shooting Association takes place at Wellington, Mass., on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of this week. The programme issued by the management is one that should suit the amateur and the novice, containing as it does a large number of 10-target events, 70 cents entrance. There is a 20-target event on each of the first two days in which $50 is guaranteed for the purse, the entrance money for these events being $2.40. On the last day there is a 6-men team race—"any six men on the ground"—$50 guaranteed, entrance $2 40 per man. The tournament will be managed as usual by O R. Dickey, the club's manager.

Several of the Massachusetts friends of Orrin R. Dickey will tender him a complimentary dinner at Boston on Friday evening, April 24. President E. B. Wadsworth, of the Boston Shooting Association, has kindly remembered us and sent us an invitation to be present and see Dickey crowned properly with the wreath of laurels he won at Elkwood Park last month. Nothing would please us better than to accept the invitation and do honor in our humble way to one of the most popular and one of the most expert handlers of the shotgun in the United States, but, alas! it's the same old story—"Chained to business," etc.

The Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., defeated the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., on Thursday, April 16, by the score of 207 to 184. The match was shot on the Boiling Springs grounds, the conditions being 10-men teams, 25 targets per man, unknown angles. George S. McAlpin and W. J. Simpson scored 24 each for the winners, Carl von Lengerke doing the same thing for the losers.

They're all guessing who is going to win the championship at the E. C. tournament. North, East, South and West will all be well represented in the championship events; and what is best of all, the champion will be a bona fide champion—he will have earned his title by work and not by blowing. FOREST AND STREAM prides itself not a little on the outcome of the suggestions it made last fall.

The Home City Gun Club, of Springfield, O., will hold a tournament on Thursday, May 7. The programme includes twelve events at 15 targets, $1 entrance in each event. There will also be a 50-target event shot off during the day. All purses are divided into four moneys and all ties divide. Everybody is welcome, nobody barred, the shoot taking place rain or shine.

As usual, Lou Erhardt has landed on top. A total of 132 shooters in attendance on the first day of his shoot ought to satisfy him now. We suppose, however, that he'll be out again in about 10 months from now with a plan to draw even a larger number of trap-shooters to Atchison, Kansas, than that above mentioned.

The programme for the Elizabeth 7th bi-monthly tournament, April 28-29, is a good one, as usual. The first day is devoted to targets, the second to live birds. The main event on the live-bird day is a 25-bird race, $10, birds extra, handicap. Nate Astfalk will cater for the club, and that, of course, means that the creature comforts of the shooters will be well looked after.

The special car for the Memphis shoot will not leave at 3:30 P. M. on May 9, as announced, but at 5 P. M., the railroad company having altered its schedule, the change in time commencing on April 19 last. The car will go via the Shenandoah Valley route, as previously arranged.

FOREST AND STREAM'S tournament squad pads will be used at the E. C. tournament; Joplin, Mo., will also use them at its shoot next week. The above are credentials enough when recommending them to the managers of coming tournaments. Send for sample and prices if you want to save your club money.

The Ashland, Mass., Gun Club has been recently reorganized, and has started on its new career with a tournament at blue rock targets on April 20. The club issued a varied and interesting schedule of events for that date.

This week the boys are hard at work smashing targets at Omaha, Neb., under the able leadership of Frank Parmalee, George Loomis and J. C. Read. Next week it will be Joplin, Mo.

Owing to the pressure on our columns due to Lou Erhardt's big shoot at Atchison, Kansas, we have had to hold over a lot of good material for the trap department.

APRIL 21. EDWARD BANKS.

Charleston's Interstate.

CHARLESTON, S. C., April 18.—"Let us have what you can on the shoot at Charleston, and above all let us know how the boys liked the Rose system of dividing the purses." I found this terse note lying on my desk a few days ago. There were no Roentgen rays needed to develop its meaning. It conveyed an order for a jaunt which I had made once before, and in dreamy moments I still smile as I think of the jolly good time we had. They have such a clever way of making you comfortable in the South that I was willing to undergo the old operation once more.

Sunday, April 12, found me whizzing toward the land of the magnolias and jessamine. An uneventful trip and then the city of magnificent harbor and historical connections was at hand. Jumping off the train and hurrying along the streets I could not help recalling that the weather was a "little bit different" from the time when I was here in 1894. Oh, what a day that was! There was a wind which traveled faster than the Empire State express, and stage rain couldn't hold a candle to the downpour which flooded Charleston on that occasion. The Charleston natives said it was called an equinoctial storm, and came every year; but I noted that even the oldest inhabitant was busy for a week later telling of former visits which were not so destructive. But enough of the weather.

I had not been in Charleston over an hour when up came several of the Palmetto Gun Club boys, grand fellows all of them. They shook hands with a warmth and energy that made me feel longingly for the good time coming. It came soon enough and conquered by the way.

L. W. Bicaise, president, and George A. Steck, secretary of the Palmetto Gun Club, had scarcely yelled "What do you think of our weather?" when a short, rotund figure came hurrying along. A glance, a shout and a grip. The cheery person was Elmer E. Shaner, the Interstate Association's energetic manager, still wearing his share of the laurels for the recent Grand American Handicap—America's, in fact, the world's greatest live-pigeon shooting event. In a jiffy Shaner told how he had been met by the Palmetto boys and aided in his arduous task of putting up the traps, screens, tents, blackboards, etc. He said he was convinced that a year and a half had wrought no change in the tireless energy and strong will of the local gun men. They were men who brushed aside any drawbacks and obstructions which might arise, and were in the battle until the last shot was fired. Everything was in readiness for the word "pull" at 9 A. M. the next day, and the turn of the universe proved it.

The shooting grounds are located on the Disher farm, about 300yds. north of the old Hibernian Park, now known as Tuxedo Park, where the tournament was held in 1894. They are admirably suited for the purpose of trap-shooting. The Northern boys gave a glance of recognition at the surroundings and pointed out spots where that storm of 1894 got in its fine work on board fences, tents, small sections of outbuildings, roofs, etc. Talk about that sou'wester was barred after the first event started, it being declared that "knocking that knocktional storm" might prove to be a rain-maker.

The events, every one of them, developed good sport. The squawk of the horn resounded often. The bluerocks trapped well during the entire tournament, and everything went like clockwork—not a hitch, not a complaint, and very, very few targets broken by the traps. The cry "all ready for the next event" was heard before the closing shot was fired by the last squad of the event in progress.

THE ROSE SYSTEM.

The sportsmen present, one and all, were pleased with the Rose system of dividing the purses. I have never been at a tournament where any rule or system was so universally praised as was that of Mr. Rose at Charleston. It was the consensus of opinion that it was the best system for dividing the purses that has yet been devised. It proved to be the boon which target smashers have been striving to secure for years. It is indeed strange that while the hundreds of interested persons in the East racked their brains to devise the proper method of dividing purses, a shooter from far-off Salida, Colorado, should hit upon the perfect system. I would like to meet Mr. A. B. Rose just to say, "How do you do?" His plan speaks for itself. It's the fairest, simplest and most practicable scheme yet devised to effectually prohibit that pernicious habit of dropping for place which has really nullified the sport in hundreds of events since trap-shooting became popular. It cannot be tricked, and is bound eventually to come into favor and perpetuate the name of Rose. I heard Manager Shaner say that he never handled a tournament before where so many shooters were satisfied with the amount they had received from the purses as at the end of the first day's shooting here when the Rose system was used.

The first day of the tournament, April 14, found some thirty-five or forty shooters taking part, with the entries running as high as thirty. Among the prominent shooters present from a distance were: Irby Bennett, of Memphis, Southern representative of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; U. M. C. Thomas, of Bridgeport, Conn., representing the Union Metallic Cartridge Co.; D. M. Porterfield, Vicksburg, Miss., and H. P. Collins, Baltimore, representing the Hazard Powder Co.; Lieut. A. W. du Bray, Dayton, Ky., representing the Parker gun and still happy over the second consecutive win of the Grand American Handicap by the aforesaid gun; Dr. S. J. Fort and L. D. Thomas, Baltimore, Md.; J. O'H. and Frank Denny, Pittsburg, Pa.; Col. J. T. Anthony and J. W. Todd, Charlotte, N. C.; H. C. Bridgers, Tarboro N. C.; James Baker, Macon, Ga.; T. J. Desmond, Stillmore, Ga., and several others whose names have slipped my memory. Ten regular events, having $100 in cash added to the purses, and two extra events were shot off during the day, all purses being divided by the Rose system. About 5,000 targets were trapped in the different events.

The second day brought two newcomers to take part in the shooting—Messrs. John Rocker and Henry Woeltjen, of the Forest City Gun Club, of Savannah, Ga. The same number of regular events with the same amount of added money as the first day were scheduled. The regular system of dividing purses by the percentage plan into four moneys of 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. was used, and in several events helped to show up the many good points in favor of the Rose system. The regular programme was finished in time to permit of the shooting of three extra events. About the same number of targets were trapped to-day as yesterday.

The third day was devoted to the shooting of a handicap target race and a three-men interstate team contest. The conditions governing the handicap target race were as follows: 100 to 125 targets, entrance $5, targets extra, seven moneys, the handicap allowance to be determined by the percentage made by a contestant in the regular events of the previous two days. The handicap allowances were not announced; thus interest was kept up until the last moment, a contestant not knowing how many targets he was to shoot at until the bell rang for him to drop out. Of course, in justice to the scratch man, no shooter was permitted to score more than 100. The winners of first place were John W. Todd and John Rocker, who, with the aid of their handicap allowance, scored 100 each; H. C. Bridgers was second with 99; L. W. Bicaise, third, with 97; J. Heidt, fourth, with 95; Capt. Geo. Swan, fifth, with 93; B. H. Worthen, the only scratch man, W. E. Post and G. Peterman divided sixth with 92, and Irby Bennett and H. Woeltjen divided seventh with 91.

In the team contest, after a very pretty race, South Carolina team No. 1 finished first with a score of 133; North Carolina second with 125; South Carolina No. 3 third with 119, and South Carolina No. 2 fourth with 113. Two extra events brought the tournament to an end.

During the progress of the tournament it struck me that the town was more interested in the tourney this time than when the club held their tournament in 1894. The attendance showed this. There were scores of the best people of the city there as onlookers.

In the ranks of the local and near-town shooters were noticed several men evidently trap-shooters of not more than a few months' development. They seemed to enter into the sport with all the enthusiasm of a man who is making clean scores, has his shooting clothes on and a big roll of money in sight. Inquiry brought out the fact that the diversion had made advancement each season. Business men need a pleasure pursuit as a relaxation from the cares of hustling, and breaking targets is well suited for the purpose. The newcomers were not "purse fatteners" by any means, as the scores will show. They went after the flying bluerocks in a confident nonchalant manner. Of course, when the tinkling of the bell indicated a miss then their countenances gave indication of their experience. Instead of a wondering, half-scowling gaze, as many veterans exhibit, a smile from ear to ear manifested itself. As a whole, the tournament must be classed among the best ever held by the Interstate Association, especially in the South.

A social feature in connection with the tournament, and one worthy of especial mention, was a visit to the magnolia gardens, some thirteen miles up the Ashley River, and to the various points of historical interest in Charleston Harbor and vicinity. This took place the day after the close of the tournament. The beautiful steam yacht Jackson was chartered by the Charleston boys for the occasion, and the visiting sportsmen were their guests. Promptly at 10 A. M. on Friday a party of 14, composed of the following: U. M. C. Thomas, D. M. Porterfield, Dr. S. J. Fort, Jas. Baker, L. D. Thomas, H. P. Collins, H. C. Bridgers, Elmer E. Shaner, Geo. Peterman, Capts. Geo. Swan and Joseph Peters, L. W. Bicase, Geo. A. Steck and B. H. Worthen, stepped on board the yacht and were soon steaming up the river. It was as jolly a party of sportsmen as it was ever my lot to associate with. After a ride of an hour and a half, a landing was made at the magnolia gardens. What a beautiful place it is! A veritable bower of beauty! Imagine, if you can, some hundreds of acres of land covered with magnolias, cypress and pines, with broad walks lined with a mass of beautiful flowers meeting and overlapping 8 or 10ft. above your head—japonicas, azaleas and kindred flowers of every variety, with all the colors and hues of the rainbow, to say nothing of sweet shrubs, jessamine, etc. It is a sight once seen never to be forgotten. One of the party remarked: "This is as near heaven as I ever expect to get." After viewing all the sights at the gardens the yacht was loaded and the return trip to the harbor was made. A trip to forts Sumpter and Moultrie, and thence down to the jetties and on out to see the lightship, was made, passing on the way thousands of ducks taking flight but a short distance from the yacht. The return trip was made in safety, good-bys were spoken, and the visitors were soon speeding on their way homeward.

FIRST DAY, APRIL 14.

The scores on the first day were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*20*	*20*	*15*	*15*	*15*
B C Worthen	14	13	16	14	14	15	20	16	17	15	14	13
U M C	12	12	15	13	12	9	15	12	16	11	11	..
Fort	14	12	18	12	13	12	13	11	13	10	10	12
Pryor	12	8	18	9	..	11	11	..	10	7	7	10
Baker	13	11	15	10	9	9	15	..	12	11	..	..
Porterfield	12	11	17	11	17	11	19	10	20	12	11	12
G Peterman	13	14	15	14	15	13	19	9	14	12	14	12
Whelden	10	..	13	9	8	..	..	..	..	9	..	..
Post	14	13	..	12	..	14	15	..	16	14	..	..
Wohltman	6	8	14	11	..	11	13	..	8	11	12	..
Slawson	9	11	..	9	..	6	..	..	..	9	..	..
Anthony	9	12	16	11	12	13	14	15	16	12	13	12
Costello	11	15	12	10	10	10	18	..	15	13	..	..
Swan	12	12	17	9	11	15	18	14	18	12	14	12
L D Thomas	12	9	15	8	7	14	15	..	15	9	7	..
Stack	8	8	10	12	..	14	16	..	7	12	..	..
Bridgers	8	6	..	9	8	14	16	9	16	13	11	11
Bicaise	9	10	14	13	9	11	14	..	13	10	11	10
Heidt	..	12	..	9	..	12	..	..	13	13	14	10
F Denny	..	..	17	11	7	10	15	..	13	11	11	10
J Denny	..	..	15	12	12	14	5	10	12	11	..	..
Du Bray	..	..	16	11	15	12	12	14	12	7	..	..
Todd	..	..	..	..	8	13	16	12	17	14	13	14
Rivers	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	6	16	10	9	13
Jeffords	..	..	..	..	..	9	15	15	12	15	12	10
Bennett	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	17	14	14	14
Desmond	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	9	8	..
Cowndes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	8	10	9
J Peterman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	12	9	..
Burke	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	10	..

SECOND DAY, APRIL 15.

The scores made on the second day are given below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*20*	*20*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*
Wohltman	8	13	..	6	12	10	..	..	..	8	..	..	..
Worthen	11	15	12	12	12	14	17	19	16	13	13	..	12
U M C	12	11	15	12	14	11	15	18	16	12	11	..	..
Todd	7	11	15	11	15	9	12	13	16	14	15	15	15
Anthony	11	12	14	10	18	13	17	13	12	9	11	11	15
Porterfield	8	13	18	12	19	11	14	15	17	11	11	10	10
Baker	10	12	..	10	..	9	..	..	..	10	..	..	12
Fort	11	9	7	9	10	8	13	15	16	9	11	8	9
Pryor	9	9	15	13	13	9	10	12	15	8	10	9	9
L D Thomas	11	12	14	13	16	10	13	14	17	12	12	10	13
Swan	12	13	16	14	13	11	20	17	15	12	8	13	12
Post	10	14	..	12	10	13	..	..	..	9	..	..	..
Steck	8	5	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..
Heidt	13	14	18	14	..	10	..	..	..	11	9	..	..
Peterman	9	13	17	11	16	12	15	16	17	13	14	12	14
Rocker	9	8	..	8	..	11	15	..	..	10	..	..	..
Woeltjen	4	6	..	8	..	8	13	..	..	9	..	..	..
Bridgers	9	12	13	15	15	14	18	18	12	11	11	..	14
Bennett	11	12	16	9	17	12	16	17	18	11	12	12	9
Bicase	7	10	9	12	12	..	..	..	..	15	10	10	..
Slawson	w	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J Denny	..	9	18	10	17	11	15	15	12	9	11	12	..
Desmond	..	10	14	11	15	12	16	18	17	13	12	11	12
Costello	..	14	19	12	12	14	16	17	14	14	7	9	..
Lowndes	..	..	..	11	18	7	18	8	10	5	7	8	8
Du Bray	..	..	..	11	16	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Godfrey	..	..	..	..	17	11	14	17	17	12	12	13	15
Rivers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	9	8	12	10
Kittrell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..
Horace	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..

THIRD DAY, APRIL 16.

The 100-target handicap race, entrance $8, $100 added to the purse, was shot to-day. The handicap was based on the work done by the shooters in the programme events of the two previous days. There were seven moneys, scores of 91 taking part of the purse. Under the conditions of the handicap no man was allowed to score more than 100 targets. The scores made in each series of 25 and in the handicap allowance follow:

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	Handicap.	Total.
Todd (120)	22	23	21	24	10*	100
Rocker (120)	24	23	20	21	12	100
Bridgers (118)	21	21	23	21	14	99
Bicase (118)	21	20	20	20	16	97
Heidt (110)	23	21	21	22	8	95
Swan (108)	22	21	22	22	6	93
Worthen (100)	24	23	23	22	..	92
G Peterman (109)	17	21	21	24	9	92
Post (109)	21	21	21	23	8	92
Bennett (107)	16	23	25	20	7	91
Woeltjen (125)	16	22	19	19	15	91
U M C (113)	15	20	21	24	10	90
L D Thomas (116)	18	19	23	21	9	90
J Denny (125)	13	18	20	19	20	90
Porterfield (109)	23	19	22	16	8	88
Desmond (113)	20	17	20	23	9	88
Costello (109)	23	18	16	20	7	83
Wohltman (125)	19	13	15	17	16	80
Anthony (115)	17	20	19	18	9	83
Pryor (125)	8	15	16	20	16	75
Fort (120)	15	12	11	18	15	71
Slawson (125)	14	17	13	11	15	70
Lowndes (125)	14	17	12	18	8	69
Steck (125)	15	14	20	12	7	65

* Todd only shot at 110 targets, not requiring the other 10, as he scored 100 out of the above number.

The programme for the third day also included the team race for teams of three men from any one State. The conditions were: 50 targets per man, unknown angles, $10 per team, $50 added. South Carolina's team No. 2 won with a score of 133; North Carolina took second money with 125; South Carolina's team No. 3 took third money, scoring 119, while the same State's No. 1 team took fourth money with 113. The scores were:

South Carolina No. 2: Swan 47, Peterman 43, Worthen 43—133.
North Carolina: Todd 43, Bridgers 42, Anthony 40—125.
South Carolina No. 3: Bicaise 42, Whilden 41, Wohltman 36—119.
South Carolina No. 1: Post 38, Heidt 38, Costello 37—113.
Maryland: L. D. Thomas 42, Pryor 35, Fort 33—110.
Georgia: Desmond 43, Rocker 35, Woeltjen 26—104.

The following three men shot along as a "Don't Count" team: U. M. C. 40, D. M. Porterfield 38, Irby Bennett 34—112. REED.

Western Traps.

CLOSE SEASON ENDED AT CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 18.—The organized trap-shooters of Chicago and vicinity begin their formal season at the initial meet of the Cook County League, at Garfield Club grounds, next Saturday, and that event should prove of interest.

MISSOURI "LARGEST."

In the West and Southwest heavy tournaments are springing up at numbers of points, as though summoned by the bright sunshine of these early summer days. The Missouri State shoot, whose programmes issue this week, and will receive later mention, is spoken of by its loyal officers as "no doubt the largest of the season." At no previous time has the sport of trap-shooting, or rather that of tournament shooting, had so much money, energy and enthusiasm put into it in this section of the country as during the present year.

E. C. MEMPHIS "LARGEST."

Following hard on the E. C. tournament, which confidently announces that it will "no doubt be the largest of the season," comes the popular Memphis tournament, which also confidently announces that it will "no doubt be the largest of the season." Really only time can settle this good-natured rivalry among all the season's big shoots, but all the Northern shooters will have a warm spot in their hearts for the Memphis shoot, and I confess I have never attended any events for which I have found enthusiasm so easy as for the two Memphis annual tournaments which have gone into history, they being so distinctly original and clear cut in their departure from certain of the old tournament methods, and being moreover crowned with that desirable result, success, which does not always follow originality or justice. Unconsciously Memphis cut the pattern for many other subsequent tournaments, and hence did good in the world which lived after. What Memphis will do this year may not be equally new and daring, for what was once new and daring is now held old and correct, but certainly the Southern city will maintain its own high standard, and the shooters know what that means. Mr. Divine, the president of the Memphis Gun Club, in a personal letter says:

"Our '96 programme is not quite so beautiful as that of last year, but it is offering more money, in which the boys take more interest. In addition to what is shown in this programme, we have concluded to offer $60 for the six men who make the highest average shooting as a squad through the four regular event days of the tournament, these six men to come from one State or from one club. Squad books are now open, and squads can be entered on this book now by sending their names to the secretary, and they will be entered according to the order in which they are received."

ILLINOIS AND DU PONT "LARGEST."

In June we will have the Illinois State shoot at Chicago, which has been and may again be "no doubt the largest of the season," and in August falls the Du Pont tournament at Chicago, for which Mr. Rice I am sure would not like any less prediction than that it too will be the "largest of the season." And the largeness of all these largests should surely satisfy the pampered trap-shot of to-day. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, April 15.—The Boston Gun Club to-day ended its most successful prize series of fifteen shoots. Aided by excellent weather on certainly two-thirds of the dates, and by the fairest system of handicapping yet known, this series has demonstrated that the sport of trap-shooting holds untold interest and fascination entirely apart from money considerations. On the different days over 50 shooters took part and nearly 300 scores were entered. One member, Sheffield, was the most faithful attendant, with Gordon and Miskay close seconds, being absent but once. The prizes ranged from a gold badge through a list of merchandise prizes useful to the game and trap-shooter.

The winning scores were as follows:

Miskay	20	17	17	16	16	15—101	First.
Gordon	17	16	16	16	16	16—97	Second.
Horace	17	15	15	14	14	14—89	Third.
Spencer	18	15	15	14	14	13—89	Fourth.
Sewall	17	15	14	14	14	13—87	Fifth.
Williams	17	16	14	14	13	12—86	Sixth.
Sheffield	18	15	15	12	12	12—84	Seventh.
Avery	17	16	14	13	11	10—81	Eighth.

Ties are decided by the shooter attending the most shoots taking precedence; thus Horace was awarded third over Spencer. The variety of shooting contained in the prize score of 21 targets, *i. e.*, 10 known angles, 5 unknown traps and 3 pairs, accounts for selected scores not averaging higher.

Scores below:

Events:	*1*	*2*	*3*	*4*	*5*	*6*	*7*	*8*	*9*	*10*	*11*	*12*	*13*	*14*	*15*
Targets:	10	10	5	6	5	10	5	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Gordon (17)	6	6	2	4	5	6	3	4	9	9	8	8	6	..	..
Sheffield (15)	6	6	4	3	3	7	..	..	7	8	7	8	9	..	..
Miskay (17)	7	9	4	1	4	9	5	2	9	5	9	9	..	8	7
Pond (15)	6	4	3	1	3	8	3	2	9	9	7	..	..	..	..
Sears (16)	5	7	3	3	2	10	3	3	8	8	6	3	..	..	..
Sewall (16)	8	9	1	3	1	4	1	4	4	..	8	9	..	2	8
Eddy (16)	8	7	3	4	1	4	4	2	5	7	5	5	..	..	..
Horace (16)	5	6	1	1	..	6	3	1	6	8	7	..	..	3	..
Bartlett (16)	3	4	1	2	4	5	3	1	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Trefery (16)	3	5	1	2	2	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Spencer (17)	..	..	..	..	4	8	2	1	7	9	5	7	8	..	..
Avery (16)	..	..	..	..	1	5	2	2	10	8	4	7	8	..	..
Lewis (16)	..	..	..	..	4	8	4	4	5	6	7	8	..	..	..
Williams (15)	..	..	..	..	4	8	3	4	5	9	6	..	..	..	..
Nickols (16)	..	..	..	..	..	5	3	2	4	4	6	..	6	..	..
Parker (17)	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	6	7	7	5	6
Leonard (16)	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	5	9	8	6	..

Two miss-and-outs shot at end of programme were won by Leonard and Sewall. Events 2 and 11, known angles reversed; Nos. 3, 7 and 14, unknown angles; Nos. 4, 5, 8 and 15, pairs; Nos. 1, 6, 9, 10, 12 and 13, known angles; No. 10, use of both barrels.

Nos. 6, 7 and 8 comprised final scores for prize series, 21 targets, 10 known, 5 unknown and 3 pairs, distance handicap. Scores as follows: Lewis 16, Miskay 16, Sears 16, Williams 14, Gordon 13, Pond 13, Spencer 11, Eddy 10, Horace 10, Nickols 10, Sewall 9, Bartlett 9, Avery 9, Sheffield 7, Trefery 5.

Rome Gun Club.

ROME, N. Y., April 16.—The regular weekly shoot of the Rome Gun Club was held to-day. In the handicap contest the following scores were made:

F. W. Buttles 14, L. E. Betson 19, G. Pillmore 18, M. B. Kingsley 19, S. H. Beach 20, W. L. Kingsley 15, E. O. Worden 18, W. P. Rayland 19, H. Barnard, Jr., 16, George Hauck, Jr., 17. S. H. Beach won the best.

Forest Gun Club, of Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April 6.—Owing to the heavy rain to-day we were not able to start shooting until noon. The wet weather also kept many shooters away. Still we had a good attendance (thirty-three taking part in the events) and also had a good time. The scores are given in the table below; all the uneven numbered events were at known angles; the even numbered events at unknown angles. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	*7*	*7*	*10*	*15*	*7*	*10*	*20*	*10*	*15*	*7*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*
David	6	5	10	13	7	9	17	5	10	5	8	5	9	6
Adams	4	5	6	11	6	..	..	..	..	5	9	8	..	..
Morison	1	2	9	10	6	7	10	7	11	3	..	8	..	6
Johnson	5	5	8	14	7	10	19	9	14	6	8	7	..	..
Gilbert	6	4	7	10	7	..	..	..	..	4	9	..	13	..
Henry	4	5	7	10	5	8	16	5	12	6	9	9	8	8
Lane	6	5	7	12	4	8	18	9	11	4	8	7	13	..
H Thurman	8	6	7	8	7	7	16	7	14	6	10	8	13	5
I H W	6	7	8	12	8	10	17	8	12	6	10	8	11	..
Bell	5	7	6	8	7	8	14	9	9	3	..	..	..	..
McDaniel	5	5	5	7	2	7	..	5	10	6	6	..	..	..
Evans	4	4	9	8	7	8	16	6	14	6	9	7	..	..
Borden	4	5	5	..	2	8	..	5	11	5	7	5	..	8
Barber	1	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..
Woodstecker	..	4	5	..	4	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..
Landis	..	..	9	12	6	10	19	8	15	4	10	10	14	5
Penrose	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cleaver	..	..	..	..	5	6	13	7	12	6	7	10	12	..
Alexander	..	..	..	..	..	6	16	7	11	6	..	..	..	..
H B Stevenson	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	9	12	7	6	8	6	10
J Leaming	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	11	4	7	7	9	5
T V Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	13	4	7	..	..	..
Aiman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	5	10	8	7	..
Paddock	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	4	7	..	..	8
Wilson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	12	2	5	..	..	..
N Stevenson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	4	3	..	8	6
Ross	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	6	..	..	..	..
A C Stevenson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	9	..	7	..
Thomas	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	6	9	8	12	7
Foster	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	10	..
Peters	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	7	8	13	..
J Thurman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	4	8	..
Hancock	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	6

April 11.—The Lansdale Gun Club visited Philadelphia to-day, and shot a match with a team of the Forest Gun Club on the latter's grounds, Twenty-seventh street and Lehigh avenue, this city. The conditions were eleven-men teams, 25 targets per man, known traps and angles. The home team won easily by 183 to 134, as the score shows:

Forest Gun Club.

Ross ....1111110101111111111110011—21
A C Stevenson ....1000010110110101101111011—15
Van Nort ....1000101100100010011011111—18
H W Stevenson ....0101000110001100111100011—12
O K Stevenson ....1010100111011110011000111—15
Morison ....0101101001010110111101111—16
W N Stevenson ....0111101111111100110110111—19
H B Stevenson ....1111111011110101111011111—21
Penrose ....1111101011111101111111000—19
McDaniel ....1010111001101101101010001—14
Bender ....0111111101001011011110111—18—183

Lansdale Gun Club.

Quintrell ....0000011101110010101101100—12
Metz ....1111100000110011011101000—13
J Henry ....1111111000000111100111101—16
H Zearfoss ....0100111010100110001001011—12
W Jones ....0000000011000101001000101— 7
W Henry ....0101001111011011010101101—15
W Zearfoss ....0111011001011010101110101—15
F Henry ....0111011010111100010011110—15
C Dewees ....0000000110101001100100101— 9
F Bender ....0000100001010110101011111—12
Swarts ....1010110010100010010000000— 8—134

WILLIAM MORISON, Sec'y.

On Long Island.

HUDSON ROD AND GUN CLUB.

April 14.—The Hudson Rod and Gun Club held a live-bird shoot this afternoon at the grounds at North Beach, L. I. There was a good attendance of members, and some good scores were made. In the club shoot at 7 live birds per man not a single straight was made, but five shooters tied with 6 each. The scores were:

T. T. Ellery (28) 6, B. G. Fielding (26) 6, F. G. Barton (28) 6, D. W. Longman (26) 6, J. G. Jenkins (28) 6, J. R. Andrews (28) 5, F. R. Patterson (28) 4, C. F. Williams (27) 3, P. J. O'Brien (26) 4, M. L. Offerman (27) 4, P. J. Lawrence (25) 5, F. G. Lange (26) 3, F. N. Johnston (25) 2, J. W. Young (25) 1.

NORTH SIDE GUN CLUB.

April 14.—Only three members of the North Side Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., put in an appearance this afternoon at Dexter Park, L. I., the occasion being the monthly live-bird shoot of the club. The club event is at 7 live birds per man, and in this event John Tiernan carried off the honors with a score of 6 out of 7. The scores were:

J J Tiernan ....1212120—6 E Barlow ....2001120—4
J H Jennings (30) ....0000111—3

In a match for the price of the birds, 7 birds per man, Jennings defeated Tiernan by the score of 7 to 6. Several miss-and-out events were also shot, the results in these events being as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Jennings	4	0	2	3	0	0	Barlow	3	1	3	0	2	2
Tiernan	3	0	2	2	1	3							

NEW YORK GERMAN GUN CLUB.

April 15.—The New York German Gun Club turned out strongly to-day at Dexter Park, 17 members taking part in the club shoot at 8 live birds per man. Of that number only one, S. J. Held, was able to account for all his birds, winning the shoot for the month of April. The scores in the club shoot are given below:

L J Held (28)..........21222212—8 G Leutheuser (28)......01110120—5
J Wellbrock (30).......11220112—7 F Sauter (28)...........02100011—4
Gus Greiff (28).........12021112—7 E Hotz (28).............01001012—4
J Schlicht (28)..........11012112—7 M Bondon (28)..........12102000—4
Dr Hudson (28)..........02021212—6 H Thomford (30).......00202001—3
A Schmitt (28)..........22021120—6 H Oehle (28)............02002020—3
P Garms, Jr. (30).......01101201—5 F Kemberg (28)..........01000022—3
J P Dannefelser (28)...20111010—5 L Radle (28)............01012000—3
H Leopold (28).........11101010—5

The scores in the five live-bird sweeps shot during the afternoon are given below in tabulated form:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Dr Hudson	5	5	5	..	..	P Garms, Jr.	4	4	4	..	..
J Schlicht	5	5	..	3	..	S J Held	3	4	5	4	4
Gus E Greiff	5	5	4	..	2	E Radle	1	2	3	..	..
F Sauter	4	4	5	2	..	E Hotz	1	..	..	..	..
August Schmidt	4	5	2	4	5	H Oehl	1	..	..	..	..
J Wellbrock	4	4	4	4	4	F Kronsberg	1	4	4	1	..

FOUNTAIN GUN CLUB.

April 16.—The monthly live-bird shoot of the Fountain Gun Club was held this afternoon at Dexter Park. The members of the club turned out in good force, eleven taking part in the club shoot at 10 live birds per man. Of this number Walter F. Sykes was the only one to go straight, scoring his 10 birds. Three others, Louis Duryea, Dr. Van Zile and W. Rial, scored 8, and shot off for second money at 3 birds each. Duryea killed 3 straight, Rial missing his second bird, and Dr. Van Zile losing both his first and second birds. The two last shooters retired in the second round of the ties. The scores were as follows:

W F Sykes (28).......2222222222—10 Dr Wynn (30).......1110200110— 6
L Duryea (30).........2212222010— 8 A Eddy (29)..........2210001011— 6
W Rial (29)............2112211200— 8 J E Lake (28)........1000110221— 6
Dr Van Zile (29).....1002221222— 8 J Allen (28)..........1201002201— 6
R W Grace (28)......1022101022— 7 H McLaughlin (28)..0100000101— 3
M E Gray (28)........1211101100— 7

A sweep at 5 birds per man, $2 entrance, 2 moneys, class shooting, was also shot, Duryea winning first alone with 5 straight. Second money was divided between Wynn and Sykes on the shoot-off, miss-and-out, both men scoring 2 straight. The score in this sweep was as below:

L. T. Duryea 5, Wynn, Rial, Sykes and Gray 4, Van Zile, Grace and Allen 3.

ERIE GUN CLUB, OF BROOKLYN.

April 16.—At the regular monthly shoot of the Erie Gun Club, of Brooklyn, held at Woodlawn Park, L. I., to-day, John Plate, a member of the AA Class, shooting from the 28yds. mark, won the club shoot with a score of 7 birds straight. The scores in this event were:

Class AA, all at 28yds.: John Plate 7, Wm. Lair, H. A. Dohrmann and C. Murphy 5, Chas. Plate 4.

Class A, all at 28yds.: M. Elasser 6, Chris. Mohrmann 5, H. Muller 4, W. H. Roberts 3, J. F. Schmaedeke 2.

Class B, 27yds.: H. Blackley and J. G. Schmidt 5.

Class C, 26yds.: C. H. Luhrssen 6, John H. Plate 5.

EXCELSIOR ROD AND GUN CLUB.

April 17.—The members of the Excelsior Rod and Gun Club, of New York city, held their regular live-bird shoot to-day at the North Beach, L. I., grounds. There were 14 competitors in the club trophy contest, the scores in this event counting in the yearly averages for prizes. Thos. L. Henderson, from the 26yds. mark, scored all his birds and won this month's shoot. The scores were:

T. L. Henderson (26) 7, H. K. Heimberger (28) 6, G. W. Orton (28) 6, T. E. Richards (28) 6, D. Williams (26) 5, D. J. Kingsland (27) 4, W. H. Archer (26) 4, D. G. Nelson (26) 4, A. G. Siegel (28) 3, W. W. Wilson (26) 3, J. W. O'Dell (26) 2, H. K. Jackson (26) 2.

A team race was also shot between teams captained respectively by Kingsland and Jackson. The conditions were five live birds per man, club handicap rise, the losing team to pay for the birds and a dinner for the crowd. In this event Kingsland's team won by the narrow margin of one bird, scoring 24 to the other side's 23. The scores were:

Kingsland's team: Kingsland 5, Heimberger 4, Williams 4, Archer 3, Siegel 3, Nelson 3, Richards 2—24.

Jackson's team: Jackson 4, Deegan 4, Williams 4, Orton 3, Henderson 3, Wilson 3, Archer 2—23.

DOWN TOWN GUN CLUB.

April 17.—The members of the Down Town Gun Club met to-day at Wissell's Ridgewood Park for their monthly live-bird shoot. The club contest is at 10 live birds per man, handicap rise. H. F. Muhs, who was top scorer last month with 8 out of 10, led again this month with 9 out of the same number, his lost bird falling dead out of bounds. The scores were:

H. F. Muhs (30) 9, A. Goetz (28) 7, H. Zahn (28) 5, W. Joost (27) 5, C. H. Steenken (26) 4, H. Lang (26) 4, H. J. Bohlman (25) 4, F. Schweiger (26) 3.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

April 18.—This was rather an eventful afternoon for the New Utrecht Gun Club. The club was holding its regular bi-weekly target shoot at its target grounds, Second avenue and Eighty-sixth street, Brooklyn, and a fair attendance of members and guests were present. Among the items on the card were a match between Capt. A. W. Money and A. A. Hegeman, the latter challenging Capt Money, the holder, for the New Utrecht plate; the club shoot at 25 targets per man, and the Hegeman prize shoot at 15 targets per man, as well as the shooting off of certain ties in the above events, which were scheduled to be disposed of this afternoon.

The target grounds have only recently been opened by the club, the trap house being an excellently designed one, solidly built and with plenty of room in it for the trappers to get from one trap to the other. The first event shot this afternoon was a small match in which Adams and Edwards tried to defeat Capt. Money and Gaughen, but met defeat by 1 break. Then came another 15-target event, followed by a 10-target event to get Hegeman, who had just arrived, into trim for his match with Capt. Money. While the preliminaries for this match were being arranged, waves of heat were discovered rising from in front of the trap house. A rush was made for it and strong efforts were made to stamp out some of the excelsior packing from one of the target barrels which was burning in front of the house. Unfortunately there was not a bucket of water on the place, so the fire had its way, sweeping up to the trap house and taking hold of its dry hemlock boards in an incredibly short time. The fire was intensely hot, targets and dry lumber being just what it liked. Some idea of the rapidity with which the flames spread and the heat of the fire may be gathered from the fact that it was impossible to save more than the two end traps. Nos. 2, 3 and 4 went through the ordeal of fire, coming out with the loss of springs and rubbers, but otherwise apparently uninjured. Some of the lumber that formed the roof over Nos. 4 and 5 was torn off and saved, and although badly charred was transformed into a temporary screen over the two rescued traps just as soon as the fire had burned itself out. With two traps, unknown angles, the boys went on shooting until dark. Captain Money and Donley Deacon led the amateur fire brigade, the captain being indefatigable in his efforts to save property. The fire started in all likelihood from a stump of one of the cigarettes with which the trapper boys were in the habit of solacing themselves.

The scores made during the afternoon were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*15*
P Adams	11	12	7	7	10	8	8	10	10	..	..
J Gaughen	12	8	7	8	9	8	10	9	10	10	12
Capt Money	13	12	8	9	8	9	10	9	9	..	..
F S Edwards	13	11	9	9	9	8	9	9	10	9	15
D C Bennett	..	10	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
D Deacon	..	11	8	8	9	9	8	9	10	7	..
C Fleet	..	..	5	4	1	0	2	9	5	4	8
A A Hegeman	..	..	8	10	5	7	9	7	7	9	..
M Van Brunt	..	..	5	10	5	7	7	8	..	..	..
J S Remsen	..	..	..	9	8	8	10	9	9	..	..

Trap Around Pittsburg.

HERRON HILL GUN CLUB.

PITTSBURG, Pa., April 11.—The regular Saturday afternoon shoot of the Herron Hill Gun Club on Brunot's Island was productive of some good shooting. C. A. May did the best work, shooting at 55 birds and scoring 51 of them. Results of the sweepstakes were as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No 4.
C A May	1120111211—9	1211101112—9	1011211111— 9	11111—5
Cleveland	0110210200—5	1220001111—7	1100001222— 6	10110—3
Case	1102001100—5	1210220020—6	1221120222— 9	11212—5
Forest	2002021111—7	2200120102—6	2120100021— 6	10201—3
John S Robb	0110021022—6	1110121101—8	1222121212—10	11102—4
Fargo	1101210121—8	0121212221—9	1220021022— 7	21212—5
Budd	....	....	1002120120— 6	20010—2

No. 5, match, 20 live birds per man:

C A May...11221111211111102111—19 Cleveland ..20210121101210002221—14

M'PHERSON WINS THE MATCH.

April 11.—Reilly, McPherson and Rickey shot a three-cornered race at 100 live birds per man at the Country Club to-day. McPherson won by 2 birds from Reilly with the low score of 69 to 67; Rickey could only account for 54. Scores:

Reilly ....2012002220000202002012222—15
1001122100202010000222220—14
0021212011220112210001222—18
2222100211220111212101220—20—67
McPherson ....2210202220200002212022122—17
1112122022021201020202222—18
0002220120221210201012022—16
2222202200202210212022110—18—69
Rickey ....2020002201220202101102222—16
1022220010000001200101110—12
2002002021222020112120001 2—13
0022022001220202002202200—13—54

W. S. King shot at 35 birds for practice and scored 30 of them, as below:

W S King ....21121201100110111112121111120112111—30

The Lake Side Gun Club at Burlington, Vt.

BURLINGTON, Vt., April 15.—A small number of the faithful members of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club, of this city, met at their club grounds this afternoon for a little practice. Two of the party present handled new Lefever ejectors for the first time. All the single target shooting was at unknown angles. Nos. 3 and 4 were at 10 pairs. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
E A Worthen	1110111111111110010111111—21	0111111111011100111100001—17
M J Norris	0000010100000111111011110—12	....
L O Harding	1001010110111001101000010—12	....
E E Morgan	0111100111111110111111111—21	0111111011011010010101111—17
Dr Colvin	1111110110001111010110101—17	1101101110101100101100101—15

No. 3, 10 pairs:

E A Worthen ....10 10 10 10 11 00 10 01 11 11—12
E E Morgan ....10 11 10 11 10 10 10 11 11 11—15
Dr Colvin ....10 11 10 10 10 10 01 11 10 10—12
F Howes ....11 00 01 01 01 01 10 11 01 11—12

No. 4:

E A Worthen ....11 01 11 11 11 11 10 10 10 10—15
E E Morgan ....11 11 10 11 11 11 10 11 10 10—16
Dr Colvin ....10 01 10 00 11 10 00 10 10 00— 8

J. S. DENNING, Sec'y.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., April 24.—The regular weekly shoot of the Lynchburg Gun Club was held to-day. Dornin did great work, breaking 114 out of 125 shot at, an average of 91.2. The scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Nelson	15	15	13	17	20	15	18	18	16	20
Terry	19	22	20	18	20	18	18	22	19	17
Scott	19	18	16	16	17	18	17	17	18	17
Moorman	22	16	17	24	17	15	14	17	19	21
Tunstall	..	11	14	..	19	..	..	..	..	..
Dornin	..	..	..	..	..	20	24	23	24	23

F. M. D.

The Recoil in Firearms.

THE recoil in firearms is governed by the weight of the weapon, the weight of the projectile and the initial velocity. It is also affected by a faulty cartridge chamber, unsuitable wadding material and especially by artificial resistance offered to the projectile in its passage through the bore of the gun.

According to this theory two powder charges, one consisting of a nitro compound, the other of black powder, fired under precisely similar conditions and producing similar initial velocities, ought to produce similar recoil values. But we all know that such is not the case. The recoil gauge and our shoulder teach us differently. The former shows that the recoil of the nitro charge is absolutely lighter than that of the black powder charge; our shoulder teaches us that it is at least relatively so. Cause and effect relating to this phenomenon have thus far not been brought in harmony. While the effect could not be denied, opinions as to its cause have widely differed.

The ballistic experts of the London *Field* have explained this phenomenon by the difference in weight existing generally between the two powder charges; but they have failed to substantiate their opinion with unimpeachable facts. Their theory has not proved convincing. They have evidently overlooked the fact that when two different propelling agents produce, under otherwise the same conditions, similar initial velocities, it does not by any means follow that the recoil values must be the same; much less that the effect of the recoil must manifest itself in a precisely similar manner. In order to arrive at something like a correct conclusion as to the cause and effect governing the recoil, we must analyze the process taking place in the gun after the powder charge is exploded, not only from a theoretical point of view, but also from a mechanical one. We must consider that the energy evolved by the gases is only partly absorbed by the velocity imparted to the projectile and the backward motion of the weapon. A portion of this energy is absorbed by temporary or permanent alterations and deformations brought about in the material of the gun, and that a smaller or larger portion of the unconsumed tension follows the projectile into the air, causing a reaction. This reaction again has a great influence upon the mass of the recoil; it increases the latter.

The black powder burns, as a rule, slower than the nitro compound; the tension remaining in the gun barrel after the projectile has quit the muzzle is greater with a slow-burning powder than with a quick-burning one, and hence this reaction assumes larger proportion and its effect is more distinct with black powder than with nitro. This is one cause for the heavier recoil of the black powder charge, but not the only one.

Admitted that the energy evolved by the gases exercises its power alike in both directions of the gun axis, we must bear in mind that the seat of this energy is nearer and in more direct contact with the projectile than with the shooter's shoulder. In order to reach the shoulder the effect of the energy must pass several stations; it must be transmitted from part to part that it meets on its travel from the cartridge chamber to the shoulder. These several parts, no matter how tightly they may be fitted together, do not represent one solid mass. They are more or less elastic, and may serve as a sort of a cushion between the cartridge chamber and the shoulder. To transmit energy from one part to another time is required, and this time is lacking with the quick-burning nitro with its more sudden explosion. The recoil of the nitro appears more in the shape of a blow; that of the black powder in a more pushing manner.

Now, let us place a number of glass bottles in a row close together and slowly push the front one in the direction of the others. The whole row will easily be set in motion, but when we try to accomplish the same result with a more sudden, violent blow, we will only succeed in smashing the front bottle and one or two nearest to it without moving the rear ones from their places. The same experiment can be carried out with a number of balls made of soft clay. The front ball will not show much of a deformation if we push it gently, and all the balls will follow the impulse imparted to the front one; on the other hand, the front balls will show heavy deformations if pushed violently and suddenly, without imparting much of the blow to the rear balls in the row. In the gun the bottom of the case and the several parts of the gun's action absorb the greater portion of a violent blow; they will absorb less if the force is exercised upon them slower.

It is thus evident that the recoil of the nitro, the quicker burning powder, which evolves its gases faster than the black powder, does not give off to the air as large a volume of tension as the latter, is not only absolutely lighter than that of the black powder charge, but also relatively so far as the effect upon the shooter's shoulder is concerned.

This superiority of the nitro is, of course, accompanied with a bad feature. The strain upon the breech of the gun and its action is naturally more severe with the smokeless propelling agent than with the black powder. Guns built for nitro powders must be made of the best material and the action must be especially strong. In the absence of these precautions a gun will sooner or later shoot loose and may prove a source of danger. The cheaper grades of shotguns are, as a rule, not suited for heavy charges of nitro powders. Those who cannot afford to buy a high grade gun, one made expressly for nitro powders, should use black powder only; or, at least, not be tempted to use such heavy loads of nitro powders as are frequently shot by shooters at the trap.

ARMIN TENNER.

BERLIN, Germany.

Binghamton Gun Club.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., April 14.—Some of the members of the Binghamton Gun Club had a practice shoot to-day. During the afternoon a 25-target event and nine 10-target events were shot off. All the events were at unknown angles, the 10-target events being sweepstakes of $1 entrance. The scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	*25*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*
Kendall	18	8	7	9	6	10	7	8	9	6
Hall	20	7	8	7	10	6	10	8	9	..
Brown	22	8	8	9	7	8	8	10	10	8
Boss	19	7	10	6	7	10	8	6	5	6
Winans	18	7	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stone	14	5	6	5	5	6	5	5	5	5
Waldron	20	6	7	7	9	7	7	9	9	..
Hobbie	..	7	9	8	8	9	7	9	8	8

April 16.—The remarkably fine weather again tempted some of our shooters to try their hands at the targets to-day. Two events at 25 targets, one at 15 targets and one at 10 pairs were shot, Hobbie shooting two strings in the last event. The scores follow:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Kendall	1111111111110111111111001—22	1110111101111110111110110—20
Boss	1101111010111010011111010—17	0111011110111101101101100—17
Hall	0011000010010111111101101—14	1010111100110011011111011—17
Winans	1100010101010100101101111—14	1110110101110011110111001—17
Hobbie	....	1110111111111111111111111—24

	No. 3.	No. 4.
Kendall	001111101110111—11	10 11 00 10 11 11 10 10 01 10—12
Hobbie	010111111101011—11	10 11 01 10 10 11 10 10 11 12—14
Winans	011011111001100— 9	10 00 11 11 11 w —7
Hobbie (2d score)	....	11 10 11 11 01 10 10 10 10 11—14

H. W. B.

Missoula Rod and Gun Club.

MISSOULA, Mont., April 12.—The weekly shoot was attended to-day by a dozen shooters, who showed that they are improving in the work. This is encouraging and necessary if the club expects to hold its own during the tournament next month. By a streak of luck the secretary secured the right to wear the gold medal for a week the first time in the history of the club. L. L. Hunt will carry the silver medal until the next time.

A Class.

J P Menard1101111111111111101—18 R Rogers..1100100101111011110—13
E Mix .....0001010111011001001 0— 9 W Brayton.0001111111011100010—12
Thompson.1111011110111111111—18 C A Searles1111101111110011011—16
J M Evans.1111111110111010 0101—15 J K Wood..1111001000110101 0111—13
H Hurlburt0110111011110110 1111—15 W Cave.....1111111111111111011—19

B Class.

L L Hunt ..1101111110111101001—15 F Allinson..0100110111000000100— 8

WILL CAVE.

Fargo Gun Club.

FARGO, N. D., April 10.—The scores made by the members of the Fargo Gun Club at to-day's shoot were as follows:

No. 1, 10 targets, known angles: Robbins 9, Lyon 8, Smith 7, Guptill 6, Redmon 4.

No. 2, 15 targets, unknown angles: Robbins 11, Guptill and Smith 13, Lyon 12, Redmon 10.

No. 3, badge shoot, 25 targets, unknown angles: Lyon 22, Robbins 21, Guptill 20, Smith 14, Redmon 14.

The average standing of the club members to date is: Guptill 69.6, Robbins 73.6, Smith 64.8, Lyon 66, Carpenter 60, Redmon 56, Roberts 58.

C. E. ROBBINS, Sec'y.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Lou Erhardt's Shoot.

ATCHISON, Kan., April 17.—Airy Lou Hardt's shoot is over, and if a large attendance is any criterion to go by in gauging the success of a tournament, then this was certainly one of the most remarkable events of its kind ever held in this section, and Erhardt has good cause for feeling elated. On the opening day of the shoot it looked as if all the shooters in the West had met in Athison; when the entries had closed for the first amateur event the record showed 108 entries. In addition to the amateur element there was also a goodly delegation of trade representatives, who were debarred from taking part in these contests; otherwise the entry list would have been much larger. For the benefit of the professionals there were four events each day open to all. In all these events the entry list was heavy, No. 2 on the opening day closing with 71 shooters.

The tournament was held at the race track, about two miles from the city; this made them rather hard of access, as there was no line of cars that could be used in getting to them. At the grounds themselves ample preparation had been made for the large crowd. Four sets of empire traps were in position; two were used exclusively for amateur events, the other pair being devoted to running off the open events. This enabled everybody to get all the shooting they wanted. As soon as the regular events had been disposed off, extras were gotten up to suit the whims of those present, every known style of shooting being indulged in during the tournament. Jack Parker managed the shoot, and did it in his best style.

Shooters began to arrive on Sunday, and it was my good fortune to fall in with the Joplin delegation at Kansas City. This delegation, twenty strong, traveled to Atchison in a special car, elaborately decorated, making it the center of attraction at every depot along the line. There was a streamer on each side of the car, running the entire length, that bore the inscription: "$1,275.00 added. Joplin Gun Club Tournament and Owl Shoot. April 28, 29 and 30. $1,275.00 added." The Joplin boys are evidently determined to keep their shoot before the public; and are succeeding admirably in doing so. They are going to give "a dead square shoot" for glory only.

The number of new faces I met at this shoot fairly floored me, and it is more than possible that I have not been able to get acquainted with all of them. Below is a list of those who were there, and if I have omitted any names, I hope I shall be pardoned:

THESE MEN WERE THERE:

J. D. Van Eman, Ottumwa, Ia.; T. H. Keller, Plainfield, N. J.; T. A. Marshall, Keithsburg, Ill.; Taylor Cox, G. Stevenson, W. G. Sergeant, C. W. Greene, E. D. Porter, B. F. Wilson. Thos. R. Kinmouth, Amos Freeman, A. R. Huntley, John Donehoo, Frank Felix, J. G. Rusk and Tim Molloy, Joplin, Mo.; W. S. Ferguson, Atchison, Kan.; J. W. Sexton, Leavenworth, Kan.; A. G. Courtney, Syracuse, N. Y.; C. M. Grimm, Clear Lake, Ia.; Chas. Budd, Des Moines, Ia.; Hugh Leeman, Galena, Kan.; W. N. McMillan, Herbert Taylor and Wm. M. Shiras, St. Louis, Mo.; A. D. Mermod and E. E. Trape, Cañon City, Col.; L. G. Morse, Pueblo, Col.; C. W. Raymond, E. D. Rike and R. O. Heikes, Dayton, O.; J. A. R. Elliott, Kansas City, Mo.; G. F. Miller, Alma, Neb.; F. E. Rogers and W. H. Clark, Hiawatha, Kan.; L. Martin, Highland, Kan.; F. S. Johnson, John Prosser and W. D. Alexander, Milford, Neb.; H. F. Talbot and A. H. Barlow, Waterville, Kan.; J. P. Smead and Frank S. Parmalee, Omaha, Neb.; O. J. Pease, Rose Hill, Kan.; C. M. Sumner, Galena, Kan.; A. P. Bigelow and J. M. Browning, Ogden, Utah; R. H. Arkhurst and A. B. Weakley, St. Joe, Mo.; Tom Hyde, Lincoln, Neb.; F. C. Harwood and M. E. Sharpe, South Cedar, Kan.; G. Rogers, Lincoln, Neb.; Lem Clay, Frankfort, Kan.; W. F. Keller, John Friery and G. W. Goff, Leavenworth, Kan.; T. H. Snow, Brophy, O.; W. J. Dillon, J. W. McWhorter, Chris S. Gottlieb, T. F. Norton, Lill Scott, A. T. Rickmire, Dave Elliott, Wm. Cosby, Bob Ostertagg and J. J. Cornett, Kansas City, Mo.; J. P. Easton, Monroeville, O.; C. D. Lindeman, Adams, Neb.; F. Miller, Berwyn, Neb.; F. W. Sharpe, Lincoln, Neb.; J. W. Den, Arapahoe, Neb.; A. D. Renfro, Valley Falls, Kans.; Ted Ackerman, Stanton, Neb.; W. F. Duer, Hastings, Neb.; A. Goerke, J. E. Johnson, J. M. Leat and J. C. Jones, Stanton, Neb.; H. M. Davis, Richmond, Mo.; N. D. Gardner, J. M. Sampson, T. B. Curtis, J. V. Waller and Henry Dittmore, De Kalb, Mo.; C. F. Reust, B. F. Rike and J. M. Rhodes, Frankfort, Kans.; E. G. Reynolds, Savannah, Mo.; L. G. Clark, Carrollton, Mo.; C. E. Latshaw, St. Louis, Mo.; Dave Hedrick, Bellville, Kans.; T. H. Cochran, Pleasant Hill, Mo.; C. E. McGee, Easton, Kans.; J. W. Budd, Pemberton, N. J.; J. L. Beidle, Valley Falls, Kan.; H. W. Koehler, Leavenworth, Kan.; H. Bailey, Valley Falls, Kan.; Milt Lindsley and Wanda, Cincinnati, O.; Dr. Hungate, Weeping Water, Neb.; W. H. Hees, Concordia, Kan.; D. W. Edwards, Severance, Kan.; S. F. Anderson, St. Lawrence, S. D.; J. F. Hartwell, St. Joe, Mo.; Dr. Dinsmore, Troy, Kan.; Andy Fulton and J. J. Gray, Severance, Kan.; H. Kennedy and W. J. Gregg, Frankfort, Kan.; J. Logue, Council Grove, Kan.; J. Hodges, Olathe, Kan.; W. H. Snodgrass, A. Robinson and Dr. Jas. A. Lane, Frankfort, Kan.; W. A. Evans, Leavenworth, Kan.; J. C. Clarke and C. C. Morton, Topeka, Kan.; J. A. Durne, Rockford, Ill.; W. B. Spear, Morrison, Ill.; Harry Marlin, New Haven, Conn., of the Marlin Firearms Co.

WIND AND DUST AGAINST THE SHOOTERS.

The weather during the shoot was fair, with the exception of a little rain on Monday, which did not stop the shoot. On three of the four days the wind was blowing a gale, making targets take all sorts of erratic turns; the dust, too, was something awful, being perfectly blinding at times. Under the circumstances, therefore, it is not surprising that very high averages were scarce. On the first day Charlie Budd was in the van in the professional class with 96.2 per cent. out of 80 targets shot at. Dick Merrill led the amateurs with 91.8 for 160 shot at. On the second day Heikes and Fred Gilbert tied for first place in the professional detachment with 93.7 for the 80 targets shot at; Tom Marshall and Ed Rike were high among the amateurs with 89.3. The next day, however, Merrill led the whole army with a percentage of 95, making no less than four straights. On the last day Sergeant, of Joplin, did some remarkably good shooting, making 5 clean scores, 4 of them in the regular events and 1 in the extras; he was high average with 94.3.

HEIKES ON TOP, OF COURSE.

But when it comes to figuring up the general averages it will be found that there are only six men out of all those that shot in this tournament that have a percentage of 90 or better. Rolla Heikes, of course, leads them all with an average of 93.5. Next to him comes Fred. Gilbert with 90.9, Charlie Budd being third in that class with a fraction over 90 per cent. In the amateur class Tom Marshall leads with 90.8; Merrill is second with 90.6, and Rike third with 90 per cent. The tables of the scores tell the rest of the story. In each of these tables the first four events are the open ones, the last four those open to amateurs only.

SCORES OF THE FIRST DAY, APRIL 14.

With a total of 128 shooters taking part in to-day's events, the work of the squad hustlers and other officials was by no means light. The fact that with this enormous number of entries the entire programme was shot out proves that the management must have drilled its assistants in a most able manner, and also proves that the empire traps and targets were fully equal to the emergency.

There was some tall scoring during the day. Charlie Budd broke 77 out of 80—an average of 96.2; Rolla Heikes scored 77 out of 80—95 per cent.; Heer registered 92.5 per cent. for 74 broken out of 80 shot at. Of those who shot out the full programme, Dick Merrill led with an average of 91.8, Ed. Rike, of Dayton, O., being next to him with 90 per cent. All the scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Ackerman	13	15	13	11	14	16	14	18	160	114	71.3
Linderman	14	16	17	17	15	14	18	17	160	126	78.7
J W Dens	11	18	19	17	14	15	17	17	160	128	80
Duer	14	15	15	14	14	16	16	20	160	124	77.5
F W Sharpe	13	10	14	15	10	16	15	13	160	106	66.2
F Miller	11	18	13	8	15	16	15	17	160	118	73.7
E D Rike	20	18	18	15	16	18	20	19	160	144	90
T H Keller	17	12	18	16	..	..	..	..	80	63	78.7
C W Budd	19	19	19	20	..	..	..	..	80	77	96.2
C M Grimm	15	16	16	17	..	..	..	..	80	64	80
T S Marshall	18	17	19	16	16	20	19	18	160	143	89.3
F S Parmalee	16	18	18	17	..	..	..	..	80	69	86.2
Sumner	14	17	15	13	11	15	15	18	160	118	73.7
Luman	11	13	13	15	9	14	14	10	160	99	61.7
Cox	18	14	16	18	17	14	16	18	160	131	81.7
Molloy	14	9	11	13	11	12	18	14	160	102	63.7
Menefee	16	15	..	..	15	17	15	18	120	96	80
W G Sergeant	17	15	17	18	16	16	18	17	160	134	83.7
Geo Stevenson	19	17	19	16	16	13	17	13	160	130	81.2
Talbot	16	18	18	15	15	14	19	17	160	132	82.5
Barlow	16	13	17	18	15	16	17	12	160	120	75
B F Wilson	16	15	15	17	13	16	15	13	160	130	81.2
Gilbert	18	15	18	17	..	..	..	..	80	68	85
O J Pease	13	13	9	..	13	11	17	18	140	92	65.7
Ferguson	14	12	17	18	16	18	15	17	160	123	76.8
Van	17	18	17	16	15	18	20	17	160	136	85
Georgeson	16	12	17	15	17	16	17	12	160	122	76.2
Doughett	15	8	17	17	17	12	14	17	160	117	73.1
Kooller	13	12	17	14	14	15	15	14	160	117	73.1
Sexton	16	17	17	12	18	19	20	18	160	137	85.6
Shiras	17	18	14	12	13	15	18	14	160	121	75.6
Ray	15	17	19	17	17	19	17	17	160	138	86.2
F Rogers	16	14	18	18	17	19	16	17	160	135	84.3
Mermod	16	15	19	15	11	17	16	17	160	126	78.7
Running	15	18	14	18	18	16	19	15	160	133	83.1
Smead	18	15	16	15	16	16	19	19	160	134	83.7

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Reust	17	18	19	18	19	17	19	16	160	143	89.3
Rhodes	12	16	17	18	15	18	19	17	160	132	82.5
Bigelow	16	15	18	18	18	18	16	17	160	136	85
Gardner	7	..	..	..	14	14	14	11	100	68	68
Browning	16	16	17	17	15	19	18	20	160	138	86.2
Geo Rogers	15	15	17	18	18	16	20	17	160	136	85
Clyde	15	11	..	..	11	15	19	12	120	83	69.1
Morse	19	16	15	16	18	18	13	14	160	129	80.6
Allen	16	12	17	17	16	14	15	17	160	124	77.5
Smith	11	17	18	15	17	20	16	16	160	125	78.1
Thomas	14	13	18	15	17	18	20	14	160	129	80.6
Snow	11	16	19	17	16	14	17	15	160	123	76.8
Heikes	20	20	17	19	..	..	..	..	80	76	95
Jim Elliott	18	16	20	16	..	..	..	..	80	70	87.5
Dave Elliott	18	16	10	..	15	18	17	..	120	98	81.6
Rickmers	17	12	..	..	19	15	17	..	100	80	80
Pat Rogers	17	19	15	17	18	15	17	18	160	136	85
Horton	17	15	14	14	19	16	17	17	160	129	80.6
Cosby	17	14	14	14	18	17	15	17	160	127	79.3
Norton	6	17	15	13	17	17	16	16	160	120	75
Gottlieb	16	14	17	14	19	18	17	20	160	135	84.3
Horn	9	14	14	13	13	13	10	..	140	88	62.8
L G Clark	17	..	..	..	16	18	19	5	100	70	70
Green	14	16	..	..	17	11	..	..	80	58	72.5
Merrill	18	20	17	17	19	17	19	20	160	147	91.8
Latshaw	17	16	..	..	19	13	15	16	120	96	80
Goff	18	17	16	..	19	18	16	16	140	120	85.7
Courtney	14	11	10	..	..	..	..	..	60	35	58.3
W F Keller	16	..	17	..	17	17	..	..	80	67	83.7
Geo Bruce	17	..	14	..	18	16	..	..	80	65	80.1
Scott	14	16	..	..	17	16	16	17	120	96	80
Dukes	17	17	17	..	15	17	20	17	140	120	85.7
Hungate	..	9	..	..	11	17	16	14	100	67	67
Curtis	..	17	16	..	19	17	13	15	120	97	80.8
Sampson	..	14	..	..	15	..	..	..	40	29	72.5
Dillon	..	4	..	..	5	11	13	9	100	42	42
McWorthen	..	8	..	..	10	11	14	13	100	56	56
Dittimore	..	18	..	..	16	14	15	17	100	77	77
Quimby	..	..	8	13	7	10	..	..	80	38	47.5
F S Johnson	..	..	16	..	15	14	15	..	80	60	75
Prosser	..	..	9	..	..	14	11	..	60	34	56.6
Teape	..	..	17	..	15	15	12	18	100	80	80
McMillan	..	..	15	..	9	15	14	12	100	65	65
Lindsley	..	..	11	14	..	..	..	..	40	25	62.5
Sampson	..	..	..	..	15	18	18	15	80	66	82.5
Kinmouth	14	20	17	17	18	20	17	18	160	141	88.1
A E Thomas	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	19	40	37	92.5
Cornett	15	..	18	14	..	..	18	18	100	83	83
Renfro	..	..	16	8	8	..	16	16	80	48	60
Loeske	..	..	..	13	16	..	12	10	80	51	63.5
Harwood	..	..	..	15	14	..	17	..	60	46	76.6
Hedrick	..	..	..	11	14	..	12	..	60	37	61.6
Fulton	..	..	..	17	14	..	17	..	60	48	80
Martin	..	..	..	14	19	..	..	..	40	33	82.5
Alexander	..	..	..	11	..	15	..	7	60	33	55
W H Clark	..	..	..	8	..	15	13	..	60	36	60
G F Miller	..	..	..	14	..	16	..	..	40	30	75
Ruggles	..	..	..	14	..	12	14	12	80	52	65
McGee	..	..	..	11	..	..	14	17	60	42	70
M E Sharpe	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	20	11	55
Firery	..	..	..	15	..	18	16	..	60	49	81.6
McElroy	..	..	..	15	..	14	16	11	80	56	70
J E Johnson	..	..	..	16	..	13	..	..	40	29	72.5
Taylor	..	..	..	11	..	9	11	13	80	44	55
Kerr	..	..	..	15	..	15	10	15	80	55	68.7
Waller	..	..	..	13	..	11	15	11	80	50	62.5
Reynolds	..	..	..	..	15	14	16	14	80	59	73.6
C L Greer	..	..	..	..	16	19	17	17	80	69	86.4
Gray	..	..	..	..	19	17	16	19	80	71	88.7
Rice	..	..	..	..	17	15	14	16	80	62	77.5
Porter	..	..	..	..	11	13	..	..	40	24	60
Montgomery	..	..	..	..	9	18	11	13	80	46	57.5
Beighler	..	..	..	..	14	12	20	..	60	46	76.6
Sanders	..	..	..	..	16	14	..	..	40	30	75
Moore	..	..	..	..	6	16	..	..	40	22	55
Ackhurst	..	..	..	..	7	12	..	..	40	19	38
Weakley	..	..	..	..	9	13	..	..	40	21	52.5
Hauck	..	..	..	..	6	12	8	8	80	34	42.5
Bailey	..	..	..	..	15	18	14	16	80	63	78.6
Jacobson	..	..	..	..	13	15	..	..	40	28	70
J F Sutlief	..	..	..	..	10	13	15	..	60	38	63.3
Heer	..	..	..	..	20	20	15	19	80	74	92.5
Kuthline	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	20	11	55
Marlin	..	..	..	..	13	18	18	..	60	49	81.5
G E Sutlief	..	..	..	..	11	11	14	..	60	36	60
A G Horn	..	..	..	..	12	11	9	11	80	33	41.4
N H McGee	..	..	..	..	..	14	19	17	40	31	77.5
Cohran	..	..	..	..	..	15	14	..	40	29	72.5
Clay	..	..	..	..	..	19	16	..	40	35	87.5
Hubbard	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	20	11	55
Riley	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	20	18	90
Hart	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	19	40	36	90
M E Sharpe	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	20	18	90
Ostertag	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	20	15	75
Bert Allen	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	20	15	75
Gregg	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	11	40	20	50

RECORD OF THE SECOND DAY, APRIL 15.

There were 124 shooters on the ground who took part in to-day's events. The scores were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.	Av
Heikes	18	19	19	19	..	..	..	..	80	75	93.7
Ray	16	14	15	18	19	16	18	17	160	133	83.1
Elliott	18	15	16	17	..	..	..	..	80	66	82.5
Sergeant	12	13	14	16	15	19	18	18	160	125	78.1
Browning	16	12	16	16	16	16	17	19	160	132	82.5
Reust	17	16	19	17	18	18	16	19	160	140	87.5
F E Rogers	17	19	18	19	16	17	17	14	160	137	85.5
W H McGee	18	16	8	15	12	12	17	15	160	108	67.5
W S Ferguson	11	15	16	15	17	15	16	16	160	121	75.6
Smead	17	15	18	17	15	18	15	19	160	134	83.7
S S Johnson	12	12	14	..	..	..	..	..	60	38	63
Alexander	13	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	40	26	65
Rike	19	15	20	18	17	18	17	19	160	143	89.3
Keller	18	15	16	15	..	..	..	..	80	59	73.7
Budd	15	16	17	18	..	..	..	..	80	68	85
Grimm	17	15	18	19	..	..	..	..	80	69	86.1
Marshall	18	18	15	16	18	19	18	19	160	143	89.3
Parmalee	16	18	19	19	..	..	..	..	80	72	90
D Elliott	16	16	15	17	18	18	19	14	160	135	84.3
Talbot	17	11	16	18	16	18	11	16	160	123	76.8
Barlow	12	14	11	15	11	10	15	15	160	103	64.3
G Stevenson	17	12	16	15	15	15	12	15	160	117	73.1
Gilbert	19	18	18	20	..	..	..	..	80	75	93.7
Wilson	13	13	..	..	12	8	..	..	80	46	57.5
W Smith	15	11	16	14	17	14	..	14	140	101	72.1
J Thomas	16	14	15	12	13	14	..	15	140	99	70.7
Bigelow	18	14	12	..	15	15	20	16	140	110	78.5
W H Allen	18	16	14	11	18	17	7	11	160	107	66.8
Kinmouth	17	12	15	9	20	17	18	18	160	126	78.7
Rhodes	18	19	19	15	15	11	18	16	160	130	81.2
Sumner	18	13	14	15	15	17	..	17	140	107	76.4
Leeman	16	10	11	14	15	13	..	16	140	94	67.1
Cox	14	12	15	18	14	14	13	14	160	113	70.6
Horn	12	11	15	14	10	14	..	17	140	93	67.8
Van	15	17	15	13	18	19	18	14	160	119	74.3
Georgenson	14	18	14	15	12	18	17	14	160	112	70
Linderman	18	14	18	15	18	16	18	16	160	133	83.1
J W Den	18	17	13	17	15	17	17	17	160	131	81.7
F Miller	17	12	16	..	12	17	..	14	120	88	73.3
Courtney	10	14	14	11	..	..	..	..	80	49	61.2
Deuer	14	13	..	..	18	17	..	16	100	68	68
Horton	17	16	16	15	15	15	18	19	160	131	81.7
Gottlieb	14	15	19	16	17	15	17	11	160	124	77.5
Cornett	16	14	16	17	15	16	14	18	160	126	78.7
Scott	15	..	..	..	15	14	14	13	100	71	71
Rickmere	16	14	..	..	10	14	13	16	120	83	69.1
Sexton	15	13	12	12	15	15	11	15	160	110	68.7
Logue	15	11	15	11	15	13	..	11	120	90	75
Hungate	9	17	..	10	12	15	..	18	120	81	67.5
Clyde	14	14	17	10	17	6	..	14	140	92	65.7
Cosby	17	..	15	15	17	11	17	15	140	107	76.4
L F Clarke	14	..	..	..	17	19	10	17	100	77	77
Sampson	16	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	40	28	70
Easton	19	17	18	14	18	17	14	19	160	134	83.7
G Rogers	18	18	19	14	13	19	17	19	160	137	85.6
Merrill	16	16	17	18	19	18	15	18	160	137	85.6
Morlin	16	18	7	12	10	13	..	..	120	76	63.3
Snow	16	13	11	16	16	15	..	16	140	103	73.5
North	18	18	18	14	..	..	..	..	80	68	85
Porter	12	10	..	..	13	10	..	..	80	45	56.2
Dukes	14	..	..	..	20	20	18	..	80	72	90
Norton	19	15	18	10	16	17	16	17	160	123	76.8
Gray	17	..	..	..	18	19	14	16	100	84	84
Lamberts	11	..	..	15	19	..	..	..	60	45	75

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.	Av
Molloy	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	10	50
Wells	10	..	..	..	15	15	..	14	80	54	67.5
Gardner	14	..	..	..	16	18	..	12	80	60	75
Koehler	12	14	18	15	15	14	18	19	160	125	78.1
Running	20	16	17	17	19	15	16	18	160	138	86.2
Robison	19	14	14	10	19	15	14	14	160	119	74.3
Lindsley	18	12	13	14	..	..	..	..	80	52	65
Curtis	14	..	..	..	15	18	..	18	80	65	81.2
W H Clark	11	..	..	..	13	17	..	15	80	56	70
Jones	13	..	..	..	15	18	..	8	80	54	67.5
Parker	16	16	18	17	..	..	..	..	80	67	83.7
Wanda	8	9	..	6	..	12	..	8	100	43	43
Loerke	16	..	..	15	15	15	..	14	100	75	75
C L Green	..	10	..	..	17	18	16	17	100	68	68
Ackerman	..	..	11	13	14	15	15	15	120	83	69.1
Peace	..	..	17	..	10	10	..	15	80	52	65
Tucker	..	..	16	15	..	..	..	..	40	31	77.5
Batchelor	..	..	..	12	15	16	..	..	60	43	71.6
Hartwell	..	..	16	..	17	15	..	13	80	61	76.2
Durnon	..	..	13	12	..	..	..	11	60	36	60
Snodgrass	..	..	16	..	10	12	..	12	80	50	62.5
J E Johnson	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	20	10	50
Bailey	..	..	..	..	13	12	..	..	40	25	62.5
Sutliff	..	..	..	..	11	9	..	..	40	20	50
Beightle	..	..	..	..	15	11	..	..	40	26	65
Renfro	..	..	..	..	15	16	..	..	40	31	77.5
M E Sharp	..	..	..	..	11	13	..	..	40	24	60
C E McGee	..	..	..	..	7	17	..	..	40	24	60
Harwood	..	..	..	..	17	15	..	..	40	32	80
Dinsmore	..	..	..	..	14	9	..	13	60	36	60
Al Mortin	..	..	..	..	16	17	16	..	60	49	81.6
Stevens	..	..	..	..	8	11	..	..	40	19	47.5
F W Sharpe	..	..	..	..	12	11	..	..	40	23	57.5
Reynolds	..	..	..	..	14	12	..	14	60	40	66.6
Ruggles	..	..	..	..	10	12	..	13	60	35	58.3
Kerr	..	..	..	..	11	16	..	17	60	44	73.3
Waddington	..	..	..	..	14	16	17	12	80	59	73.7
Schultse	..	..	..	..	7	9	..	7	60	23	38.3
F S Johnson	..	..	..	..	13	16	..	..	40	29	72.5
Hedrick	..	..	..	..	15	12	..	11	60	38	63.3
Heer	..	..	..	..	16	19	..	15	60	50	83.3
Anderson	..	..	..	..	11	16	..	15	60	42	70
Rice	..	..	..	..	15	13	..	12	60	40	66.6
McWhorter	..	..	..	..	9	6	..	4	60	19	31.6
Wilmot	..	..	..	..	19	17	19	16	80	71	88.7
Ressiter	..	..	..	..	13	16	15	..	60	44	73.3
Mitchell	..	..	..	..	10	..	13	..	40	23	57.5
Dawe	..	..	..	..	14	13	..	15	60	42	70
Lytle	..	..	..	..	12	7	..	8	60	27	45
Hyde	..	..	..	..	11	12	..	6	60	29	48.3
Sanders	..	..	..	..	16	18	..	16	60	50	83.3
Prosser	..	..	..	..	14	11	..	..	40	25	62.5
Dix	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	20	12	60
Edwards	..	..	..	..	17	16	17	20	80	70	87.5
Emlen	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	20	1	5
Duncan	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	10	40	21	52.5
Underwood	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	20	14	70
Cohron	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	20	12	60
Clay	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	20	14	70
Snell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	20	7	35

RECORD OF THE THIRD DAY, APRIL 16.

Only 70 shooters took part in to-day's events, a remarkable falling off from the number of entries on the two previous days. Dick Merrill was in great form, losing only 8 targets out of 160 shot at—an average of 95 per cent.; Ed. Rike and Reust were in second place with 92.5 apiece; Tom Marshall had 91.8, and T. E. Rodgers 90.6. All the above shot at 160 targets. Of those who only shot in four events, Frank Parmalee "didn't do a thing" but break 76 out of 80—an average of 95 per cent. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.	Av
Heikes	19	17	18	19	..	..	..	..	80	73	91.2
Raymond	20	15	16	18	17	19	14	16	160	135	84.3
Elliott	18	15	17	18	..	..	..	..	80	68	85
Kinmouth	14	18	15	17	17	17	12	19	160	129	80.6
Sergeant	15	15	19	19	17	19	18	19	160	141	88.1
Browning	15	17	16	18	19	18	15	19	160	139	86.8
Gilbert	18	18	19	19	..	..	..	..	80	74	92.5
Linderman	17	16	17	19	..	17	..	20	140	106	75.7
Horton	16	13	17	16	16	18	16	19	160	131	81.7
Miller	17	..	..	..	15	18	..	16	80	66	82.5
Ferguson	15	15	16	17	19	16	15	18	160	130	81.2
Anderson	18	..	..	..	14	15	12	..	80	54	67.5
Rike	19	19	17	18	19	20	18	18	160	148	92.5
Keller	20	18	14	15	..	..	..	..	80	67	83.7
Budd	18	19	18	19	..	..	..	..	80	74	92.5
Grimm	19	13	16	16	..	..	..	..	80	69	86.2
Marshall	19	19	18	16	18	20	18	19	160	147	91.8
Parmalee	20	20	18	18	..	..	..	..	80	76	95
Sumner	14	14	15	16	12	17	16	18	160	122	76.2
Leeman	11	14	12	15	14	15	17	18	160	116	72.5
Van	17	17	12	18	19	15	15	14	160	137	85.6
Georgenson	18	17	17	12	16	17	17	17	160	131	81.7
C W Green	14	12	..	..	11	11	..	..	80	48	60
Pease	17	8	11	..	17	8	10	18	140	89	63.5
W H McGee	16	12	14	16	17	16	15	14	160	121	75.6
Allen	16	15	..	..	18	17	..	..	80	66	82.5
Durno	17	19	17	19	20	18	16	18	160	144	90
Reust	18	20	18	19	17	20	18	18	160	148	92.5
Rhodes	19	15	14	18	17	17	20	18	160	138	86.2
Smead	18	16	16	17	19	16	17	18	160	137	85.6
Easton	16	14	18	19	19	17	16	20	160	141	88.1
Duer	19	15	17	16	16	17	19	19	160	138	86.2
Merrill	20	17	20	20	20	19	18	18	160	152	95
Bigelow	20	20	16	17	16	17	19	15	160	140	87.5
Den	15	17	17	14	16	18	15	17	160	132	82.5
T E Rodgers	20	15	18	19	18	19	18	15	160	145	90.6
Cornett	16	16	..	..	19	19	15	16	120	101	86.1
North	13	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	25	62.5
Sexton	14	15	20	16	18	17	18	15	160	133	83.1
Tucker	15	17	16	..	..	..	..	..	60	48	80
Courtney	15	16	12	..	..	..	..	..	60	43	71.6
Parker	14	15	19	16	..	..	..	..	80	64	80
Cox	18	16	16	16	17	20	16	20	160	137	85.6
Edwards	14	..	..	..	18	18	17	17	100	84	84
Running	16	18	17	17	19	17	15	17	160	137	85.6
Norton	17	18	18	16	19	18	16	17	160	134	83.7
Snow	16	12	15	16	16	..	12	16	140	106	75.7
Lindsley	..	15	19	14	..	..	..	..	60	48	80
Gregg	..	18	14	..	12	19	18	11	120	92	80.5
Kennedy	..	15	12	..	14	14	10	16	120	81	60.7
Wanda	..	..	11	10	..	..	..	..	40	21	52.5
Barar	..	..	16	16	..	..	..	..	40	32	80
L G Clarke	..	..	..	..	18	16	16	18	80	68	85
Loerke	..	..	..	..	15	14	..	..	40	29	72.5
Heer	..	..	..	..	20	18	16	17	80	71	88.7
Hedrick	..	..	..	..	17	14	14	..	60	45	75
Molloy	..	..	..	..	9	12	13	14	80	48	60
Spears	..	..	..	..	17	17	..	..	40	34	85
Smith	..	..	..	..	19	16	17	15	80	67	83.7
Fulton	..	..	..	..	16	13	19	16	80	64	80
Logue	..	..	..	..	13	..	14	15	60	42	70
Taylor	..	..	..	..	16	12	11	15	80	54	67.5
Ackerman	..	..	..	..	14	15	..	..	40	29	72.5
Hodges	..	..	..	..	7	..	11	12	60	30	50
Walker	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	20	8	40
W A Sanders	..	..	..	..	14	17	16	..	60	47	78.3
H R Sanders	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	20	14	70
Wilson	..	..	..	..	14	13	..	..	40	27	67.5
Sutcliffe	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	15	40	33	82.5
Snodgrass	..	..	..	..	11	13	13	11	80	48	60

E. C. CUP CONTEST.

One of the most interesting events on the whole programme was the E. C. cup race, which took place yesterday. There were 28 entries in this event. F. E. Rogers, the first man up, made a straight. A. E. Bigelow, who shot in the second squad, also succeeded in scoring all of his targets. It looked for a long time as though Dick Merrill would also be in the tie with them; he ran 25 straight and then slipped up on an easy one, having to be content with 29. Reust also scored 29, but lost his target early in the race. As it was rather late when the race was finished it was decided to shoot off the tie on the following morning at 50 targets each.

This brought about a very pretty contest this morning, as both men were shooting in very good form. Bigelow missed his 11th target; in the 18th round Rogers tied the score by losing his target. They then ran straight until the 36th round, when Bigelow missed 3 targets in rapid succession, losing the match, as Rogers ran out with 49 out of 50, to 46 scored by Bigelow. The scores in the E. C. contest were:

F. E. Rogers 30, Bigelow 30, Reust 29, Merrill 29, Rike 28, Rhodes 28, Easton 27, Robison 26, Sergeant 25, J. F. Wilmot 25, Van 25, W. H. Heer 25, Ray 25, George Rogers 25, M. B. Horton 24, Hartwell 24, Sexton 23, Running 23, Ferguson 23, Ruggles 23, J. W. Den 23, Georgenson 22, Smead 22, Lindsley 21, Reynolds 20, Browning 19, W. H. McGee 19, W. H. Allen 19.

The scores in the shoot-off were as follows:

F E Rogers........11111111111111111101111111111111111111111111111111—49
Bigelow...........11111111110111111111111111111111111001111111111110—46

RECORD OF THE FOURTH DAY, APRIL 17.

In to-day's events just 58 shooters took part, the tournament closing with 35 entries in the last programme event. Of those who shot at 160 targets, Sergeant, of Joplin, Mo., came out ahead with the excellent percentage of 94.3; Tom Marshall was next with 93.1, Linderman being third with 90.7. Dick Merrill and Duer tied for fourth place with exactly 90 per cent. Of those who shot only in the four open events, Rolla Heikes was high with 91.2 per cent.; Fred Gilbert was second with 90 per cent. The scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.	Ave.
Running	18	17	15	18	15	17	15	16	160	131	81
Horton	17	18	17	19	18	15	18	18	160	138	86.2
Miller	16	19	17	15	12	15	..	..	120	94	78.3
Gilbert	18	18	17	19	..	..	..	..	80	72	90
Van	15	14	7	16	..	..	..	10	100	58	58
Norten	17	18	17	15	18	17	20	15	160	137	85.6
Linderman	18	20	17	18	..	20	17	17	140	127	90.7
Rike	17	17	16	16	17	20	19	19	160	141	88.1
Grimm	17	17	15	18	..	..	..	..	80	67	83.7
Budd	17	18	16	19	..	..	..	..	80	70	87.5
Wilson	12	17	..	..	13	16	..	..	80	59	73.7
Keller	13	13	12	16	..	..	..	..	80	54	67.5
Easton	17	16	18	15	19	17	17	18	160	135	84.3
Marshall	18	17	18	18	20	20	20	18	160	149	93.1
Merrill	17	18	17	20	19	19	17	17	160	144	90
Bigelow	16	14	17	18	19	19	19	19	160	141	88.1
Duer	17	16	19	17	20	17	19	19	160	144	90
Cox	14	17	13	18	17	17	19	18	160	130	81.2
Elliott	15	16	20	19	..	..	..	..	80	70	87.5
Heikes	17	19	19	18	..	..	..	..	80	73	91.2
Ray	20	17	19	15	17	17	18	18	160	141	88.1
Sergeant	20	17	19	18	20	20	20	17	160	151	94.3
Kinmouth	19	15	15	18	20	19	18	18	160	142	88.7
Browning	18	17	17	18	17	18	20	18	160	141	88.1
Cornett	17	15	..	..	15	15	..	..	80	62	77.5
Snow	17	16	14	16	14	19	17	19	160	132	82.5
Reust	17	15	10	18	18	15	18	19	160	128	80
Rhodes	17	15	16	17	17	14	18	17	160	133	83.1
Ferguson	15	15	12	18	15	13	17	16	160	121	75.6
Parker	16	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	40	32	80
Courtney	17	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	30	75
Tucker	16	14	16	17	..	..	..	..	80	63	78.7
F E Rogers	20	18	16	18	18	17	18	17	160	142	88.7
Den	19	15	18	16	16	14	20	15	160	133	83.1
Parmalee	17	18	20	14	..	..	..	..	80	69	86.1
Sexton	19	14	18	18	18	19	19	16	160	141	88.1
Robinson	13	17	..	..	15	18	17	17	120	97	80.1
Lane	6	..	11	..	11	12	18	15	120	67	55.7
Goff	18	19	..	15	17	17	18	16	140	120	85.7
McElroy	17	15	16	..	18	15	16	14	140	111	79.2
Gregg	..	16	15	..	13	14	16	15	120	89	74.1
Durno	..	14	17	16	17	18	17	16	140	115	82.1
Lindsley	..	12	13	14	..	..	..	..	60	39	65
Wanda	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	7	35
Kennedy	..	..	2	..	13	11	15	11	100	50	50
L G Clark	..	..	..	..	16	18	20	17	80	71	88.7
Canfield	..	..	..	..	13	15	13	14	80	55	68.7
Edwards	..	..	..	..	18	15	18	18	80	69	86.2
Sanders	..	..	..	..	14	14	..	..	40	24	70
Morton	..	..	..	..	15	17	16	..	60	48	80
Spears	..	..	..	..	13	18	20	18	80	71	88.7
Hodges	..	..	..	..	14	13	16	14	80	57	70.1

Paul R. Litzke.

Trap Around Buffalo.

C. S. BURKHARDT'S GOOD SCORE.

Buffalo, N. Y., April 8.—C. S. Burkhardt made the good score of 23 out of 25 first-class birds to-day at Audubon Park, beating out thirteen competitors for the "championship of Erie county" and the badge donated by B. F. Smith. There was a strong wind blowing that aided the birds very much. The scores and handicaps were:

C S Burkhardt (30)........1211221212211122102120112—23
J Edwards (29)........1102111210221221102120011—21
George McArthur (26)........0122212102221102212021110—20
B F Smith (30)........[illegible]—20
R Slaney (28)........1221110212010211021210 —16
J Koch (30)........1201222220101222220 —15
Brown........1222121020101022220 —13
Dr Woodbury (27)........02220120212220 —10
J Krolz (26)........10111101101012220 —11
Norris (27)........102210211001220 — 9
Sherbert (28)........0210120022210 — 7
Hanks (28)........0122020010 — 5
L Bennett (29)........202020 — 3
Dr Michaels (27)........00000 — 0

AUDUBON'S WEEKLY SHOOT.

April 11.—A hard wind blowing this afternoon made good scores almost an impossibility. A. P. Pope, of Olean, N. Y., was among the guests, shooting a Daly gun and Walsrode powder in the interests of Schoverling, Daly & Gales, of New York city. The scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*15*	*10*	Targets:	*10*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*15*	*10*
L W Bennett	6	12	16	..	10	..	Johnson	..	..	9	..	..	..
G O Miller	6	12	16	5	10	4	McArthur	7	5	15	..	..	..
Eaton	7	7	9	3	..	..	Meyers	..	7	9	..	..	..
E W Smith	8	11	..	..	10	..	Dr Sauer	..	1	3	..	12	..
Sweet	3	6	4	..	..	..	A P Pope	..	14	19	9	9	..
Birch	7	..	..	..	..	..	McMichaels	3	1	..	4	..	9
J Edwards	8	..	17	..	..	..	Weberhower	..	10	10	..	7	..
Keisey	10	14	16	..	13	..	Durky	..	6	12	..	..	..
Sole	6	9	2	6	4	4	White	..	6	..	..	..	..
Norris	8	8	17	..	13	..	Brown	2	9	..	..	7	..
C S Burkhardt	7	13	9	..	12	..	Alexander	..	12	..	..	..	..
Forrester	9	13	13	..	11	8							

April 16.—The second shoot of the series of five for the championship of Erie county and the badge was decided to-day. B. F. Smith won with 23 out of 25; C. S. Burkhardt, the winner of the first shoot, making a good bid for to-day's contest. Smith had the best of it, having corn in one pocket, wheat in another, and the mate to Fred Gilbert's rabbit's foot in another. The birds were a fair lot, but were uneven in quality; some were corkers, while others were very slow to start; a breeze blowing off Lake Erie helped them a bit. The entry list to-day would have been larger had not several of our shooters been off after snipe. Events 2 and 3 were at 7 live birds, $5 entrance, two moneys, high guns, 30yds. rise everybody. The scores in all the live-bird events follow:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
B F Smith (30)	2202222202222222222222222—23	2222222—7	2222222—7
A Pope (30)	2122222121222122102220011—22	2200221—5	222021—6
C S Burkhardt (31)	12120121110220102222211121—21	....	....
Dr Woodbury (27)	1021221211221100011112200—19	2022212—6	....
R Stacey (28)	1220022011222221120 —15	0200011—3	....
Dubbs (29)	222022201222220 —11	....	....
J Edwards (29)	1101110012222220 —11	2100102—4	0222012—5
H Zeller (27)	22101001022222 1 —11	2122212—7	2002222—5

A match at 100 targets per man, unknown angles, $5 entrance, 2 moneys, high guns, was also shot off, Smith again coming ahead of his three opponents, Dubbs taking second place. Scores:

Copeland......11001001010100101011111111101110111110111111101101—35
01111010011011010111101110111101110100111111110111—36—71

Dubbs.........11111011100011110010111111110110111000011011111101—35
10111101011111010111111111111111111101011110111111—42—77

Edwards.......00010110001101101011011110011100100101011101011011—28
00111101101101101111011111011011101110110101011011—34—62

Smith.........11011101101111111100111111101111111111111111110011—42
11101101111111111011111011101111101111011001111101—40—82

B. F. S.

Burnside Gun Club.

Burnside, La., April 11.—The scores given below were made by members of the Burnside Gun Club this afternoon. The weather was clear, but there was a strong wind blowing. Mr. T. A. Divine, of Memphis, Tenn., came down from his city to take part in the badge shoot, he being a member of our club. All shooting was at unknown angles. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	*10*	*25*	*10*	Targets:	*10*	*25*	*10*
S Miles	7	18	9	Stuart	..	18	5
T A Divine	4	18	4	Bringier	..	14	5
Tucker	4	17	6	Dalferes	..	13	..
Boote	5	20	8	Blouin	..	11	..
Gentry	6	17	7	Brown	..	9	..
Mire	6	17	8	Green	..	9	..
Boreaux	..	21	8				

The Peekskill Tournament.

The Peekskill, N. Y., Gun Club is an organization that has always been exceptionally favored in regard to the weather at its tournaments in the past. This year the clerk of the weather was once more gracious to the management, and turned on some of his very best material for midsummer days. The dates of the shoot were April 15-17; first two days, targets; last two days, live birds. It hardly seemed possible that a matter of only eight days before the shoot opened we had been hustling to get indoors out of the way of the snowflakes, that called up remembrances of the coldest day in winter; that was on April 7. On April 15, the first day of the shoot, with the thermometer marking 80 in the shade, cool places and open doors and windows were at a premium. It was just the weather for target shooting, and those present on the grounds at the Peekskill Gun Club on the

FIRST DAY, APRIL 15,

enjoyed to the full all the comforts of shooting empire targets without having to huddle around a stove in the vitiated atmosphere of the ordinary gun club's shooting house.

It was on the grounds of this club that a world's record for an 8-men team, 25 targets per man, known angles, was made: On Aug. 20, 1894, the club's 8-men team scored 193 out of 200 shot at in a match with the Marlborough (N. Y.) Gun Club. The grounds themselves are peculiar, and except under very favorable circumstances are hardly the grounds that one would look to for a world's record. We have seen grounds with an all-sky background, notably those of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club, at Wopsononock. At Peekskill the grounds boast of an all-earth background, being situated in a hollow of the hills that slope down to the eastern bank of the Hudson River. In the forenoon the light when the sun is bright is very trying, but in the afternoon, with the sun behind one's shoulder, the yellow rings on the targets show up well, and then good scores may be looked for. For shooting at pairs, the grounds are about as hard any we have ever seen; Van Dyke's and Bartlett's 17 out of 10 pairs being little short of marvelous when one takes into consideration the great difficulty of getting quickly on to the second target, owing to the inferior background. On this day, too, the dead grass had only recently been burned off, leaving the blackened surface of the ground to still further impair its qualities for showing up the targets.

The conveniences at the club house are considerable, everything being well arranged for the comfort of the club members and their guests. There is another thing, too, that always makes these annual reunions of the club very pleasant. Like their neighbors, the Newburghers, the Peekskill boys are adepts in the art of entertaining their guests, making them feel at home as soon as they put their feet inside the grounds. Vice-President H. P. Dain, Jack Halsted, Dr. Horton, Dr. Mason, Orrin J. Loder, Edward F. Hill, George W. Richmond, B. C. Everinghim, etc., all made this shoot a thoroughly enjoyable one.

Among those present from a distance were: Ferd. Van Dyke and B. A. Bartlett, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; E. D. Fulford, again shooting his single-barreled Francotte to the front with the rattling good percentage of 92.5 out of 215 targets shot at, all at unknown angles; Neaf Apgar, shooting consistently well as a rule, but spoiling his average by comparatively low scores in Nos. 10 and 11; Sanders, a good shot from Albany, and, be it known, a convert to the true merits of nitro powders; Doc Stansbrough, Capt. Wood and J. and T. Rhodes, a delegation from Newburgh under the able leadership of that coming shot, W. C. Gibb, secretary of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; J. M. Baker, of Ridgefield, N. J., a good shot at targets, but one who does not get all the practice needed to make him a crackerjack. There was another guest present whose name has always been well and favorably known among shooting men, Dick Swiveller (W. L. Colville), late of the Baker Gun Co., but now the Eastern representative of the United States Smokeless Powder Co., the manufacturers of the Gold Dust Smokeless Powder, a powder that has found great favor in the eyes of shooters in the farthest West. Messrs. Halsted and Baker shot 25 shells loaded with Gold Dust in No. 8; their scores show pretty well what their ideas of the powder are now. With so many good smokeless powders on the market, Gold Dust has a big task before it, but it has a good godfather in the person of the popular Dick Swiveller.

The shooting of the different men is best told in the table that follows. Fulford leads with 92.5, Bartlett being second with 90.2; then comes Van Dyke a fraction further back with 89.7, notwithstanding his score of 6 out of 10 in No. 1; Stansbrough was fourth with 87.9, fifth place falling to Neaf Apgar with 86 per cent. Only two straight scores were made during the entire day, outside of the 10-target race that opened the ball. Van Dyke ran 15 straight in No. 2, Fulford getting his 20 straight in No. 10. In No. 11 both Fulford and Van Dyke were straight up to the end of the 19th round; both then dropped their last targets! Van Dyke broke 19 out of 20 in No. 3, losing one target through his own negligence. A balk owing to broken target had delayed the game, and Van put his repeater at half-cock, forgetting to raise the hammer when it came to his turn to shoot. Empire traps and targets, with a wire pull, were used, Billy Hobart looking after the traps, which needed but little of his attention, and doing squad hustling work in general. The treasurer of the club, E. F. Hill, was in the cashier's box. W. C. Gibb filled the position of referee with his usual grace and accuracy. Below are the

First Day's Scores.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*20*	*20*	*20*	*20*	*20*	*25*	*25*	*20*	*20*			
E D Fulford	8	14	18	19	18	19	19	23	22	20	19	215	199	92.5
Neaf Apgar	10	12	18	18	18	17	18	20	22	17	15	215	185	86
B A Bartlett	10	15	18	18	19	18	19	24	23	17	17	215	194	90.2
F Van Dyke	6	15	19	18	19	19	17	20	24	16	19	215	192	89.7
F S Edwards	8	14	17	17	17	17	18	22	17	18	15	215	175	81.3
Dr Horton	6	9	17	19	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	85	65	76.4
P H Mason	10	14	15	..	..	..	18	..	20	16	12	130	100	76.9
Sanders	8	14	17	18	19	12	17	22	20	..	..	175	147	84
Dr Stansbrough	9	13	16	16	18	17	19	23	23	18	17	215	189	87.9
G H Wood	7	13	16	..	18	18	14	23	19	19	17	195	161	82.5
J Rhodes	6	14	12	..	11	..	15	..	..	..	..	85	58	68.2
T Rhodes	7	12	..	..	..	..	..	15	19	..	..	75	53	70.6
J B Halsted	..	..	18	17	14	..	..	22	19	..	16	130	101	77.6
J M Baker	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	21	22	17	15	110	89	80.9
H P Dain	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	15	20	18	19	110	90	81.8

Two events were shot at pairs during the day. A recess was taken before lunch; after event No. 6 had been disposed of. While waiting for lunch the boys got up extra No. 1 at 5 pairs, Van Dyke winning with 8, Apgar taking second place with 7; Halsted shot along "for fun." The other event was No. 10 on the programme. In this event it will be seen that both Bartlett and Van Dyke did some excellent work with their guns, each scoring 17. The scores in these events were as follows:

	Extra No. 1.	No. 10.
Fulford	10 10 01 11 10—6	10 11 10 10 10 11 11 01 11 11—15
Apgar	10 10 10 11 11—7	10 11 10 10 10 11 10 11 10 11—14
Bartlett	01 10 10 11 10—6	11 11 11 11 10 10 10 11 11 11—17
Van Dyke	11 11 10 11 10—8	11 11 11 10 11 11 11 11 10 10 17
Stansborough	00 10 11 01 10—5	10 10 10 01 10 10 10 00 11 10—10
Halsted	11 10 10 11 11—8	11 11 10 10 10 10 00 10 10 11—12
Edwards	11 10 10 00 01—5	.. ..
Sanders	.. ..	00 00 00 10 00 00 10 11 10 10— 6

Second Day's Scores.

Hot as it was yesterday, to-day was even hotter, the weather being certainly something phenomenal for this time of year. The company, too, was very warm! Van Dyke led with a total of 243 out of 260, an average of 93.4, Apgar being close behind him with 92.3; Bartlett was third with 91.9, breaking one target less than Apgar.

Among the new faces were: Dutchy Smith, of Plainfield, N. J.; Capt. A. W. Money, of the American E. C. Powder Co.; M. Herrington, of the W-A Smokeless Powder Co.; E. C. Likely, of Newburgh, N. Y., etc.

Event No. 10 was the "Gold Dust" event, the Gold Dust (United States) Smokeless Powder, through its Eastern representative, Dick Swiveller, offering a cash prize for competition. The full scores in all the events were:

Events:	1	2	*3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	Shot at.	Broke.	Per ct.
Targets:	10	15	20	25	20	15	20	25	20	25	25	15	15	10			
Dutchy	9	13	16	22	15	11	20	23	15	22	23	..	18	..	235	202	85.9
Stansbrough	10	9	15	22	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	85	68	80
Apgar	8	14	20	23	18	14	20	25	18	22	23	18	15	7	260	240	92.3
Halsted	9	13	16	17	16	13	18	16	16	23	19	11	13	7	260	206	79.2
Bartlett	9	14	17	24	19	12	18	24	19	24	23	14	14	8	260	239	91.9
Rohr	3	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	..	7	..	6	75	42	56
Fulford	8	13	19	22	18	13	18	22	19	..	23	14	13	..	225	202	85.3
Swiveller	7	..	14	..	..	13	..	..	18	20	..	14	..	7	115	93	80.8
Van Dyke	10	13	19	23	20	15	18	22	19	21	25	15	14	9	260	243	93.4
Capt Money	..	..	..	20	17	9	18	23	16	20	23	..	13	9	200	168	84
Herrington	..	..	..	19	16	12	17	21	17	19	21	..	13	..	190	155	81.5
Horton	..	..	..	..	..	13	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	33	94.2
Dain	..	..	..	..	..	14	15	18	19	22	20	..	12	8	155	128	82.5
Loder	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	23	9	18	..	..	9	5	95	64	67.3
Hobart	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	25	16	64
Likely	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	..	..	..	25	18	72
Gibbs	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	25	16	64
Everinghim	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	..	..	..	..	25	21	84
Richmond	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	25	15	60
Snowden	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	25	7	28
Hill	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	8	..	..	40	25	62.5

Third Day's Scores.

Friday, April 17, the hottest day of the year so far, was the live-bird day of the tournament. The attendance was not so large as might have been expected, still there were 15 entries in No. 3, the handicap event at 15 birds. Among the newcomers were G. S. McAlpin, of the Carteret Club; F. G. Moore, of the Larchmont Y. C.; W. G. Clark, late of Altoona, Pa., but now of New York; J. von Lengerke, representing the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold, and therefore shooting a Francotte gun and Schultze powder.

In the scores given below, the figures in brackets after the shooter's name denotes his mark in No. 3. Notwithstanding the heavy handicaps of McAlpin and Apgar, they were the only two who ran 15 straight in the main event. Five men scored 14, three had 13, and two more had 12 to their credit. Thus out of the fifteen that shot in this event all but three got money; of the Peekskill men that entered, Vice-President Dain was the only one to finish, scoring 14. Jimmie Taylor and Harry Higginson were both away up at the finish.

Of the events given below: No 1 was at 5 birds, $5, 3 moneys, all at 28yds.; No. 2, 7 birds, $7, 3 moneys; No. 3, 15 birds, $10, birds extra, handicap rise. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3—Handicap.
G S McAlpin (31)	22122—5	....	222222122222222—15
F G Moore (30)	22 22—4	2220222—6	212122221202222—14
F Southard (29)	02222—4	2111110—6	202222220122200—11
H P Dain (28)	10202—3	1121111—7	121221122120221—14
B A Bartlett (30)	22101—4	2012121—6	221222212022222—14
E D Fulford (32)	22211—5	1102211—6	112222102210221—13
W G Clark (31)	21210—4	2112122—7	2221202222112oo—12
F Van Dyke (31)	22212—5	1022222—6	222202111012122—13
J Taylor (30)	21102—4	2121122—7	221212212022122—14
Dr Horton (28)	02222—4	2121222—7	200221211100 — 9
Rohr (28)	.....	1120212—6	22o22211022101o2—12
J B Halsted (29)	.....	....	1111o01002110 — 8
Von Lengerke (30)	.....	....	212211220212121—14
Neaf Apgar (31)	.....	....	211212222222222—15
H C H (30)	.....	....	022222222220222—13

Two miss-and-outs were shot, the results in these events being as follows:

No. 1, miss-and-out, $3: Clark and McAlpin 6, Van Dyke 5, Bartlett 1, Moore 0.

No. 2, same: Taylor 9, H. C. H. and Horton 8, Apgar and McAlpin 6, Fulford and Clark (re-entry) 5, Dain and Halsted (re-entry) 4, Moore 3, Halsted and Clark 0.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

M. D., Minturn, Colo.—We are very anxious to know where there are good reliable kennels, where we can get Chesapeake Bay retriever puppies, to correspond with them regarding this breed of dogs, and did not know of any place as reliable as yourselves for obtaining this information. There are several parties in this section wanting these dogs, and we will have none but those subject to registration. Please let me know of at least two, as the probabilities are we will want to breed these, so will get them of different strains. Ans.—We know of none for sale. These dogs are seldom advertised and the admirers and owners of the breed seldom take interest enough to write a line concerning this breed.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Growth of a Great Railroad.

At the celebration of the golden jubilee of the Pennsylvania Railroad in Philadelphia, April 13, President Roberts gave some striking figures illustrative of the colossal growth of the corporation which now controls 9,000 miles of road, with a trackage capable of circling the globe with a girdle of steel, and which represents an aggregate capitalization of $834,000,000.

In drawing a parallel between the year 1852, when a final line of transportation between Philadelphia and Pittsburg was consummated, and the present time, he said:

While your corporation moved in the year 1852 but 70,000 tons of freight—much less than it moves now in a day—the aggregate tonnage of the various corporations composing its entire system amounted to 100,000,000 tons in the past year, a tonnage which bears a fair proportion to the entire tonnage of all the transportation lines in the United States. It carried, with reasonable amount of safety and precision, 75,000,000 of passengers. In 1852 the total number of locomotives was about fifty, and the entire number of cars owned by the corporation was not over 1,000. To-day your system controls 3,400 locomotives and 141,000 cars of all kinds, including 236 barges, steamboats and other craft used in connection with its lines upon the water. This equipment would give you a train of cars extending from New York to Chicago, solid, and largely over.

The gross income of your corporation in 1852 was less than $2,000,000; in the year 1895 the gross income of the corporations in your system was over $133,000,000. Those who are acquainted with the revenues of the various States forming our good country, and are acquainted with the revenues of our entire nation, will know that this bears a very formidable proportion to either. Now, such a corporation as this cannot be conducted without bringing itself closely in connection with the people of the United States, at least with a large portion of the United States, and upon their prosperity depends very largely therefore the prosperity of your company. To show you what it does in the way of distributing its revenues, in 1852 its pay roll amounted to less than $400,000; in 1895 its pay roll amounted to over $36,000,000, an average pay roll of over $100,000 a day. This, probably, will better than anything else illustrate to you the fact that with the prosperity of the individual is the prosperity of your corporation.

This $36,000,000 bears but a slight proportion to the daily disbursements of the company, but it is the disbursements to your officers, employees and those that are engaged in looking after your business. The number of men that were employed in 1852 we have no record of to-day; it certainly could not have been a very great number, but in the past year you had 97,000 men upon your pay roll. All this has been transacted, the vast disbursement of this money has taken place in the various administrations of your company, without your company having defaulted in any manner on any of its financial obligations whatever. It has paid promptly, on the day it agreed to pay, every pay roll it undertook to pay. No man has ever asked it justly for his money who has not promptly received it when it was due. After making all this distribution of funds, what has remained for you that are here, the shareholders of the company, for yourselves? It has been a distribution to you in the last half century of over $166,000,000, a very fair rate of interest on every dollar that has ever been invested by the shareholders in the corporation from the first day it was invested to the present time.

Special Rates South.

The Southern Railway, Piedmont Air Line, announce the following special low rates to points South reached by the system. The meeting of the Sons of Revolution, Savannah, Ga., April 20; American Medical Association, Atlanta, Ga., May 2; Methodist Episcopal Conference, Mobile, Ala., May 6; Gun Club tournament, Memphis, Tenn., May 11; Woman's Board of Missions, Memphis, Tenn., May 17; Western Georgia Association, Chattanooga, Tenn., May 20; Royal Arcanum Supreme Council, Savannah, Ga., May 20. This great system reaches all points South, giving the quickest time and best service. For information call on or address New York Office, 271 Broadway.—*Adv.*

A Delightful Trip to Memphis.

The Southern Railway, Piedmont Air Line, have made arrangements to carry a large number to Memphis to attend the tournament which is to be held in that city next month. The superior service and quick time is what the public want. This is the only line operating through sleeping cars from New York to Memphis. Dining car service, New York to Atlanta. Special low rates have been made for the tournament. For further information call on or address Eastern Office, Southern Railway, 271 Broadway.—*Adv.*

Memphis Tournament.—A special Pullman car will leave for the Memphis tournament via the Royal Blue and Shenandoah Valley route from foot of Liberty street, New York city, on Saturday, May 9, at 5 P. M. Reduced rates have been secured. For information apply to J. E. Prindle, New York Passenger Agent, 317A Broadway, New York; or L. J. Ellis, Eastern Passenger Agent, 317A Broadway, New York.

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.